June 7, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25

The Spirit of America

The Pacific Northwest by Joel Meyerowitz

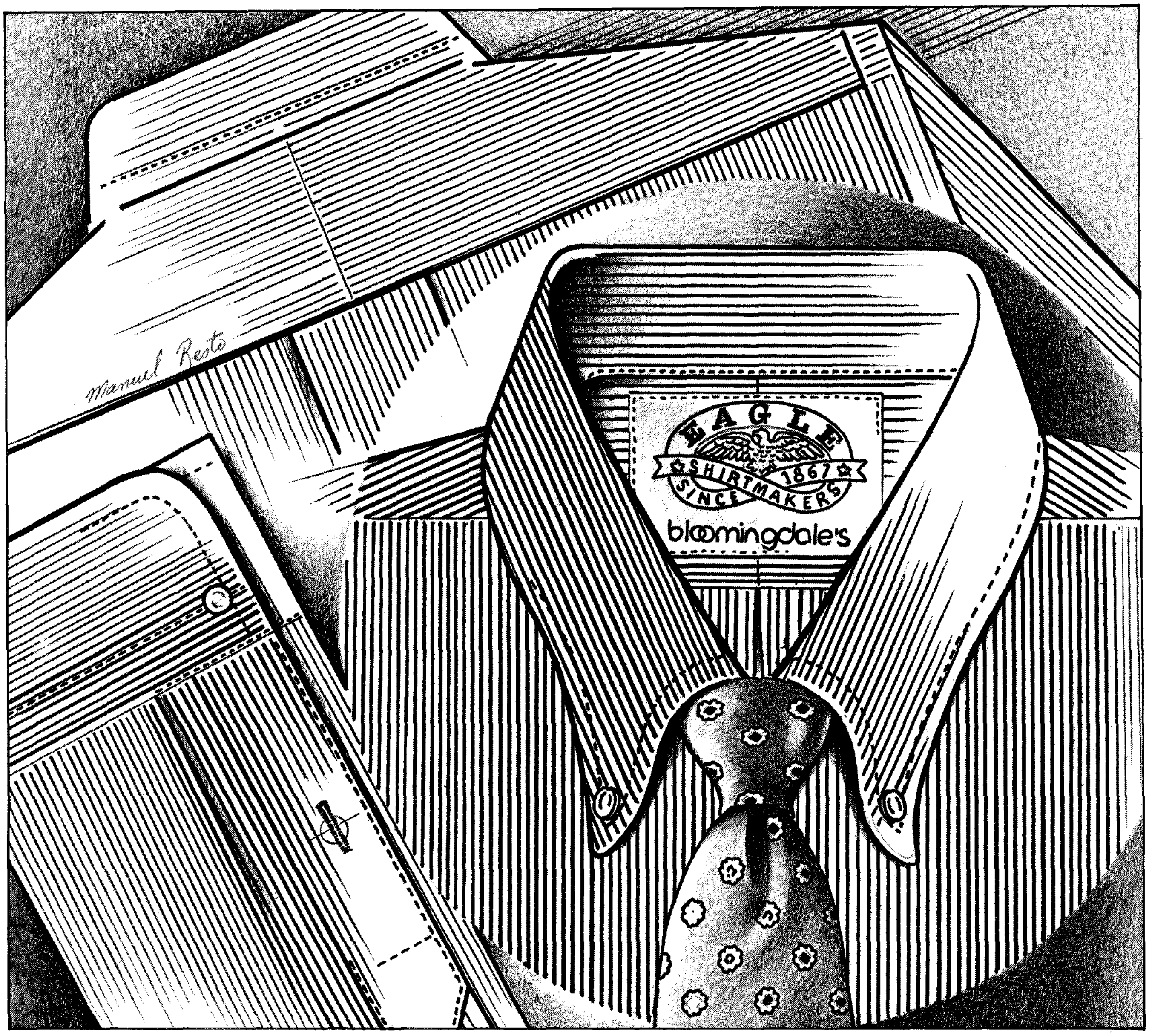
The men who linked our continent with rails helped forge a nation. And at the end of the line, they relaxed with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes Bourbon just as we did in 1882. It's the spirit of America.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601.

OLD GRAND-DAD
86
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Eagle Shirts: 114 Years of True-to-Tradition Elegance Ready to Welcome The Summer of '82



Eagle's cool cotton classics are remarkable for their distinctive patterns and imported fabrics.

Innovative colorations and custom touches gloriously rank this superb shirtmaker as an artist of his craft. Each shirt is handcut and inspected for excellence during 72 steps of production. The result is the most exceptional fit and feeling on this side of the Atlantic. (They're made in Quakertown, Pa., a home of tradition.) Here, from the collection, now in its own shop:

The Seersucker Button Down: Striped in blue, red, or lavender on white. Sizes 14½, 32 to 16½, 35, 39.50.

Six of the 72 Steps:

- Split yokes for an individually contoured shoulder fit.
- Box pleats for ease of movement
- Buttoned sleeve plackets (sheer refinement)
- Beautifully reinforced buttonholes (they'll never unravel)
- Beading, or secure stitching, so your collar won't dislocate from its band
- Stitched foldline on the cuff, when you really have to buckle down and hit the grind.

On 1, New York. And in all our fashion stores except Fresh Meadows.

bloomingdale's men's store

1000 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK (355-5900). OPEN MONDAY AND THURSDAY, 10 TO 9.
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 10 TO 6:30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—*the apparent* virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Antigone—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, wooden translation. On Sunday afternoon, June 6, there will be a sign-language interpreter for deaf patrons. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The reappearance of the musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2.)

Beyond Therapy—Christopher Durang writes very funny dialogue indeed; rejoice in this gift and pay as little attention as possible to the plot of his brief and merry farce, which has to do with a troubled young man, his male lover, his hoped-for girlfriend, and a couple of outrageously unprofessional psychoanalysts. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blues in the Night—A musical conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps and focussed on three blues singers in Chicago in the thirties. Starring Leslie Uggams, Jean Du Shone, and Debbie Shapiro. Opens Wednesday, June 2. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix is the director. (5/10/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Carolyn Rodgers' Love—A compilation of poems by Carolyn Rodgers, conceived and directed by Shauneille Perry. Opens Thursday, June 3, and will run through Sunday matinée, June 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays, and Monday, June 7, at 7:30.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7, and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, running through Monday, June 21. "Buddies," by Mary Gallagher; "Rosario and the Gypsies," by Eduardo Machado (book and lyrics) and Rick Vartorella (music); and "Ord-Way Ames-Gay," by Susan Vick: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 2-3; Saturday evening, June 5; Sunday matinée, June 6; Friday evening, June 11; and Saturday matinée, June 12. . . . ¶ "Kilo," by Marc B. Berman; "Class Reunion," by Kermit Frazier; "Many Happy Returns," by Willie Reale; and "Routed," by Jeffrey Sweet: Friday evening, June 4; Saturday matinée, June 5; Sunday and Monday evenings, June 6-7; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 9-10; and Saturday evening, June 12.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"DEATHS OF DISTANT FRIENDS" . . . . . . John Updike 34

"ON EACH OTHER'S TIME" . . . . . . Penelope Gilliatt 37

"THE SPIRE" (POEM) . . . . . . Ellen Bryant Voigt 38

A REPORTER AT LARGE (ARMS CONTROL) . . . . John Newhouse 44

U.S. JOURNAL: GREENWICH VILLAGE . . . . Calvin Trillin 104

THE THEATRE . . . . Brendan Gill 112

JAZZ . . . . Whitney Balliett 116

THE ART WORLD . . . . . . Calvin Tomkins 120

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . Andrew Porter 126

FURTHER EVENTS . . . . . Nicholas Kenyon 130

"SNAPSHOT" (POEM) . . . . . Sheldon Flory 135

BOOKS . . . . Jeremy Bernstein 136

BRIEFLY NOTED 144

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, William Hamilton, Mick Stevens, William Steig, Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, Charles E. Martin, James Stevenson, Joseph Mirachi, Robert Weber, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Everett Opie, Jack Ziegler, Ed Fisher, J. J. Sempé, Lee Lorenz*

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
JUN 4 1982
Ambassador College
Library

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

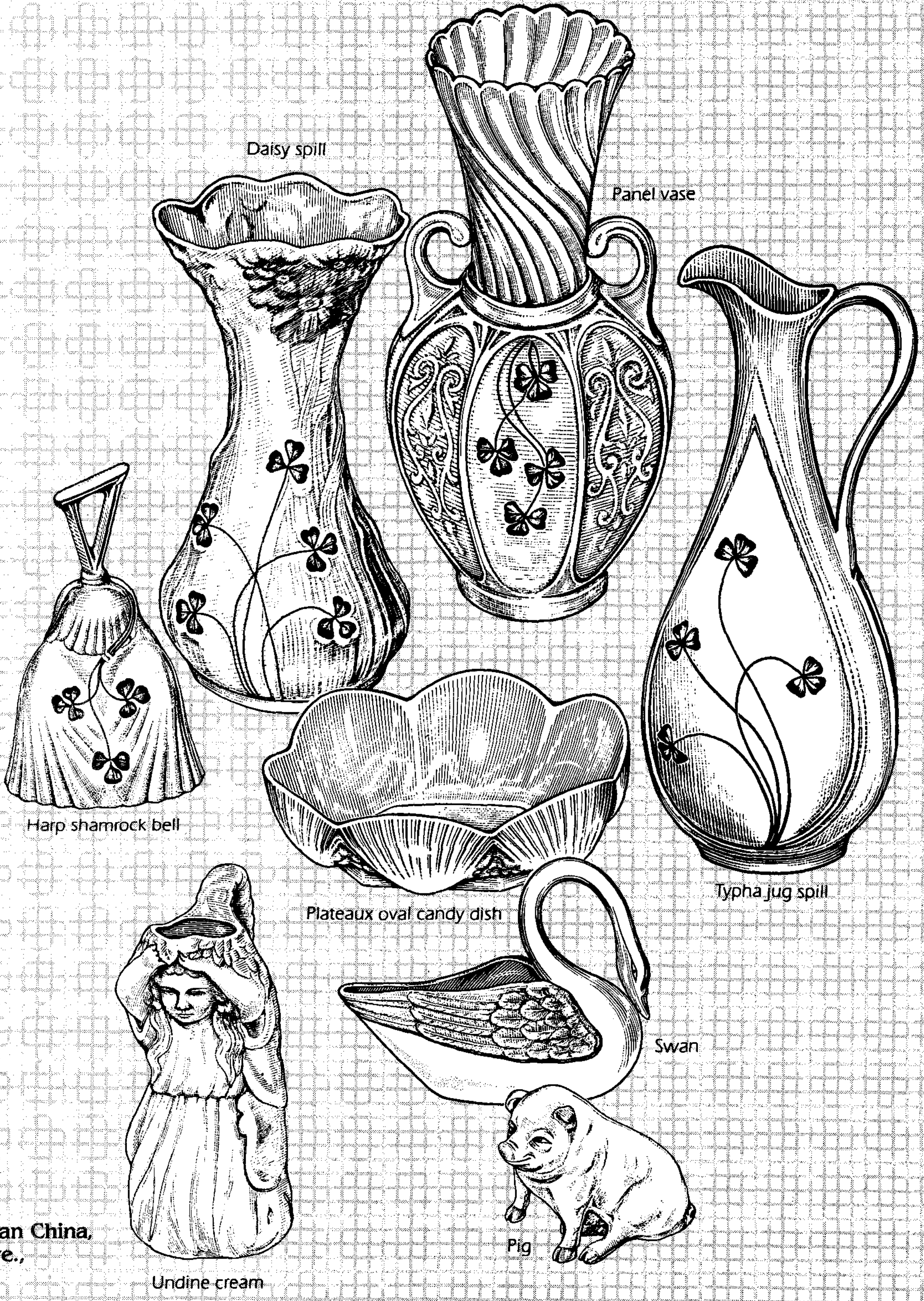
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 16, June 7, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

COLLECT BELLEEK

The world now speaks with awe of this art and its mystique.
In Ireland is born the glory: the fame of the name Belleek.


Daisy spill
Panel vase
Harp shamrock bell
Typha jug spill
Plateaux oval candy dish
Swan
Pig
Undine cream

Although there still is very little Belleek in all the world, it is not too late to become a collector. Write to:

Belleek Parian China,
225 Fifth Ave.,
NY 10010

(Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1970 musical **APPLAUSE** (book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams) is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 6. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

42ND STREET THEATRE ROW FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a four-week event that will take place at the various theatres that line the south side of 42nd Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and will run through Sunday, June 27. For information about all tickets, call 279-4200—**ACTORS AND DIRECTORS THEATRE:** The Acting Company presenting "Dubliners," two programs of dramatic adaptations of James Joyce's short stories. (Program A: Wednesday, June 2, at 7:30; Thursday, June 3, at 9; Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 7; Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 9; and Sunday, June 13, at 8. . . . Program B: Thursday, June 3, at 7; Friday, June 4, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 9; Saturday, June 12, at 7; and Sunday, June 13, at 6.). . . ¶ John S. Patterson in "The Dreamkeeper Speaks," a one-man play about Langston Hughes. (Monday through Thursday, June 7-10, at 8.) . . . **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:** "The Freak." This trivial drama about Edgar Cayce, the clairvoyant healer, is written with prime-time slickness, but it is nicely performed by James Greene, Dann Florek, and Polly Draper, among others. Stephen Zuckerman was the director, Granville Wyche Burgess the dramatist. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAROLD CLURMAN:** Celeste Holm appearing in "With Love and Laughter," a theatre piece devised from the writings of various authors. Opens Wednesday, June 2, and will run through Sunday, June 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **INTAR:** "The Last Latin Lover," a comedy adapted by Leonard Melfi and Max Ferra from a work by Ricardo Halac. (Thursdays through Mondays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **LION THEATRE COMPANY:** "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare, "Caucasian Chalk Circle," by Bertolt Brecht, and "Kitty Hawk," by Len Jenkins. (Presented in repertory: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **NAT HORNE MUSICAL THEATRE:** "It Ain't All Black and White," a musical entertainment. (Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **SOUTH STREET THEATRE:** "Booth," a play by Robert A. Morse. (Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. Joanne Camp gives an attractive performance as a dumb actress who outsmarts everyone. (5/24/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, June 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, June 13: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LIVINGSTONE AND SECHELE—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

MASTER HAROLD . . . AND THE BOYS—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MEDEA—The ancient, up-to-the-minute tragedy by Euripides is a stirring production that stars Zoe Caldwell. Robert Whitehead directed. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army Camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NINE—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PERFORMING GARAGE—The second and third presentations in a retrospective of the Wooster Group's works since 1978. **POINT JUDITH:** Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 10:30. . . . **ROUTE 1 & 9:** Fridays at 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, June 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE REGARD OF FLIGHT—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE—Presenting "Factwino Meets the Moral Majority," by Joan Holden, with Brian Freeman, Arthur Holden, Tede Matthews, Henri Picciotto, and Peter Solomon, and with music by Bruce Barthol. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8 and 11; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard De Fabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. The same show that was recently at the Actors Playhouse; it's merely moving uptown, starting Thursday, June 10. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

TOTAL ABANDON—A work-in-progress by Larry Atlas, directed by Jack Hofsiss. With Jeffrey DeMunn, John Heard, Michael Lerner, and W. B. Brydon. Opens Saturday, June 5, and will run through Sunday, June 27. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 807-0006. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AMADEUS: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller. The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,192 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gary Sandy, Kaye Ballard, Patrick Cassidy, George Rose, Tony Azito, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Eddie Bracken, replacing Mickey Rooney for two weeks, and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. Metric conversions courtesy of the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

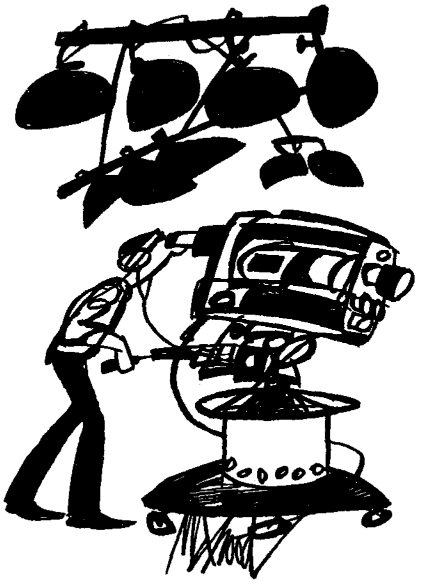
NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, June 4, at 8; Saturday, June 5, at 3 and 8; Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 13, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

THE BACCHAE—Tadashi Suzuki's version of the Euripides tragedy, in Japanese and English. A production of the Japan Society and La Mama. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. Wednesday through Sunday, June 2-6, at 7:30. For tickets, call 475-7710).

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 2, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Square Dance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: "La Valse," "Mozartiana," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "In G Major," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "The Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Chaconne," "The Four Temperaments," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 1: "Mozartiana," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 7: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Square Dance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ The first in a one-week series of **STRAVINSKY CENTENNIAL** programs, featuring new and repertory works set to the composer's music. Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Circus Polka," "Duo Concertant," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Norwegian Moods" (company première), four premières—"Tango," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Elégie," and "Variations"—and "Symphony in Three Movements." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "The Flood" (première; with John Houseman, narrator), "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Flood," two premières—"Pastorale" and "Serenade en La"—and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Concerto for Piano and Winds" (première), "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, July 4.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 2: "Les Noces," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "Theme and Variations."



¶ Wednesday evening, June 2: "Les Noces," "Airs," "Other Dances," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 3: "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 4: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Great Galloping Gottschalk" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 7: "Les Rendezvous," "Voluntaries," "Other Dances," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 8: "Jardin Animé," "Clair de Lune," "Duets," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 9: "Les Rendezvous," "Prodigal Son," and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 9: "Airs," "Clair de Lune," "Jardin Animé," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 10-11, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 12: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

FELD BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 27—Wednesday evening, June 2: "A Footstep of Air" and two premières—"Circa" and "Play Bach." (A benefit performance, for tickets, call 777-7710.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 3: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Over the Pavement" (première), and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 4: "Theatre," "Circa," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 6: "Theatre," "Circa," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 6: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 9: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Scenes" (première), and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 10: "Half Time," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 12: "Scenes," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: "Theatre," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 27—Wednesday, June 9, at 7 (a benefit performance, for tickets, call 832-9166), and Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Dances of the Golden Hall" (première), and "Acts of Light" (New York première). . . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Acts of Light," "Herodiade," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: "Primitive Mysteries," "Herodiade," and "Dark Meadow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

CONTEMPORARY BALLET COMPANY—A full-length work-in-progress, "Alibi." (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 2-5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 255-3326.)

BILL T. JONES AND COMPANY—The first of ten performances of "Social Intercourse: Pilgrims' Progress." (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, June 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, June 13, at 3.)

PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY—Four performances of "Passing." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Thursday through Sunday, June 3-6, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—"S-C-A-N," "Complete Electric Discharge," and "Bridge." (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday, June 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, June 13, at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.

(242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will work with bassist **WALTER BOOKER** and drummer **JIMMY COBB**; on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, pianist, jazz professor, and bandleader **JAKI BYARD** will lead his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR'S** trio performs opposite singer **CARRIE SMITH** through Sunday, June 6; Monday, June 7, will belong to Guanabara, a seven-piece Brazilian-jazz band; and on Tuesday, June 8, baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will arrive. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Thursday, June 3, Kasim Sulton and Micheal Smotherman; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, blues and folk singer **SIPPIE WALLACE**; Thursday, June 10, Holly Near; and Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, folkie **TOM PAXTON** and comedienne Elayne Boosler. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile all-star music. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and humming, buzzing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** collaborate through Saturday, June 5; beginning Monday, June 7, pianist **FRED HERSCH** and his bassist will take charge. Sundays belong to pianist **LARRY WILLIS**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his seamless infield, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS**, a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, June 2, Parallel Fifth, Curved Units, Cripple Comix, and the Schemers; Thursday, June 3, the Headlickers and Butch Lust & the Hypocrites; Friday, June 4, Eddie Dixon and the Velveteen; and Saturday, June 5, Barbara Ess and Mofungo. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

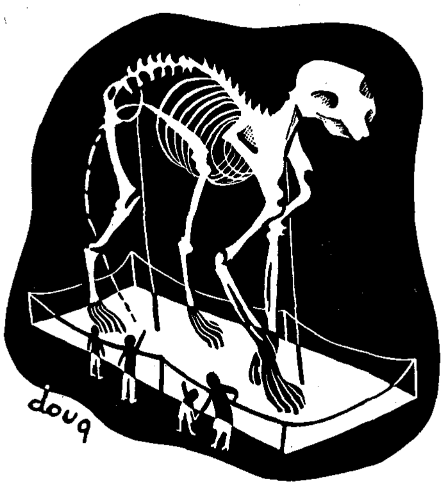
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio. Sundays through Tuesdays now belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, June 2, Royston and Heather Wood; Saturday, June 5, Cloud Valley; Wednesday, June 9, the Irish Tradition; and Saturday, June 12, Out to Lunch. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at eight-fifteen.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, June 6, the Lou Stein quintet will begin performing at about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**JIMMY SMITH**, the bluesy, jumping organist, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 6; on Tuesday, June 8, jazz-funk tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will bring in his quintet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Thursday, June 3, Rich Deans and the Stingers; Friday, June 4, guitarists **JOHN FAHEY** and **JOHN RENBOURN**; Saturday, June 5, Rod McDonald; Sunday, June 6, comedy by the Chicago City Limits; Tuesday, June 8, Jo Pacific; Wednesday, June 9, the Jaime Bartlestone band; Friday, June 11, **JOHN HERALD**; and Saturday, June 12, Bermuda Triangle. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.



Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, June 2, Jann Parker; Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5, Bahamian guitarist Wendel Stuart; Monday, June 7, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III**, and singer Cassandra Wilson; Wednesday, June 9, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY**; and Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, singer **JOE LEE WILSON**. On Sundays, Kenia, a Brazilian-jazz singer, performs with a combo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesday through Sunday, June 2-6, guitarist **ATILLA ZOLLER**, pianist **BEN ARONOV**, and bassist **CAMERON BROWN** occupy the little bandstand; Wednesday through Sunday, June 9-13, guitarist **AL GAFA**, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE**, and bassist **BILL CROW** will perform. All these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern. **WARREN CHIASSON**, the Nova Scotian vibraharpist, leads a trio through Saturday, June 5; on Tuesday, June 8, the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. The current performer-in-residence is **DAVE MC KENNA**, a pumping, swirling time and warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right. He's here Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. On Wednesday, June 2, singer Clarice Taylor will be present; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, will belong to Loremil Machado's Afro-Brazilian Ensemble; and on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, **AMAZON**, a ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band led by **THIAGO DE MELLO** and featuring trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, will perform. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ**, bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO**, guitarist **DATCHA**, percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA**, **DUDUCA FONSECA**, **TONI NOGUEIRA**, and **JORGE SILVA**, and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild sambas. Music from about eight-thirty. Closed Thursday, June 10.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, will be on hand for their usual Sunday and Monday gigs as well as for the week that ends on Saturday, June 5; on Tuesday, June 8, **ROLAND HANNA**, a powerful, percussive pianist, will come in with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eighty-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, June 2, Livingston Taylor; Thursday, June 3, the Shirts; Sunday, June 6, singer Bonnie Bramlett and Grinderswitch; Monday, June 7, Jonathan Edwards; Tuesday, June 8, singer and songwriter Ronee Blakley; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, **DOTTIE WEST**, who will probably sing her big hits "Love Is No Excuse," "Paper Mansions," and "Mommy, Can I Still Call Him Daddy." Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Drummer **BEAVER HARRIS**, pianist **DON PULLEN**, and their 360° Music Experience, which features saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and **FRANCIS HAINES** on steel drums, are here through Saturday, June 5; on Monday, June 7, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, June 8, pianist **RED GARLAND** will begin playing in his unmistakable way—swinging locked chords and punching, buoyant comping—with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, drummer **AL FOSTER**, and saxophonist **MARSHALL IVERY**. On Sundays, pianist and composer **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will guide a thirteen-piece orchestra. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) presents **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, through Saturday, June 5; on Monday, June 7, Fran Jeffries will begin singing here. Shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** can be found onstage through Saturday, June 5; starting Tuesday, June 8, pianists **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** will play jazzy duets. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not interplanted with ageratum and marigolds; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Thursday, June 3, Zion and the Creation; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist; Monday, June 7, French Toast; Wednesday, June 9, Joe Harris & the Majors; and Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, singer Alaina Reed. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The schedule: Wednesday, June 2, the Method and Dana Calitri; Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, Jim Dawson; Saturday, June 5, Dan Daley; Wednesday, June 9, the Metros; and Friday through Sunday, June 11-13, the **PERSUASIONS**, who sing sublime a-cappella street-corner soul music. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a bouncy dance septet under the direction of the sagacious trumpeter **SY OLIVER**, who was a singer and the chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band in the thirties. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor, curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, **TOM VERLAINE**; Sunday, June 6, saxophonist Clarence Clemons & the Red Bank Rockers; Monday, June 7, TSOL; Tuesday, June 8, Wayne Kramer's Airraid; Wednesday, June 9, the Professionals; and Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, singer **MARIANNE FAITHFULL**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

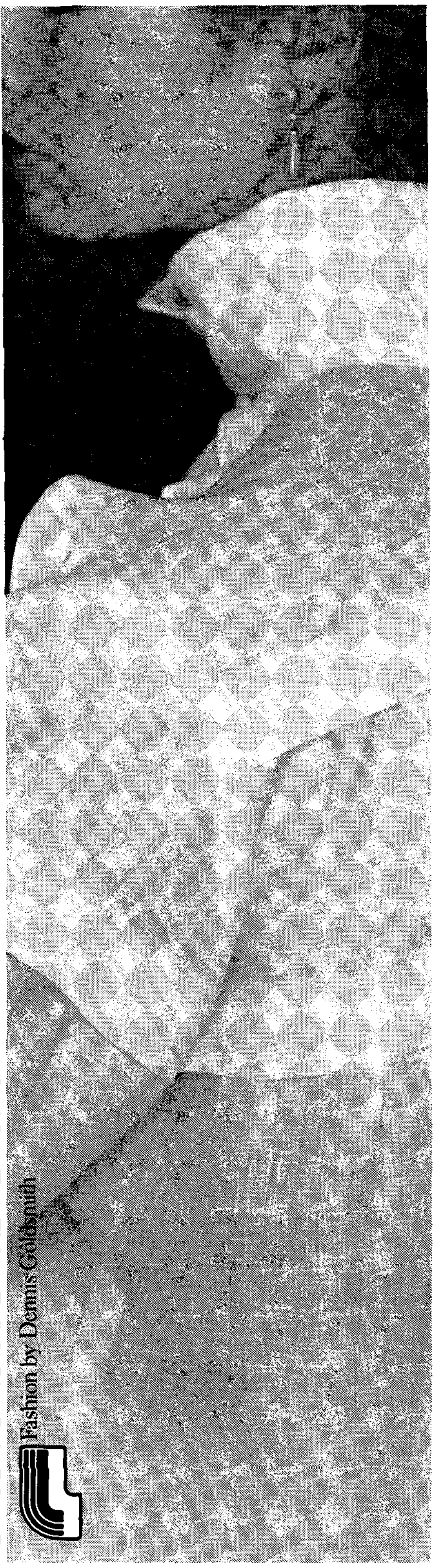
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Frank Loesser. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley perform his songs Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, June 2, Nitesprite; Thursday, June 3, singer Janet Lawson; Friday through Sunday, June 4-6, saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS**; Monday, June 7, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, drummer **ART TAYLOR**; Thursday, June 10, pianist Eliani Elias; and Friday through Sunday, June 11-13, Latin-jazz pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI**.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, will be given over to the Lillias White-Dave Hopkins duo; on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing some ballads and some satisfyingly bluesy, up-tempo numbers. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Conga wizard **RAY BARRETTO'S** sextet is present through Saturday, June 5; on Sunday and Monday, June 6-7, Clyde Lucas will be here; and starting Tuesday, June 8, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and his quartet will play some compelling hard bop. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of the Three Blazers, an L.A. trio. He sings a sophisticated, lounge variety of rhythm and blues (he was influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the day, Nat King Cole), but his piano playing is hot—laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords. He is personable as all get out, and the trio that backs him up (also called the Three Blazers) is one of those classic blues units—guitar, organ, and drums—and features guitarist **BILLY BUTLER**, who recorded "Honky Tonk" with Bill Doggett in 1956 and who can still play beautiful sliding chords. Charles Brown and the Three Blazers are here Wednesday and Thursday, June 2-3, and Friday and Saturday, June 11-12. On Friday through Sunday, June 4-6, CeDell Davis, a slide guitarist from Little Rock, will be on hand; and on Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, second-generation Chicago-blues guitarist and singer **MAGIC SLIM** (his name was Morris Holt until the late Magic Sam generously named him Magic Slim in the sixties) will come in with his band, the **TEARDROPS**. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chest-



Centuries of tradition.
Woven into the
fabric of your life.

BAIRD
IRISH HANDKERCHIEF LINEN
© 1982 HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD.
104 WEST 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

nut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, June 2, Chris Moffa & the Competition and Last Licks; Thursday, June 3, Knucklehead Smith and Boulevard Jacks; Friday, June 4, Scarlet Fever and the Full Hand Band; Saturday, June 5, the Nitecaps and Urban Blight; Monday, June 7, Boot Camp; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, Jim Carroll; Thursday, June 10, No Guitars and Jon Gault; Friday, June 11, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** and Saturday, June 12, Tot Rocket and Band of Outsiders. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, June 7, **TIPICA '73** will trade sets with **CHARANGA CASINO.** Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN,** who plays trumpet, soprano sax, and flute equally wonderfully, wind up a week with their quintet on Sunday, June 6; on Tuesday, June 8, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will arrive with his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, bebopping pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Veteran reed player **BENNY WATERS,** who was with Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford back in the days of the cat's meow and the bee's knees, has just turned eighty, and his tone sounds confident and full on his solos. Sometimes he takes three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of a single tune. Through Saturday, June 5. On Sunday, June 6, guitarist Mike Peters leads a hot-jazz combo, and on Monday, June 7, saxophonist Percy France will bring in his quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist Michael Melillo works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** until Saturday, June 5; on Monday, June 7, bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** will come in with a piano-playing colleague. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Gil Evans Orchestra—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 9:30.

Dick Hyman—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, June 5, at 8, with the New York Jazz Repertory Company, Carrie Smith, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 8, with Roger Kellaway, Dick Wellstood, and Harvey Phillips. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which film songwriters discuss their work, with the assistance of their professional performing friends. In this case, the lyricist will be Leo Robin and his assistants will be Julius La Rosa, Marlene VerPlanck, and Margaret Whiting. Also on hand will be guests Arthur Schwartz and Jonathan Schwartz. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, June 6-7, at 8.)

Amherst Saxophone Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-4759. Monday, June 7, at 8.

Smokey Robinson—With "D" Train. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 10, at 7:30.)

John Hicks Big Band—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 10.

Engelbert Humperdinck—With Stewie Stone. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, June 13, at 8.)

Tahuantinsuyo—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

The Dregs—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

Weather Report—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Cumming—Realist drawings in black and white, plus silhouettes and photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—New sculptures, including colored-light works outlining figures from mythology. Through Saturday, June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Donley—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Juan Downey—A videotape nearly a half hour long (and shown continuously) and thirteen drawings, all referring to Velázquez's "Las Meninas" or "Rokeby Venus." Through Saturday, June 5. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

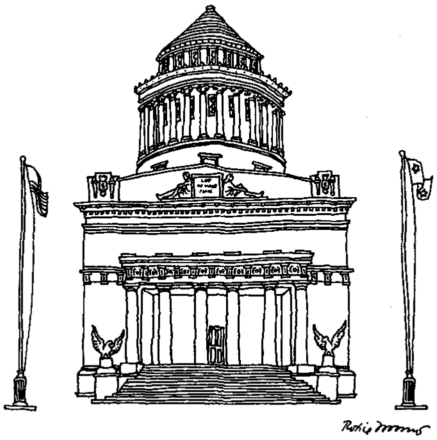
Chaim Gross—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through June 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Massive chunks of lava, gray granite, and red granite are used in three new sculptures. Through June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Richard Loving—Abstract paintings in which some concrete forms can be discerned—a hand, a flame, a plant. Through Saturday, June 5. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Tod Wizon—Highly colored semi-abstract paintings of landscapes. Through June 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans (and by the Americans Kline and Rothko), including Cézanne, Ernst, and Matisse. Through Saturday, June 12. (Open Mondays.). . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors by British artists (with the expatriate Benjamin West tucked in) from the eighteenth century to the twentieth: Turner, Sickert, Lear, and others. Through Friday, June 4. . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Paintings from Frankfurt at the time of Goethe: Fifteen canvases by contemporaneous artists; and three triptychs, made by a family of restorers, which contain miniature copies of paintings (by Rembrandt, Correggio, Dürer) owned by Frankfurt collectors. Through Saturday, June 12. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries" is the title for a show of paintings by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel—who share similar themes. Through June 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists, among them Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Antonio Segui. Through July 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: Welded-aluminum sculptures by William Noland, paintings on paper by Walter Darby Bannard, and drawings by Arshile Gorky are among the many works on view. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Glen Baxter—Drawings (with captions) done in a humorous vein by a British artist. Through July 2. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Recent collages, including one consisting of pieces snipped at random from original works by other artists (Picasso, Christo, Warhol, Chagall), affixed to pieces of black velvet, and then laid out on a grid format. Through July 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Recent oils. Through June 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through Friday, June 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Cantine—Thirty-four small acrylics of groups of discs, done in various colors on Masonite. Through Saturday, June 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Allan D'Arcangelo / José de Rivera—Hard-edge paintings that emphasize the sky—as seen beyond the wing tip of a plane in flight, or scarred by contrails over an airport, or as the background for a study of gasoline tanks. / Three examples of his silvery whiplash sculptures. Through Saturday, June 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harold Gregor / Ida Lorentzen—Watercolors (and some drawings) of Illinois farmlands. / Paintings and works on paper of interior scenes in the artist's home in Norway. Through June 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Irwin—Works from the late sixties: two disc paintings, one opaque and one translucent, projecting from the wall; and two solid-color paintings. Through June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

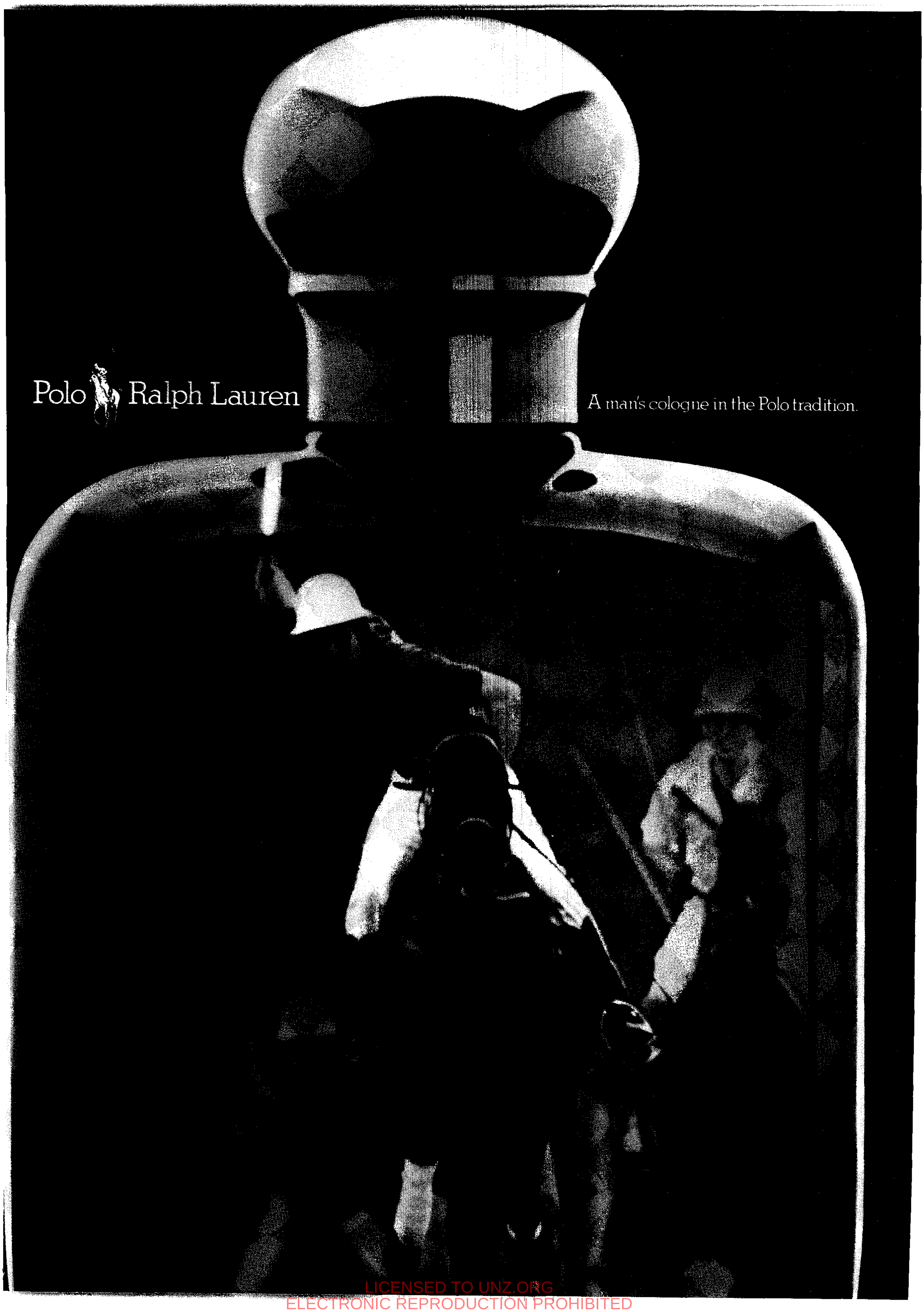
Wonsook Kim—Narrative and allegorical drawings (charcoal on canvas), painted boxes (containing drawings), and small oils on wood. Through Wednesday, June 9. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Views of mainland China and the Great Wall in a selection of works by this peripatetic watercolorist. Through Friday, June 4. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Lizbeth Mitty—A sense of domesticity permeates the interiors painted by this young realist. Through Saturday, June 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 16. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alice Neel—Paintings (not one of them a portrait) from the past fifty years—still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, interiors. Through


Polo Ralph Lauren
A man's cologne in the Polo tradition.

It's not what you think it is. (But you're close.)

This Volkswagen Jetta is often confused with another well-known German car.

And not just because their lines are so similar. But because their personalities are so similar.

After all, both were designed for the serious driver.

And both were built to handle the toughest driving challenges Europe has to offer. From Alpine curves with no guard rails to autobahns with no speed limits.

Turn these remarkable cars loose on a really demanding road and they'll both respond: With rambunctious performance. Razor-sharp handling. And a rarely-equalled feel for the road.

All of which brings up a rather obvious question:

Why should you choose Jetta over the other car?

Well, the fact is that Jetta has a feature that makes it considerably easier to handle.

A considerably smaller price tag.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, June 5. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Felix Ruvolo and Emerson Woelffer—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties. Through Saturday, June 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

St. Clair Sullivan / Hitch Lyman—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Surls—Grotesque flowers, monsters, and approximately human figures constructed of twisted, sun-dried branches of wood. Through Friday, June 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through Saturday, June 5. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Vivo—Studies of soft-looking fabrics folded like towels, done with colored pencils. Through Saturday, June 5. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Sibyl Weil—Three new sculptures: one lead (accompanied by drawings), one paper, one glass. Through June 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Through June 19. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by artists currently or formerly associated with the gallery, including Eugène Mihaesco, Egon Schiele, and Grandma Moses. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **haber theodore**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works in clay by Betty Woodman, Graham Marks, Maryann Harman, James Makins, and four others. Through June 26. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes and interiors by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Paul Cadmus, Margit Varga, William Thon, and other gallery artists. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **oscarsson hood**, 41 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and works on paper by Thornton Willis and Carol Haerer, and a sculpture in mixed mediums by George Mayocole. Through June 25. (Opens at noon, Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Alice Dalton Brown, Sally Vagliano, Power Boothe, and others; and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner. Through June 19. . . . **sumers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by sculptors, among them Archipenko, Maillol, Marini, and Rodin. Through June 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **zarre**, 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten abstract artists whose paintings are on view. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69) / **Jane Rosen**—Large drawings, some of them erotic, done with a quick, nervous line. / Wall sculptures of soaring figures. Through Saturday, June 12. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Conrad Atkinson—Photographs, collages, and other works by a British polemist who addresses subjects such as nuclear power and pollution. Through Saturday, June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Two installations, each consisting of ten paintings and drawings; one set is devoted to a creek near Stony Point on the Hudson and the other to Saint Barts and the Caribbean Sea around it. Through Saturday, June 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Victor Burgin / Gwenn Thomas—Photographs with captions, inspired by the writings of Freud. / Color photographs of city scenes, in frames that have been painted by the artist. Through June 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Domenick Capobianco / Diane Karol—Recent abstract paintings. / Collage paintings on canvas. Through Saturday, June 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sari Dienes—Old pencils, tin cans, cow skulls, an antiquated, gilded typewriter, and other found objects converted into freestanding and wall sculptures by a veteran artist. Through Saturday, June 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs. Through Saturday, June 12 (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ A large sculpture, called "Spiral Crown," currently occupies the space in front of the Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Diane Kaiser—Wall reliefs, some of them integrating both organic (clouds, shells) and architectural (roofs, stairs) forms. Also, sculptures. Through June 23. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Keith Haring—An expanded version of an installation from his "fireworks" series, which was exhibited at the Hirshhorn Museum. Some of its components (spinning blades, motors) are in constant motion; others (rockets, flares) are activated periodically. / Commercial color posters of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, altered with black sumi ink. Through June 26. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Lois Polansky—Handmade-paper kimonos and fans, which are decorated with fresh-cut flowers that were inlaid in the paper when it was drying. Through Wednesday, June 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of new sculptural wall pieces—brightly painted swirls of synthetic foam ranging from a couple of feet to twelve feet in diameter. The larger pieces are on view in the Washburn Gallery at 113 Greene Street, and the smaller ones at the uptown branch at 42 E. 57th Street. Through Friday, June 4.

Group Shows—At **art galaxy**, 262 Mott St., between Houston and Prince Sts.: Abstract paintings by Bill Jensen, Jean Feinberg, Elizabeth Murray, and others. Through Saturday, June 5. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by a dozen artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by eighteen artists, among them Al Blaustein, Tom Boutis, Daphne Mumford, and Nora Speyer. Through June 17. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.) . . . **semaphore**, 462 West Broadway: Works by Nancy Dwyer, Donald Baechler, and Ken Goodman in an invitational show. Through Saturday, June 5. . . . **toll**, 146 Greene St.: The ocean is the theme of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cheryl Laemmle, Judith Shea, Tom Butter, and Dennis Kardon. Through June 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstract landscape paintings from the sixties. Through Saturday, June 5. (Foundations, 80 Warren St., one block south of Chambers St.)

John Chamberlain—A permanent exhibit of twenty painted-and-chromed steel sculptures from 1975-81; one large-scale work in urethane foam; and a series of fifteen lithographs, dated 1978. (Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., a stone's throw from the Hudson. Opens at noon.)

Sherron Francis—Paintings on clay. Through Saturday, June 5. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: "Agitated Figures: the New Emotionalism" is the title for a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists, including Jedd Garet, Roseanne Generalli, Jody Pinto, and Terry Rosenberg. Through June 19. . . . **federal hall national memorial**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: The Whitney Downtown Museum has two shows here, one of eighteen drawings, paintings, and photographs that refer to movies, newspapers, or advertising. Artists include Thomas Lawson and Cindy Sherman. The other show consists of forty-one videotapes that use music. Through Friday, June 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through Saturday, June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Roy DeCarava—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through Saturday, June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Mitch Epstein / Leon Levinstein—A dozen photographs documenting the filming of "Annie," and prints from a trip to India in 1981. / Vintage scenes of New York during the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Cas Oorthuys (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Phillips—Forty photographs taken in France from 1937 through 1950, by the former *Life* photographer. Through June 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ezra Stoller—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959. Through Wednesday, June 9. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—The fourth annual **museum mile festival** will take place on Tuesday, June 8, from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.: Ten museums and galleries on upper Fifth Avenue will be open to the public free of charge (with the exception of the Metropolitan) and will offer, in addition to their current exhibits, outdoor musical programs and mimes, clowns, and street artists. The Avenue will be closed to traffic from 86th Street to 104th Street. The ten are the Metropolitan Museum, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ Y. I. V. O. Institute for Jewish Research, 86th St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. ¶ International Center of Photography,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MAURICE FREED

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The hundredth anniversary of George Bellows' birth is the occasion for a show of his lithographs (including many of the best-known boxing scenes), as well as a few paintings and drawings. Through July 4. . . . ¶ Forty-four watercolors and drawings of Boston Public Garden from the sketchbook of Maurice Prendergast, exhibited separately in their original sequence. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Arthur G. Dove, Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949 to 1980. Through Sunday, June 6. . . . ¶ An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. Through July 5. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of art works and manuscripts by new members of the Academy-Institute and by winners of honors and awards. Paintings by R. B. Kitaj, Philip Pearlstein, Will Barnet, and others; books and manuscripts by Shirley Hazzard, Francis Steegmuller, Christina Stead, Edward Hoagland, Frederick Buechner, Daryl Hine, Berton Roueché, Mark Helprin, William Heyen, and others. Through June 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit of Americana and other items from the Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest library collection in the United States. Among the offerings are Thomas Jefferson's own copy of his 1774 book "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," with the page turned to his handwritten notes; a draft of the Constitution, with notes in the hand of delegate John Dickinson; and an autograph manuscript of Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Lecture of Diseases of the Mind." Through June 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through July 31. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Starts Thursday, June 3. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The architectural history of Grand Central Terminal is documented in a show of photographs (of the site, the excavation of the site, the building under construction and after completion), original drawings (for the architectural competition), and a multi-level, walk-through scale model of the structure's façade. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Sculptures, in the broadest applications, by Andrea Evans, Brad Melamed, and Aric Obrosey (a conceptual installation); Gilles Jean Giuntini (common objects in uncommon settings); and Tony Oursler (sets designed for video). Through July 17.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Contemporary handmade books by East European artists (through June 19), and by Mexican artists (through June 26). . . . ¶ Posters by Polish artists, through June 26.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Thursday through Tuesday, June 3-8: Dance performances featuring new works by choreographers who have been seen here since 1978, among them Pooh Kaye, Senta Driver, Marta Renzi, and Johanna Boyce.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Three programs in the "Mozart & Stravinsky Festival," a series of concerts presented through Friday, June 18. Wednesday, June 2: Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8: Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Philip Myers, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 10-11: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

Serenades—The opening performances in a series of seventeen concerts of orchestral, choral, and chamber music presented through Thursday, June 17. **Carnegie Hall.** Wednesday, June 2, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in a program of music by Bach, Stravinsky, Haydn, and Beethoven, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Charles Ullery, bassoon; and Richard Killmer, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: The Cleveland Quartet and

Jean-Bernard Pommier and Marc Niekrug, both piano, in a Haydn-Stravinsky-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in a Bach-Stravinsky-Beethoven program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting a Haydn-Stravinsky-Beethoven program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 8: The Cleveland Quartet; Marc Neikrug and Jean-Bernard Pommier, both piano; and Pinchas Zukerman, violin, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Monday, June 7, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in a Haydn-Stravinsky-Bach program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting Bach's Brandenburg Concertos No. 4 and 5 and a fully staged performance of Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." With Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting a Haydn-Stravinsky program including "The Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting a performance of Beethoven's Septet in E Flat Major and Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." With members of the Cleveland Quartet. . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL.** Wednesday, June 2, at 5:45: A Beethoven-Stravinsky program, performed by Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Erie Mills, soprano; and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 5:45: Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 5:45: The Cleveland Quartet; Erie Mills, soprano; Timothy Paradise, clarinet; Marc Neikrug, piano; and Romuald Tecco, violin, in a Beethoven-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 5:45: Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Timothy Paradise, clarinet, in a Beethoven-Stravinsky program.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting a joint concert for the benefit of the endowment funds of both orchestras. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, June 3, at 8:15.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble Orchestra and the New York Latvian Concert Choir—Andrejs Jansons directing the American première of Alfred Kalnins' opera "Banuta," in concert form, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Algis Grigas, bass-baritone; William Hall, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 5, at 2.)

Pro Arte Chorale—Roger Nierenberg directing a program that includes the American première of Mendelssohn's "Te Deum." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 2, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, June 6, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

David Bradshaw and Cosmo Buono—Duo-piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, June 3, at 8.)

Susan Gregory—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 3, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 5, at 9.)

Beethoven Society—The final concert of the season will be an all-Beethoven program performed by the Composers String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 6, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, June 6, at 3.)

Independent Black Opera Singers—Twelve singers in a program of arias, duets, and trios, mostly from a classical opera repertory. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 6, at 8.)

Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, June 8, at 8.)

Gothic Concert—An all-C. P. E. Bach program performed by Frederick Renz, harpsichord; Jory Garrigue, baroque violin; Myron Lutzke, baroque cello; and Ruth Cunningham, flute. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, June 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday through Wednesday, June 7-9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, June 11, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 12, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, June 6, at 2.

Bicycling—The Grand Prix of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five-mile race, will get under way at eleven on Wednesday, June 2, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney WBC Heavyweight Championship bout and a couple of preliminary bouts. Also five live bouts *in situ*. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, June 11, at 7.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 12, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Mother Goose, Friday, June 4; the Belmont, Saturday, June 5; the Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, June 6; the Youthful, Monday, June 7; and the Nassau County Handicap, Saturday, June 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

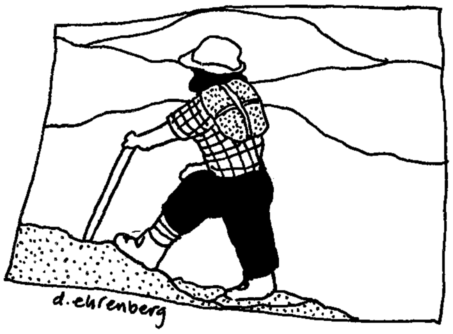
Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Sunday, June 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Milan of Italy, Tuesday, June 8, at 7. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

The Great Outdoors—On Friday, June 4, the Cranford Rose Garden at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30. . . . ¶ The South Street Seaport Museum will present free jazz concerts on Pier 16, East River at Fulton Street, on Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8, by the Billy Taylor trio; Friday, June 11, at 8, by Hugh Masekela; and on Saturday, June 12, at 8, by Janet Lawson. . . . ¶ The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, and Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13, from noon until sundown.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 7, and Friday, June 11, at 2: Latin-American paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4781. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 5. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese ceramics. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4:30.) Thursday, June 3, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 10 and 2: British and American sporting paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 4. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 5



COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, June 13 (day). Montreal, June 21-24 (night). Philadelphia, July 2-3 (n) and July 4 (d). Los Angeles, July 5-6 (n). San Francisco, July 7-8 (n). San Diego, July 9 (twi-night doubleheader) and July 10 (n). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, June 14-16 (night). Baltimore, June 18-19 (n) and June 20 (day). Cleveland, June 24-26 (n) and June 27 (d). Milwaukee, June 29-July 1 (n).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 1-4.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 24-27.)

Racing—At **ASCOT,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 15-18. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 27.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Seattle, June 20. Vancouver, June 23. Edmonton, June 27.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 21-July 4.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: June 17-Aug. 7.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 18.

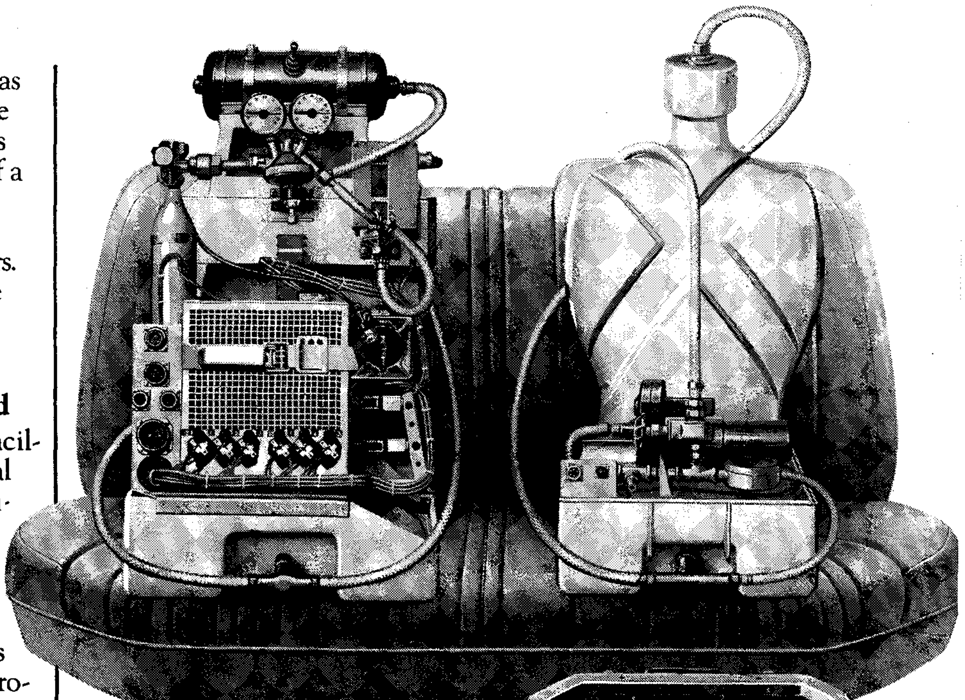
Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 15 ("Il Trovatore") and June 22 ("Fidelio"). . . . ¶ Guggenheim Concert Band, in Damrosch Park, June 16-Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, June 19-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Kool Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Roseland Ballroom, a Staten Island ferry, the State University of New York, at Purchase, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., among other places), June 25-July 4. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 26-Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Summermusic at Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, June 29-July 8. . . . ¶ Tanglewood Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 1-Aug. 29.

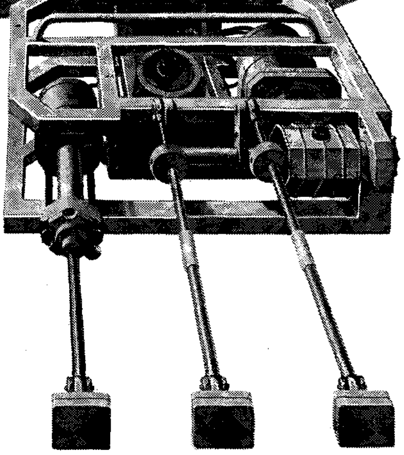
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Play Me a Country Song," a musical with a book by Jay Broad and music and lyrics by John R. Briggs and Harry Manfredini. . . . ¶ George C. Scott will direct and star in a revival of Noël Coward's "Present Laughter". . . . ¶ Debby Boone in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," a musical based on the 1954 film of the same name. The score will be a combination of the Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul songs from the film and new songs by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. . . . ¶ A two-week engagement by the Grand Kabuki.

Dance—Royal Danish Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 15-26.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Sunday; Monday, July 5, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ A total eclipse of the moon will take place on July 6.

Robert and Mathilde, fresh from riding in a Peugeot 505 S for 3,000 miles on one of the most horrendous roads in the world.





One test track at Peugeot is so diabolically rough that human beings cannot be subjected to the ordeal. Read story for how robots drive the cars instead, to check strength of bodywork.

It is late afternoon. The rain has turned to a cold drizzle. In the gloom, a mud-spattered car pulls off the road and stops in front of a small, nondescript building.

Men in blue lab coats hurry over to the car and open the doors. The driver's seat is empty. There are no human beings in the car.

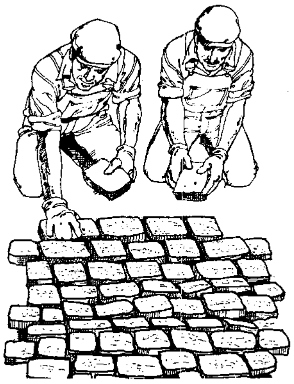
Orders from under the road

The place is a Peugeot testing facility in Europe. The road, so brutal that Peugeot will not subject human test drivers to the ordeal. In their place... robots.

For 3,000 torturous miles, the robots have been under the command of a computer. Orders were sent to the car via an electromagnetic cable buried under the road. The "driver" robot has operated the steering, the accelerator, the clutch, the brakes.

A merciless pounding

The car is a Peugeot 505 S. Its body is welded rigidly in 4,032 places. The robot testers have punished the body along this vile road, probing for weaknesses. Peugeot has little tolerance for cars that develop choruses of rattles and squeaks.



Sections of Belgian pavé that pound cars mercilessly are replicated on robot test track.

The cobbled surface of the road, full of dips and sharp bumps, has pounded the shock absorbers mercilessly. Where lesser shock absorbers could be expected to show signs of weakening after 30,000 miles, the Peugeot shock absorbers have been designed to maintain their peak efficiency for 60,000 miles of normal use.

Inside a tough car... soft touches

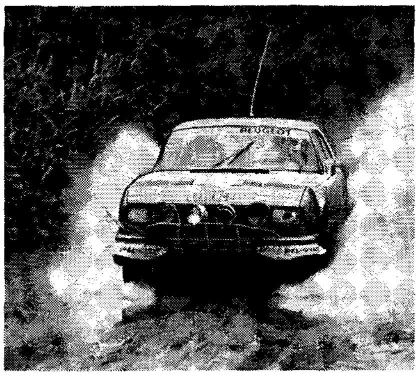
Lest all this talk of Peugeot's toughness and durability mislead the reader into thinking of the car as some crude, range-riding vehicle, now is a good time to step inside the car.

The interior of the Peugeot 505 S teems with soft touches. The seats welcome you like an old friend. They have no jouncy springs; in their place is polymerized foam, molded to the shape of the human anatomy under the guidance of physiologists.

A pleasant surprise; this is a *true* 5-seater, with room in the back for adult-length legs and adult-height heads.

The heating and ventilating system can be directed to play cool air across your face while simultaneously bathing the rest of you in warm air—a great help in keeping a driver fresh and alert on long trips in the winter.

The radio is a marvel of electronic wizardry. It will automatically search the dial for stations, pause a few seconds at each one so that you can sample the program, then move on to the next station unless you order it to stop.



A Peugeot winning the car-breaking Bandama Rally in Africa, 1978. The almost eerily smooth suspension helps make Peugeot the best-selling car on the continent, which has some of the roughest roads in the world.

The meaning of "S"

Peugeot does not believe in nibbling you to death with extra-cost options. When you spend $13,990* for a gasoline-engined 505 S, this is the "S" (for Special) equipment that comes with the car:

- Air conditioning, factory-installed
- Electric sunroof
- Cruise control
- Electric windows
- Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
- Automatic electric antenna
- Central locking system—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
- Alloy wheels
- Multi-adjustable driver's seat.

So fully equipped is the car that the only other ways to spend your money are by ordering a 3-speed automatic transmission ($370) in place of the 5-speed overdrive manual gearbox, and by specifying metallic paint ($295).

The Peugeot Lion

The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)... the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)... and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).

Crotchety about quality

Only rashness bordering on insanity would lead any carmaker to promise you a car free of even a single fault. Human beings make cars, and human beings make mistakes. Peugeot, however, is extremely crotchety about quality.

The company maintains a special team of 65 test drivers. Their job is to put *every single car* through an unusual test on a special track after it rolls off the assembly line.

The driver will personally test the steering, brakes, lights, engine performance, transmission, and suspension. Listen for rattles and vibrations. Check the instruments and controls. Try the heating and air-conditioning systems.

Only then is the car permitted to leave Europe for the U.S.

Peugeot has little tolerance for poorly made cars.

See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

*Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges ($255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

For name of nearest Peugeot dealer, call **1-800-447-2882** toll free in the continental U.S. In Illinois, 1-800-322-4400.

Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

☐ Please include details on Overseas Delivery.

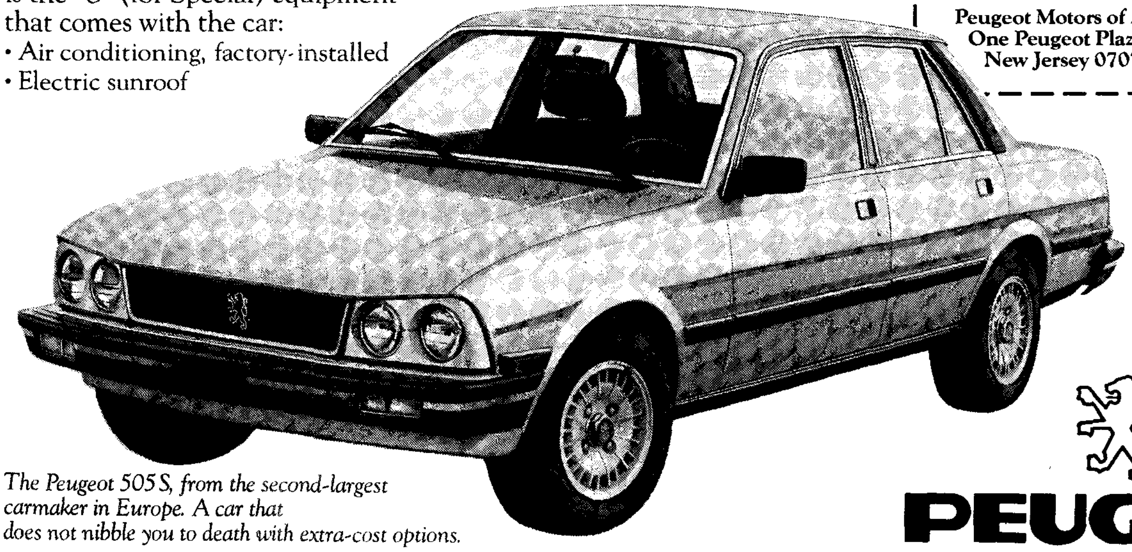
Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________ Zip __________

Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.,
One Peugeot Plaza, Lyndhurst,
New Jersey 07071
67-000NY-0607



The Peugeot 505 S, from the second-largest carmaker in Europe. A car that does not nibble you to death with extra-cost options.

PEUGEOT

©1982, Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, *Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St.* (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through June 6: "A Time for Dying" (1969; directed by Budd Boetticher), with Richard Lapp, Victor Jory, and Audie Murphy.

From June 8: "Eight Minutes to Midnight: A Portrait of Dr. Helen Caldicott" (Mary Benjamin) and "No Place to Hide" (Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), both documentary films.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through June 3: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

From June 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through June 3: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

From June 4: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through June 10: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

From June 11: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (Steven Spielberg), with Dee Wallace and Peter Coyote.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through June 3: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone. From June 4: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Maya" (Agust Agustsson), with Berta Dominguez D.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "The Escape Artist" (Caleb Deschanel), with Griffin O'Neal and Raul Julia.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (†).

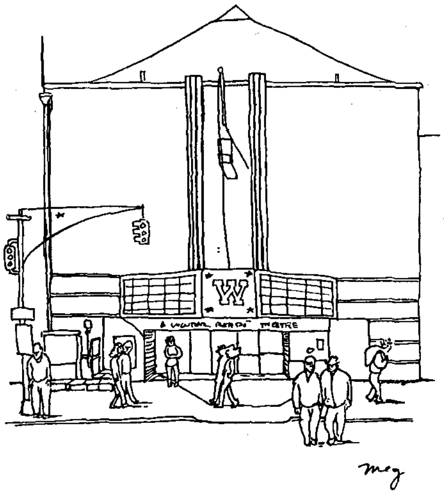
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through June 3: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone. From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Theatre 2: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Lucky Star" (Max Fischer), with Rod Steiger and Louise Fletcher.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 3: "Deathtrap" (†).

From June 4: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone. From June 4: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 2: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "A Distant Cry from Spring" (1980; directed by Yoji Yamada; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Theatre 2: June 2: "Woyzeck" (†); and "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach" (1971; Volker Schlöndorff; in German). June 3-5: "Tout Va Bien" (†) and "The Middle of the World" (†). June 6-7: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (†) and "The End of Summer" (†). June 8-9: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "The Ceremony" (1971; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). June 10-12: "The Spider's Stratagem" (†) and "A Geisha" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Quest for Fire" (†). From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Theatre 2: Through June 3; "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Theatre 3: Through June 3: "Conan the Barbarian." From June 4: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through June 10: "Let There Be Rock" (Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.

From June 11: "Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through June 10: "Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary. (No evening performances on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9.)

From June 11: "Not a Love Story."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Smash Palace" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Lucky Star" (Max Fischer), with Rod Steiger and Louise Fletcher.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "The Vulture" (Yaky Yosha; in Hebrew). From June 4: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through June 3: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From June 4: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 3: Through June 3: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Con-

nery and George Grizzard. From June 4: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 3: "Rocky III" (†). From June 4: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 3: Through June 3: "Conan the Barbarian." From June 4: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 10: "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider. X-rated. From June 11: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Quest for Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 3: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; directed by Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns. From June 4: "Kill Squad."
Theatre 3: "Cat People" (†).
Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 5: "Screamers."
Theatre 6: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 3: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From June 4: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
Theatre 3: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: Through June 3: "Reds" (†). From June 4: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through June 3: Theatre closed. From June 4: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 10: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce.
From June 11: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (Steven Spielberg), with Dee Wallace and Peter Coyote.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. (No evening performances on Friday, June 11.)
Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. (No evening performances on Friday, June 11.)

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 8: "Who Shall Live and Who Shall Die" (directed by Laurence Jarvik), a documentary.
From June 9: "As If It Were Yesterday" (Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary.

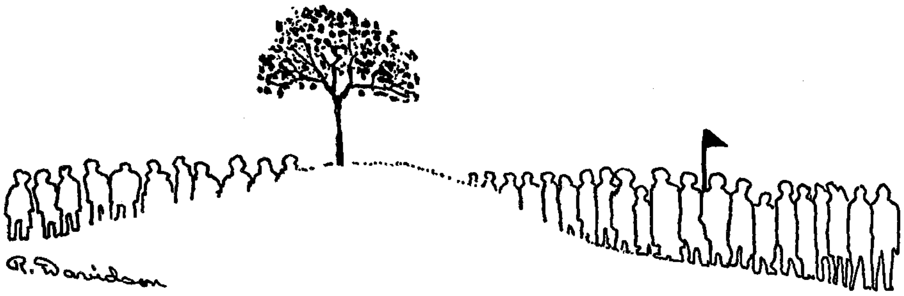
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 2: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian); and "Strike" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
June 3: "The Magus" (1968; Guy Green), with Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine, and Candice Bergen; and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children.
June 4-5: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.
June 6: "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
June 7: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
June 8: "Assassination" (1964; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 9: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (†) and "A Kind of Loving" (†).
June 10: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943; Jacques Tourneur), with Frances Dee and James Ellison; and "Cat People" (†).
June 11-12: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "The Devil's Playground" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 3: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior," 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with musical soundtrack).
June 4-5: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
June 6: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincent Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Pamela Brown, and James Donald; and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977; Harry Rasky), a documentary.
June 7: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "Modern Times" (†).
June 8: "Metropolis" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
June 9-10: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Wedding in Blood" (1974; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli.
June 11-12: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 3: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "Barbara Broadcast" (1978), both X-rated.
June 4-5: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
June 6-8: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
June 9-10: "The French Connection" (†) and "Bullitt" (†).
June 11-12: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny. X-rated.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 2: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
June 3: "Advise and Consent" (1962; Otto Preminger), with Henry Fonda, Don Murray, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, and Charles Laughton; and "The Best Man" (1964; Franklin Schaffner), with Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy.
June 4-5: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.
June 6-7: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
June 8: "Ben-Hur" (1959; William Wyler), with Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, and Stephen Boyd.
June 9: "The Ritz" (1976; Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975; David Buckley), with Robert Aberdeen.
June 10: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971; Mervyn Nelson), with Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter; and "The Gay Deceivers" (1969; Bruce Kessler), with Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey, and Brooke Bundy.
June 11-12: "The Killing of Sister George" (†) and "The Children's Hour" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 5: "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.
June 6-8: "The Son of the Sheik" (1926; George Fitzmaurice; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky; and "Blood and Sand" (1922; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino.
June 9-12: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth



Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 5: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

June 6-8: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss; and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

June 9-12: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 2: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, and Marjorie Weaver; and "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald.

June 3-5: "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

June 6-7: "The Diary of Anne Frank" (1959; George Stevens), with Millie Perkins, Joseph Schildkraut, Shelley Winters, and Ed Wynn.

June 8-9: "Tobacco Road" (†); and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell.

June 10-12: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 2: "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968; Sidney Lumet), with George Segal, Jack Warden, Jessica Walter, Joseph Wiseman, and Godfrey Cambridge; and "A Fine Madness" (1966; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward, Jean Seberg, and Patrick O'Neal.

June 3: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; "Murder by Contract" (1958; Irving Lerner), with Vince Edwards, Phillip Pine, and Herschel Bernardi; and "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell.

June 4-5: "The Comeback Trail" (1974; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Robert Staats, Ina Balin, and Buster Crabbe; and "The Projectionist" (1971; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield.

June 6: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "Rocco and His Brothers" (1961; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Alain Delon, Renato Salvatori, and Katina Paxinou.

June 7: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "The Talk of the Town" (†).

June 8: A program of cartoons.

June 9: "Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Thief of Bagdad" (†).

June 10: "Gun Crazy" (†); "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946; Lewis Milestone), with Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Kirk Douglas.

June 11-12: "Willful Murder" (1980; Ken Kumai; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 2: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King) and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan), both with John Barrymore as the detective.

June 3: "Golden Boy" (1939; Rouben Mamoulian), with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou; and "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (1962; Ralph Nelson), with Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Mickey Rooney, and Julie Harris.

June 4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

June 5: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

June 6: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (†).

June 7: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur.

June 8: "Days of Wine and Roses" (1963; Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick, Jack Klugman, and Charles Bickford; and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" (†).

June 9: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Lee McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

June 10: "Cat Ballou" (†) and "The Chase" (†).

June 11-12: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "The Fallen Idol" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie—As the soused, man-hungry Miss Hannigan, the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is both hag and trollop, and her inflections spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm; she's gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. And when they dance it's showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. When Annie, who is invited to the mansion of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks, arrives, his household staff dances, and the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stamping feet—turns into commotion. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney (with a shaved head) gives a smooth, amused performance and models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Olympia Quad; starting June 4.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; starting June 4.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a vacuous script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma, as the police-officer hero, and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. There's a big car-chase sequence, which helped to make the movie a hit. With Robert Vaughn as a slimy Mr. Big whose technique of bribery is so blatantly insulting he couldn't give away a lollipop, and Jacqueline Bisset, Robert Duvall, Georg Stanford Brown, Simon Oakland, Norman Fell, and Don Gordon. Script by Alan Trustman and Harry Kleiner, from Robert L. Pike's novel "Mute Witness;" cinematography by William Fraker; music by Lalo Schifrin; titles by Pablo Ferro. (Cinema Village; June 9-10.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl (Jane Fonda) who turns train robber, a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight; Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone is ineptitude, coyly disguised. Adapted from Roy Chanslor's novel, by Walter Newman and Frank R. Pierson. With Stubby Kaye, John Marley, and Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

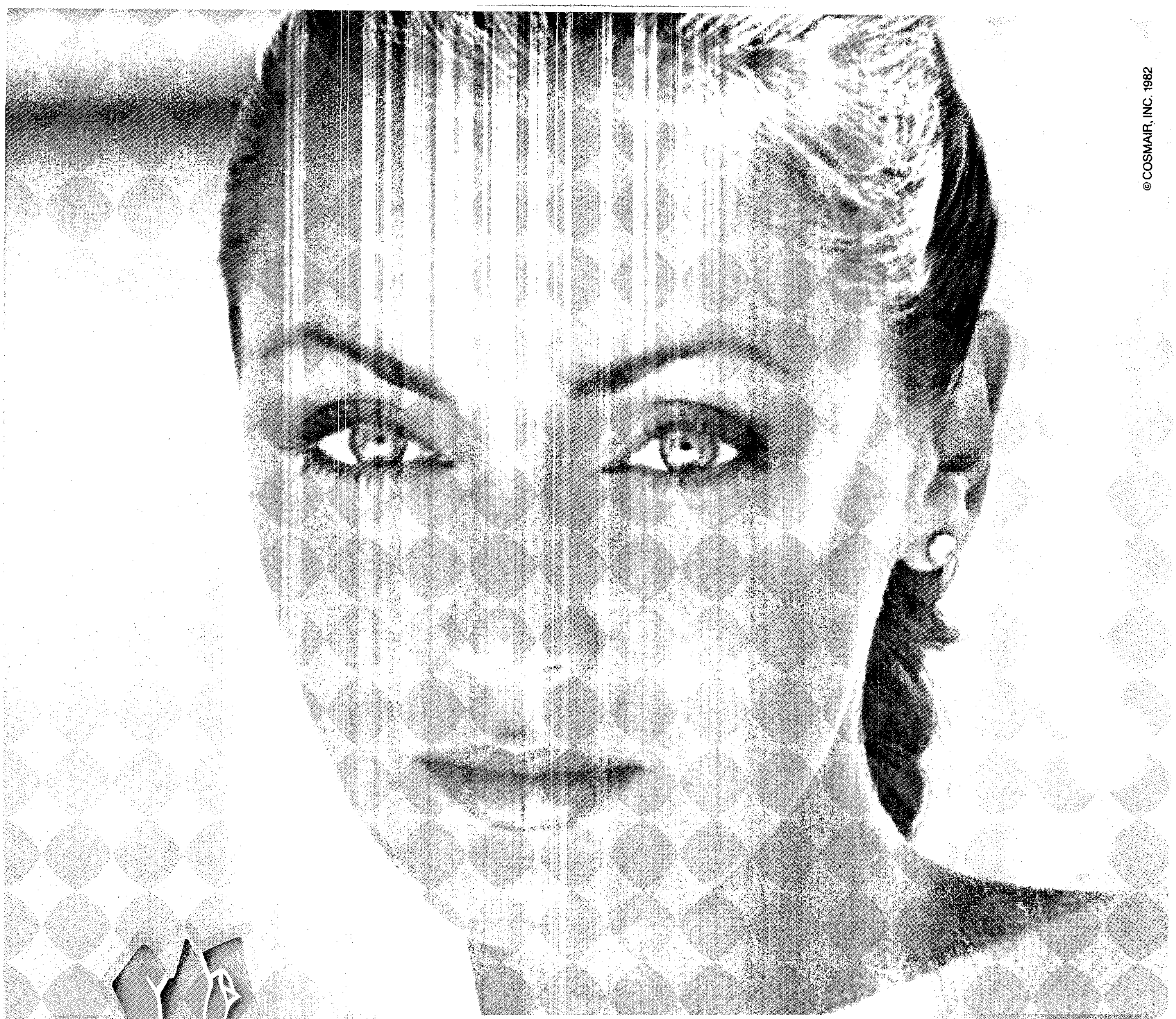
Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other B-budget horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures (this was his first) aren't really very good, but they're so much more imaginative than most of the horror films that other producers were grinding out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolution-

IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1981

Tanqueray
IMPORTED
750ml
(25.4 FL. OZS)
94.6
PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & Co LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND.
ENGLAND · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Why go halfway around the world to find a masterpiece, when you can acquire one right around the corner.

Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.



©COSMAIR, INC. 1982

HYDRIX SPORT

Makeup For A Summer Day

Every kind of skin can breath easily.

Day-light moisture.

The original Hydrix "moisture trap": is the only patented system that helps every kind of skin maintain its own ideal moisture equilibrium up to 12 hours without blocking pores.

Day-sheer color,

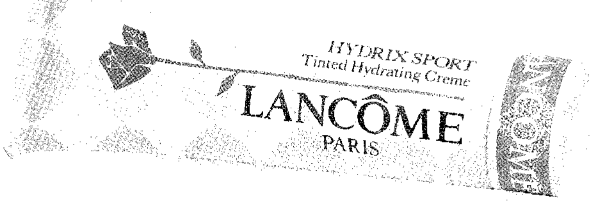
a tint that hints of all that's vibrant in a sun-kissed skin.

And a day-right formula

with its own built-in sunscreen to help stave off the effects of sun's harsh rays.

LANCÔME
PARIS

Available at Lord & Taylor


HYDRIX SPORT
Tinted Hydrating Creme
LANCÔME
PARIS
LANCÔME

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband, Jane Randolph, Jack Holt, and Alan Napier. Written by De Witt Bodeen; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca; editing by Mark Robson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (5/3/82) (Criterion Theatres.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 3.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies. Lillian Hellman wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), and the little foxes really took over. Our vines have no tender grapes left in this hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and the film exploits and confirms this hysterical view, going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist (who is, of course, a white, Gentile Southerner) as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it was generally acknowledged that the director, Arthur Penn (who tried to set things on fire with the old Elia Kazan bazooka), didn't have artistic control over the production. But the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule, James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

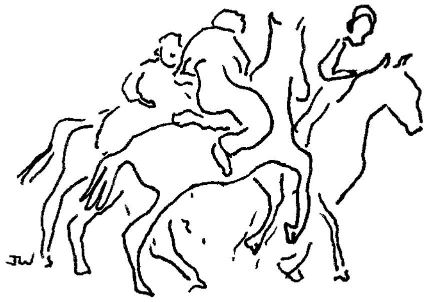
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

The Children's Hour (1962)—William Wyler, who in 1936 had made "These Three," a bowdlerized yet very fine version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," returned to the material in 1962 and, in the freer atmosphere of that period, remade it, with the charge of sexual deviation restored—that is, with the two schoolmistress heroines (Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine) accused of lesbianism by one of their pupils. The result is too self-conscious, though; the cinematography, by Franz Planer, may sometimes evoke Balthus, but the atmosphere is heavy and lugubrious. There were complaints at the time that the studio had hacked out the center of the film—which is a bit like complaining that a corpse has had a vital organ removed. With Miriam Hopkins, who had been one of the young teachers in the 1936 version, as the aunt; Fay Bainter as the rich old villainess; and James Garner. Hellman, who did the adaptation, is so rough on the Fay Bainter character (when the woman realizes her error and begs forgiveness, it is denied) that one develops a perverse sympathy for her. (8th St. Playhouse; June 11-12.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Movieland; through June 10.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (72nd Street East; through June 3.)

The Devil's Playground (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping, "They nearly had me." (12/7/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)



Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 6-7.)

The Fallen Idol (1948)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of an eight-year-old boy (Bobby Henrey), the son of the French ambassador to England, to protect the embassy butler, Baines (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. The plot is just about perfect, and there are two wonderful parallel episodes, when the child attempts to impart vital information, which two sets of adults ignore because they think he's just prattling nonsense. There are terrifying, tense moments, too; the whole movie is very cleverly worked out. Maybe it's too deliberate, though, with its stylized lighting and its rigid pacing—you wait an extra beat between the low-key lines of dialogue. It's too deliberate and too hushed to be much fun. It's a polite thriller—which is close to a contradiction in terms. And the key characters—the decent Baines and the typist (Michèle Mor-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

gan) whom he loves—are too ordinary, too controlled, too nice. They're unexciting people. The child actor, however, is wonderfully jittery and intelligent. (Carol Reed had a way with child performers.) And as the unhappy Mrs. Baines, the embassy housekeeper who's a malignant disciplinarian with the child, Sonia Dresdel is really good at evil; she brings the film something out of the ordinary—something clammy and horrible. Greene based the screenplay on his short story "The Basement Room;" cinematography by Georges Périnal. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11-12.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A hugely successful slambang thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. The ominous music keeps tightening the screws and heating things up; the movie is like an aggravated case of New York. It proceeds through chases, pistol-whippings, slashings, murders, snipings, and more chases for close to two hours. The film is an image of the modern big city as Inferno, but that's also what's meant to give you a charge. There are no good guys. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; porkpie-hatted and lewd and boorish, he's also a sadist. With Fernando Rey, Roy Scheider, Tony LoBianco, and Marcel Bozzufi. Music by Don Ellis; cinematography by Owen Roizman. The script, by Ernest Tidyman, was based on the supposedly factual account by Robin Moore in a book about the largest narcotics haul in New York police history up to that time. William Friedkin directed. (Cinema Village; June 9-10.)

A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compares the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mount Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who has refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 10-12.)

Gun Crazy (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, Annabel Shaw, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Joseph H. Lewis, from a screenplay based on MacKinlay Kantor's *SatEvePost* story, and credited to Kantor and Millard Kaufman. Dalton Trumbo, who was blacklisted at the time, later revealed that he wrote the script and persuaded Kaufman to let him use his name. (Thalia; June 10.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—This is a case of the wrong director (Robert Aldrich) for the material (Frank Marcus's play). It's about a butch lesbian actress (played by Beryl Reid) who is going to be killed off in her television soap-opera role and who is also losing her girlfriend (Susannah York) to a chic rival (Coral Browne). Aldrich starts out in that blunt, overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. The film is full of grotesque touches: the girlfriend playing with dolls, sadomasochistic rituals, etc. In a guided tour through a London lesbian bar, every shot is locked in with significance; the obvious supposition is that we're going to be shocked and wowed. It's a clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking. (8th St. Playhouse; June 11-12.)

A Kind of Loving (1962)—Another of those tough but attractive studies of love and misery in the English Midlands, notable for boldness of speech and action, and for what amounts to an affirmative ending. Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie head a marvellous cast; directed by John Schlesinger. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor (as Piano Man) and Billy Dee Williams. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. (Hendrik Höfgen is based on Gustav Gründgens, who was married during his early years to Thomas Mann's daughter Erika; the movie is loosely adapted from the 1936 novel "Mephisto," by her brother Klaus Mann, who is believed to have been Gründgens' lover.) Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who has no substance, who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. The film is gripping but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. This West German–Hungarian co-production was originally two hours and forty minutes long; the version showing here runs two hours and sixteen minutes. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema I.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Film Forum; June 3-5.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11-12.)

Modern Times (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the use of more sound Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

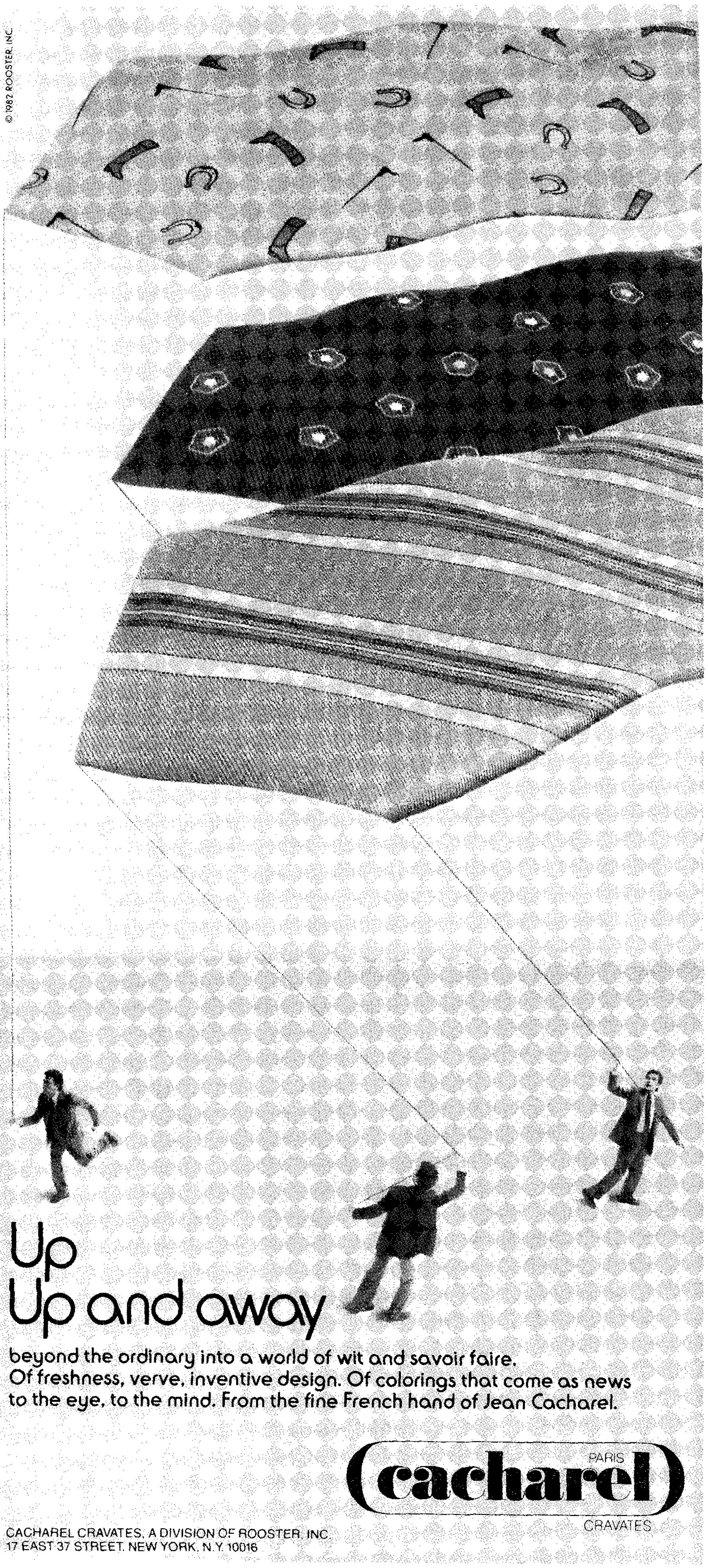
Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—The work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder, born in 1945, who had already made and written close to thirty films when this one appeared. Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, a member of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche,* but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Film Forum; June 6-7.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. From Neil Simon's adaptation of his own play. Melvin Frank directed in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. With Gene Saks and Elizabeth Wilson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Criterion Theatres . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 3.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he


© 1982 ROOSTER, INC.
Up
Up and away
beyond the ordinary into a world of wit and savoir faire.
Of freshness, verve, inventive design. Of colorings that come as news to the eye, to the mind. From the fine French hand of Jean Cacharel.
PARIS
cacharel
CRAVATES
CACHAREL CRAVATES, A DIVISION OF ROOSTER, INC.
17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—*that he's in danger* of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Embassy; through June 3.)

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class *of the first, but it has superb bits.* (4/5/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 3.)

ROCKY III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria—and is on its way to becoming another hit. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with *his opponent Clubber's training*, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; and an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 3.)

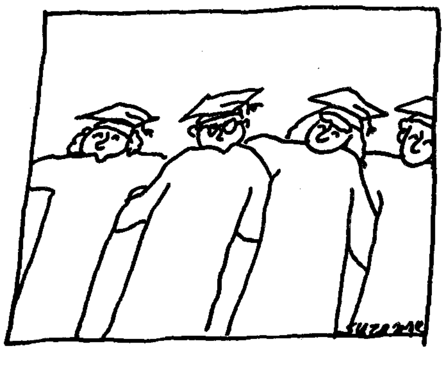
SMASH PALACE—A remarkable film from New Zealand *on the theme of separating*. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He *ignores his wife's complaints*, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but *some people don't like* its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Paris.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with the same secret look she had in "The Third Man." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Film Forum; June 10-12.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a vaguely radical factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic, legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are garbled and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens *directed; with Glenda Farrell*, Edgar Buchanan, Rex Ingram, Emma Dunn, and Charles Dingle. (Thalia; June 7.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD (1940)—Magical Arabian Nights adventures, on enormous, spacious sets and in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors; the screen seems to be made of velvet. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffer (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy; in his dashing black ensembles, he makes superb entrances in the calendar-art vistas that the designer, Vincent Korda, supplied for this essentially cheery Alexander Korda production. Sabu seems most appealing when the wicked Jaffer has turned him into a dog; the dog seems to represent the essence of Sabu, and it even looks like him. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant-voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) Bare except for a loincloth, he has talon fingernails and great quizzical eyebrows, and is bald-headed except for a ponytail. As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. And Miles Malleson does a quirky turn as the Sultan, her toy-loving senile father; Malleson is like a toy himself, and when he becomes enchanted by a mechanical *flying horse he and the machine* seem a perfect pair. But as a writer, Malleson, who, along with Lajos Biró, did the script, lacks enchantment; the flashback device at the beginning is unnecessarily complicated, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots, the stagey use of the spectacular sets. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also directed, as did Alexander Korda), *it's surprising how well it holds* together. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering, but the cinematography by Georges Périnal (with Osmond Borradaile on the outdoor footage, and Robert Krasker as camera operator) and the costumes by Oliver Messel, John Armstrong, and Marcel Vertès have a fairy-tale richness. (This version takes off from the 1924 silent film that starred Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as the thief, but it's very different.) Vincent Korda, Périnal, and the special-effects team all won Academy Awards. (Thalia; June 9.)

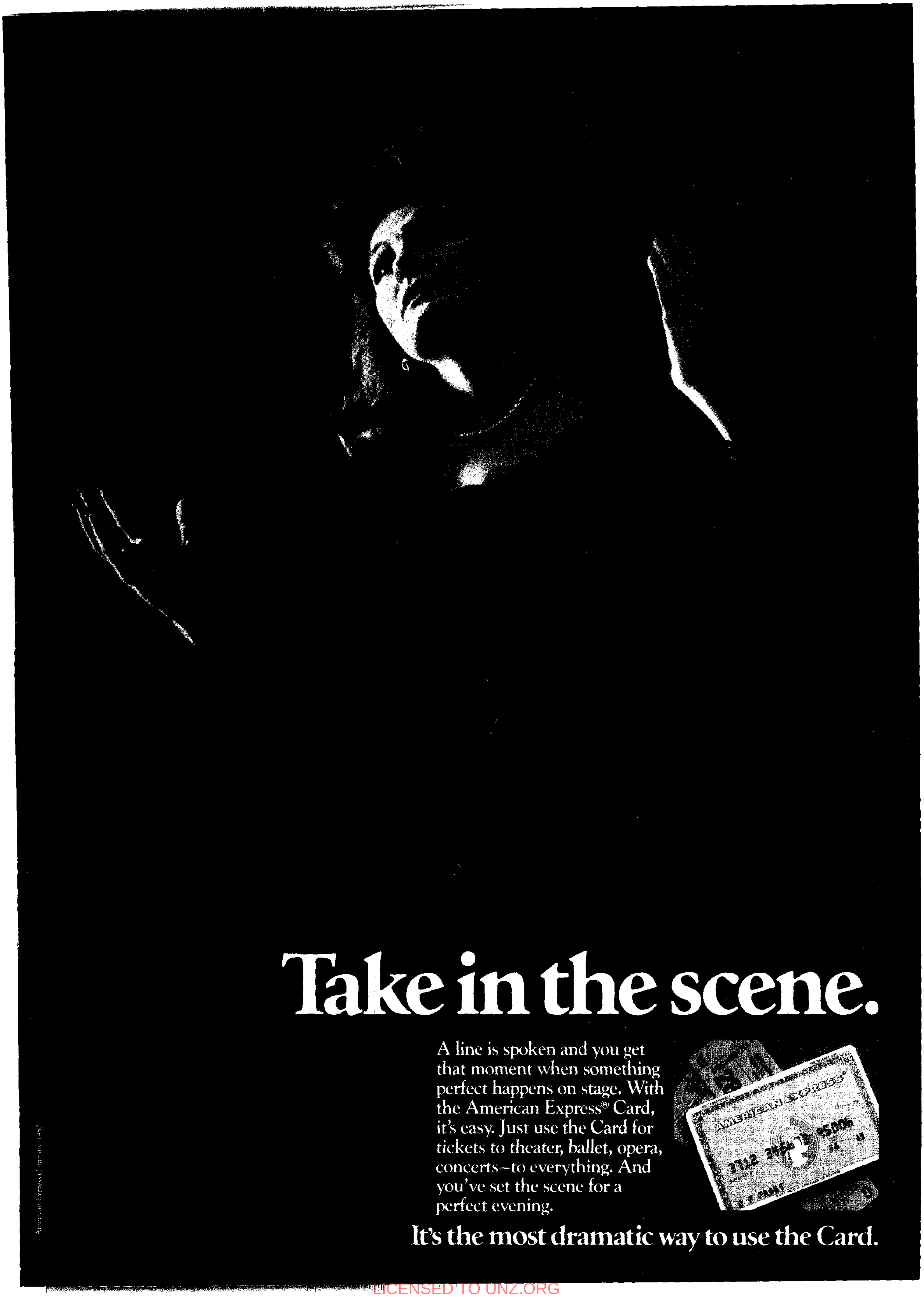


TOBACCO ROAD (1941)—Erskine Caldwell's novel turned into a folksy comic strip. The director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, were up against censorship problems; still, that doesn't account for the broad pointlessness of the rustic humor or the glossy studio lighting of the poor whites cavorting in front of their Georgia shacks. The whole thing seems deranged. Charley Grapewin plays Jeeter Lester as a familiar corn-liquored old scamp, Gene Tierney is a glamourized Ellie May, Marjorie Rambeau is Sister Bessie, and Elizabeth Patterson is Ada. With William Tracy, Dana Andrews, Ward Bond, Zeffie Tilbury, Russell Simpson, Grant Mitchell, and Slim Summerville. Based on Jack Kirkland's theatre version of the *novel; the play—considered hot and sensational*—was a huge success. (Regency; June 8-9.)

TOUT VA BIEN (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Jean-Luc Godard–Jean-Pierre Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Film Forum; June 3-5.)

VICTOR/VICTORIA—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English *singer stranded in Paris in 1934*, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 3. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 10.)

WOYZECK (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; June 2.)

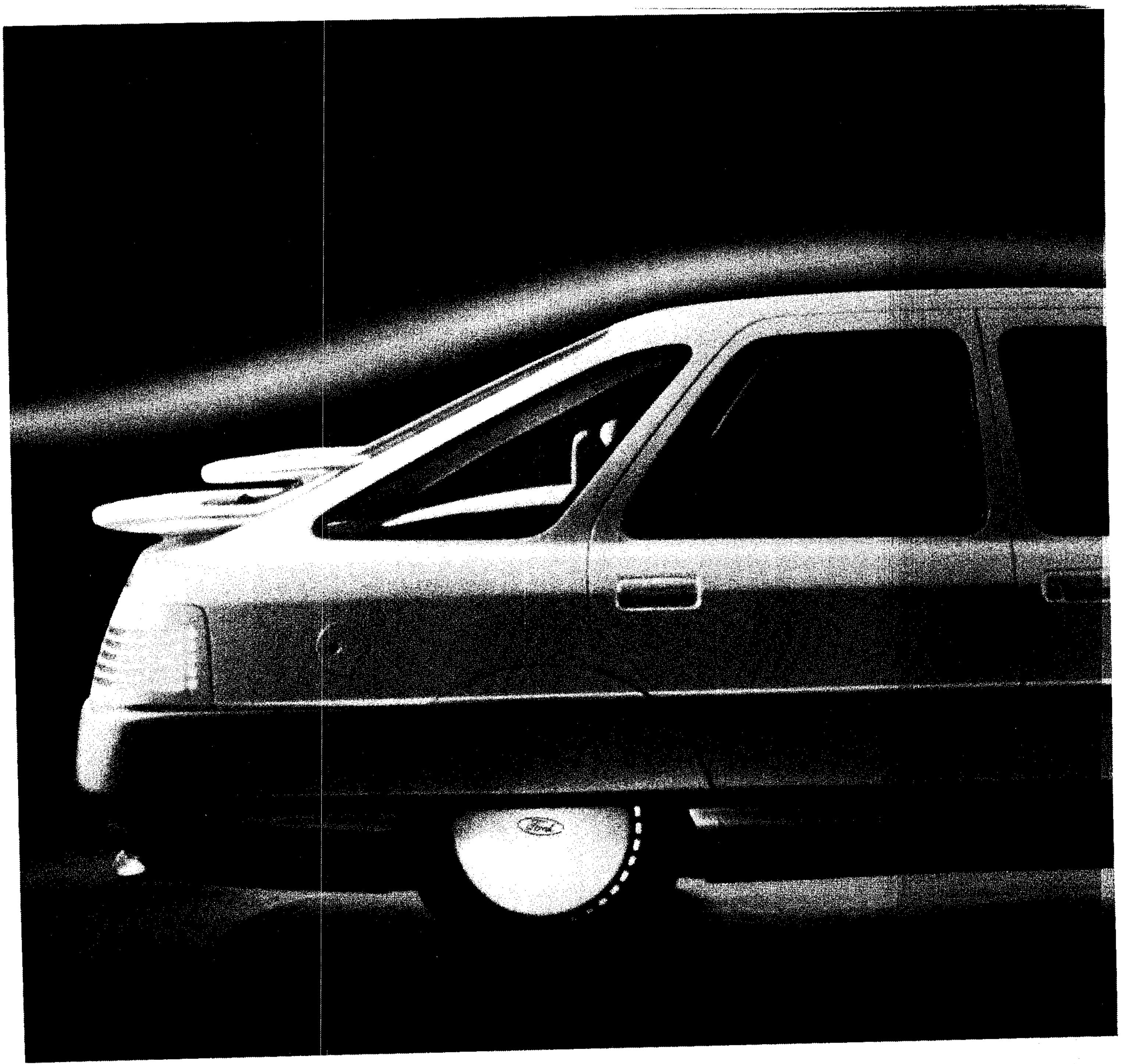


Take in the scene.

A line is spoken and you get that moment when something perfect happens on stage. With the American Express® Card, it's easy. Just use the Card for tickets to theater, ballet, opera, concerts—to everything. And you've set the scene for a perfect evening.

It's the most dramatic way to use the Card.

© American Express Company 1982



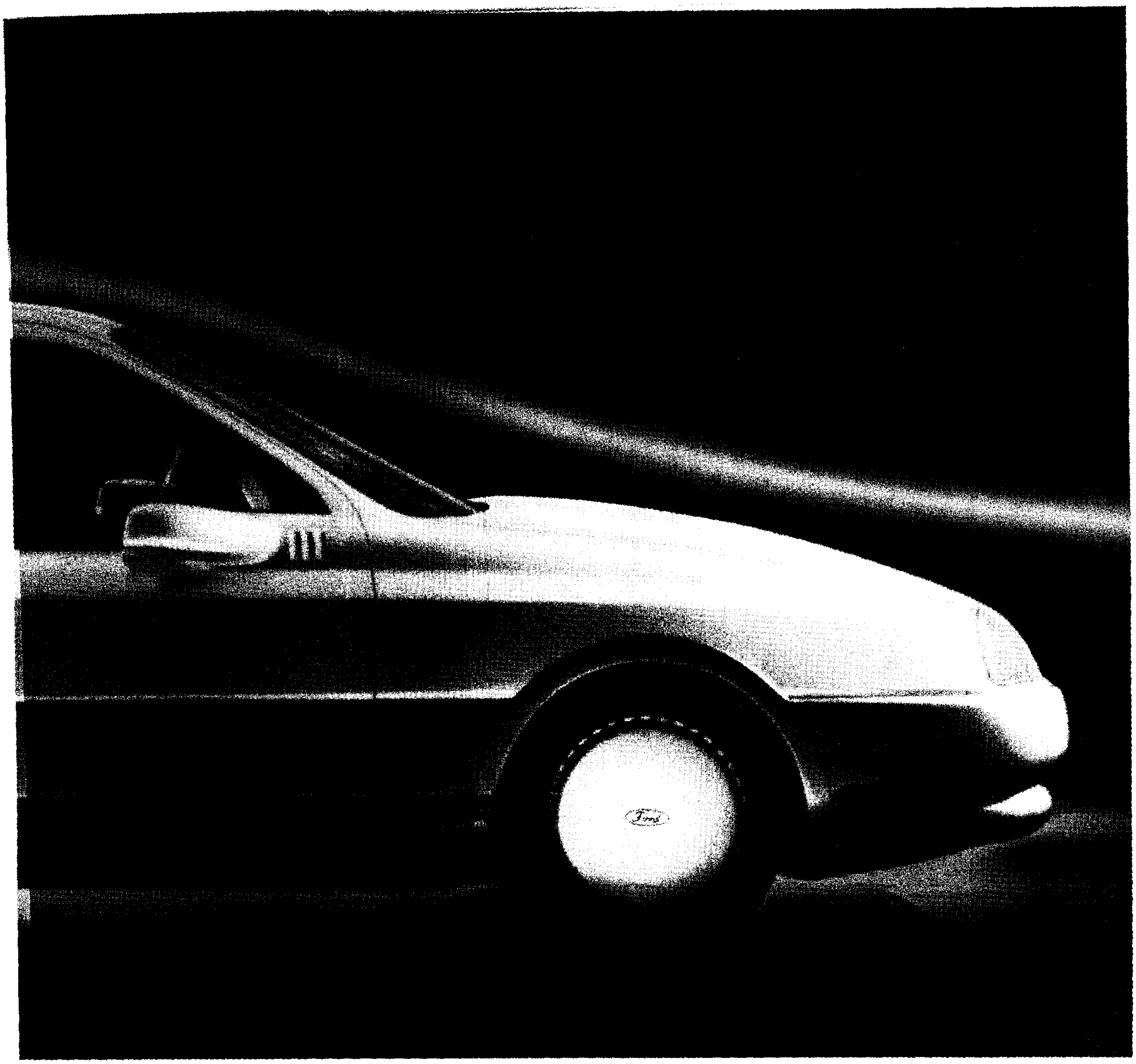
The Most Astounding Car In The

The Probe III, an experimental Ford, drew some of the biggest crowds at the Frankfurt Auto Show. And it got great press. Germany's leading automotive publication, *Auto Motor und Sport*, called it "a dream car—slippery as a futuristic study in aerodynamics."

Aerodynamics is what the Probe III is all about. The airstream over the car does not symbolize the wave of the future, rather it shows how the Probe III looks in a wind tunnel.

It looks spectacular. A completely enclosed underbody, unique twin deck biplane rear spoiler (to maximize aerodynamic efficiency), sculptured door mirrors and flat wheel covers all contribute to Probe III's aerodynamic excellence.

Seat belts save lives–buckle up.



German Auto Show Was A Ford.

Compare it to most '82 European models and you get a glimpse of the near future. Drag coefficient is reduced by 50%, which conceivably could result in a 27% rise in fuel efficiency at higher speeds.

But aerodynamics is not merely a future concern of Ford Motor Company. It's a science in which we are assuming a leading role right now.

Our Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx, here in America, for example, have less wind resistance than the VW Rabbit, Mercedes Benz 300D and Audi 5000.

So the Ford Probe III is not a beginning, it's another move forward.

Ford

There's A Ford In America's Future.

© 1982 Estee Lauder, Inc.   Photograph: Skrebneski   Clothes: Perry Ellis   Jewelry: Ken Begen

WHITE LINEN
ESTÉE LAUDER
PERFUME

This is White Linen time.

White Linen

by Estée Lauder:
the crisp, refreshing fragrance
to live in all year long.

ESTĒE LAUDER

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FLINTY old friend of ours from the country writes:

I was persuaded by my family the other day to attend the graduation of a grandniece of mine from Yale, pretty much against my will, for college is something I left firmly behind me, and, besides, I keep a close eye on the weather out here and I knew from the forecast that that particular day boded no good. Sure enough, by the time we wheeled into New Haven, early in the morning, the rain had set in—serious rain, bent on wetting. First off, we went to my grandniece's room, in Berkeley College, where we met her roommates and their parents, tried on her mortarboard, and made appropriate noises. All the parents wore a look of what I imagine they thought of as pride, but I guessed that it was more one of relief, considering the heights that tuition has reached these days. Everybody seemed to have a camera, and flashbulbs kept blinking. My grandniece looked pretty good in her cap and gown, albeit a bit more serious than usual. Round about ten, she drifted off to assemble with her class, and there was nothing for it but to squelch our way to the Old Campus, where the formal ceremony was to be held. The rain was falling in solid lines, and the chairs, which should have held us all in summer finery, had been turned by their occupants into waterproof igloos. I had my old poncho with me, and parents around me had devised various ingenious ways of keeping dry; some of them were wearing plastic covers from dry-cleaning establishments. There was a veritable rainbow of colored umbrellas, and when the graduates filed past us in procession it was clear that neither the rain nor the penguin garb of caps and gowns had muffled or obscured their high spirits. The greensward had become a quagmire, and even Sir William Walton's "Crown Imperial March" sounded a bit damp to my ears. According to my program, which was rapidly corrugating with wetness, it was Yale's two-hundred-and-eighty-first Commencement, so it would clearly take a lot more than rain to stop that historic progress. The proceedings began with a prayer by the university chaplain, which dwelt on the blessings of rain—a bit whimsically, I thought. Then Yale's president, A. Bartlett Giamatti, began to confer degrees crisply and promptlessly, according to the power invested in him by all kinds of higher authority, and I realized that I just might weather the occasion after all. "It hasn't rained at a Yale graduation since 1958," my neighbor announced suddenly, a drop forming on the end of his nose. "But it will give them something to remember," he added as an afterthought. By now, the president had got round to awarding honorary degrees. The very first went to Benny Goodman, and that pleased me so much that I stood up and applauded, losing my program in the mire. A whole lot of other luminaries were dubbed, in turn, with honors, and the rain, miraculously, began to slacken. (I later read that three thousand and nine students had received degrees of one kind or another, and I realized that for them getting wet was a small price to pay for all the midnight oil they had burned on the way.) The proceedings wound to a close very smartly, and we were soon squelching our way back to the separate colleges, where the undergraduates were to receive their individual diplomas from the masters of their colleges. A woman spectator had ensconced herself in the lap of a green, rain-streaked statue on the Old Campus, and as I passed she called down to me. "Could you tell me this guy's name?" she asked. I read it from the granite base. "It's Theodorus Dwight Woolsey," I told her. She patted the statue on the head and began to climb down.

We found ourselves seats in the Berkeley College dining hall, and were welcomed there by Mr. Robin Winks, the master of Berkeley, in a splendid golden-yellow gown that may very well have been waterproof. One by one, the undergraduates were summoned by the dean, handed their diplomas, applauded, and sent on their way. About halfway down the list, in came my grandniece, looking remarkably dry and happy, and I have to say that I did feel proud of her. The dining hall felt a lot cozier than the Old Campus had, and the various cheers and whistles made it clear to me that the event was more of a family affair than I had imagined it would be and that the new graduates, and even the master, sported their academic finery as though it were a kind of fancy dress. Master Winks romped through the proceedings, and finished three minutes under his allotted time. I was dry by now, and I actually wished I had a camera. The master wasted no words at all, but he did say that, contrary to common belief, his graduates were not going from an unreal world into the real world—that Yale was a very real world, which they would be carrying with them into a world that seemed more and more unreal. I applauded that just like a parent, and as we threaded our way out, under the gaze of inscrutable portraits of past masters, to find my grandniece, I felt really very glad I had come, rain and all. Cameras were still going off, and a lot of hilarity was suddenly let loose, like balloons. I wandered out into the quadrangle, whose bushes looked like sodden sponges, and there, in a puddle right at my feet, lay a champagne cork and a wet tennis ball. I kept the tennis ball as a souvenir. I have it here now, and it's very nearly dry.

• •

Walk Across the Bronx

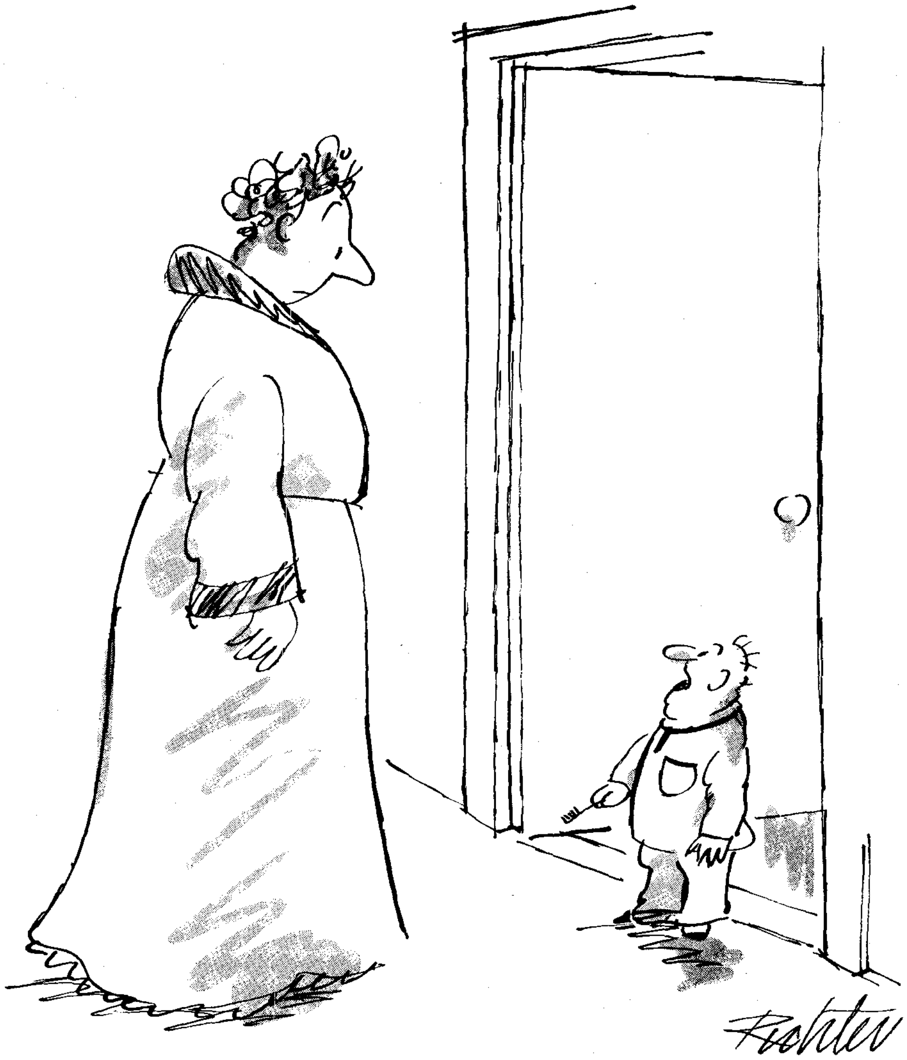
EARLY one recent Sunday morning, we put on comfortable shoes, a voluminous pair of shorts, and a hat we normally wear for bird-watching in Central Park, and set off for West 207th Street and Tenth Avenue, which was the starting point for a seven-and-a-half-mile west-to-east walk across the Bronx (from the Harlem River to City Island) sponsored by the Bronx County Historical Society in honor of Bronx Week. Here's how the excursion went:

9:30 A.M. (Seventy-second Street and Central Park West). We decide to take a taxi uptown rather than the subway, because we overslept. The sky is an uninspired gray, and we regret our shorts, which we put on in a rather larky mood. As time goes on, we regret our shorts more and more. No one is wearing shorts on this chilly May morning.

9:55 A.M. The taxi lets us out at the base of an elevated-subway stop at West 207th Street, Manhattan, near the Harlem River. "Have a nice walk," says the driver, with an unsympathetic grin. No sign of the group. We set off gamely across the University Heights Bridge and into the Bronx, the wind whipping our bare legs with gritty dust, and our knapsack banging our back, and are soon feeling as forlorn as one of Chaucer's pilgrims who has lain in bed too long at the Tabard. The few other passersby are in Sunday church clothes, and they give us surprised looks. On the northwest side of the river we see a vast subway yard, where a train covered with graffiti is sliding to a stop. On the dark waters south of the bridge, four youths are bobbing and shouting in two orange kayaks.

10:15 A.M. And then—oh, boy!—we see the group. Unmistakable. On a slight rise in front of us is a moving procession of twenty-five people with *many* bird-watcher hats, *many* knapsacks, *many* comfortable shoes. (Sadly, no shorts.) For an instant, we think: If only we could be jogging, riding, roller-skating across the Bronx—any other sport would have a uniform with more pizzazz. But like calls to like, and we lengthen our stride to catch up.

10:20 A.M. We melt into the group at St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church, at University Avenue and Fordham Road. From then on, everything we pass becomes comprehensible, because we have come under the guidance of Gary Hermalyn, who is the executive director of the Bronx County Historical Society, and who imparts with energy and humor an amazingly complete knowledge of anything relating to the Bronx. Mr. Hermalyn is a young man who grew up in its Gun Hill–Norwood neighborhood, and he looks a bit like the original native spirit of the borough: quirky, compact, and tough. He wears a green Marine service cap and carries a knobby walking stick, which in his hands does not look like an affectation. He twirls the stick occasionally as he walks, and this, too, seems no affectation but a private exercise for dealing deftly and efficiently with any menace the group might encounter—feral dogs, the Jets and the Sharks, army ants.



"What happened, Madeline? Overnight, I've been turned into a little shrimp."

JUST MARRIED FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS
KOREN

• •

We feel secure with him as our leader.

10:35 A.M. We stop at a stone declivity at one side of West Fordham Road which is part of a disused aqueduct that once brought Croton River water down through the Bronx to the city. Mr. Hermalyn tells us that the Bronx is named after the Bronx River, which was named after Jonas Bronck, a Swede, who was the first European settler of the region, in 1639. It became "the Bronx" only in 1898, after the region had been annexed from Westchester County as a borough of Greater New York City. "The borough was relatively slow to develop," Mr. Hermalyn says. "The population largely spread along the railroad lines that ran from the center of Manhattan out into the farmland that was here at first. The rest of the world was building railroad lines from one metropolitan center to another, but New York City was different. It built lines before residents arrived, and used those lines to spread people outward in a great movement of settlement. Queens and Nassau County did the same thing with highways after the Second World War. The Bronx was built up as a spur into farmland."

He points out some low buildings of the type known as taxpayers: undistinguished flat-roofed brick, wood, or stone structures of one or two stories, similar to those we have all seen along the roadside in no man's lands between cities and suburbs. These strictly functional buildings held the first stores to spring up along the railroad lines as they drew new settlers to the Bronx before and after the First World War.

10:50 A.M. We continue along Fordham Road, past many small stores, including Weber's Bake Shop, which has a window full of cakes, and a realtor's office that has a listing posted for a ten-family apartment building, brick, excellent condition, all seven-room apartments, $65,000. There are many passersby, old and young, black, white, Asian, and Hispanic, and they react to our platoon of walkers with varying combinations of interest, confusion, consternation, and amusement.

"Where you from, mate?" a middle-aged man with thinning blond hair asks a member of the group. "You people from California?"

A young black man in a blue shirt walks with the group for half a block and then crosses the street, saying, "Later, everybody."

We discover that a police car is cruising along at the back of the group. "I didn't arrange it," says Mr. Hermalyn. "We don't need a police escort for this trip. I guess they just want to see what we're up to."

We pass a young black woman who is pushing a toddler in a stroller. She is wearing a lavender dress and has her hair twisted intricately into a coronet of tiny braids. "Look at the freaks, dear," she says very audibly to her baby as our group passes by.

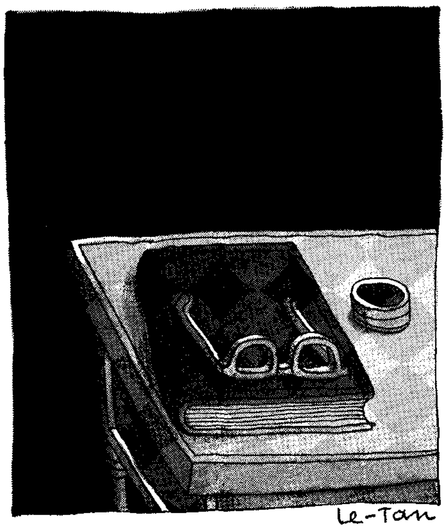
11:10 A.M. We reach the Grand Concourse, which was originally christened Speedway Boulevard and Concourse—an eight-lane north-and-south road, four lanes of which pass under Fordham Road. The Grand Concourse was completed in 1914 by Louis Risse, whose design was inspired by the

Champs-Élysées. By the nineteen-twenties, the Fordham Road–Grand Concourse intersection was a great transportation nexus. From where we stand, on a natural plateau, we can see some of the ups and downs of Bronx topography. "In the Bronx, you can still see the natural lay of the land," says Mr. Hermalyn. "It's not like Manhattan, where the hills have largely been sheared off. Ninety per cent of the stair streets in the City of New York are in the Bronx."

The Fordham Road–Grand Concourse area is the business center of the Bronx, dominated by an Alexander's, which was opened in 1933. Gary Hermalyn proudly points out old theatres, like the R.K.O. Fordham (now playing a sextuple bill of "Slaughter in San Francisco," "Master Killer," "Porky's," "Dr. Butcher, M.D.," "Kung Fu Zombie," and "Kung Fu Executioner"), and calls our attention to the number of small Mom-and-Pop stores. "It's a real neighborhood," he says as a man selling Italian ices trundles a small metal cart past us. "People flock to the malls in Bergen County, and they are beautiful operations. But there are services and pleasures in a center like this that you can't get in the malls—shoe-repair stores, old-fashioned variety shops." He waves a hand toward papers and bottles that are lying thick on the sidewalk and in the gutters, as if an army had recently passed that way, resolutely littering instead of pillaging. "This trash lying around is the same old problem of politics and lack of money," he says. "But it shows how many people come here. Saturday is a tremendously busy day, and the crowds prove that this kind of area will never die. The Bronx has a bad reputation—people say we're going down fast. But I say we're coming back, and as far as I'm concerned it's the best of all times. I'm going to try to make you all enjoy it, too. Here we are walking through the heart of the Bronx—yes, the Bronx—and appreciating its differences, its variety, and its splendors."

11:45 A.M. We've walked past East Kingsbridge Road, a long block and a hill from the cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe wrote "Annabel Lee;" past a Bronx stair street where a skinny man with a hose waved at our group; past Fordham University, mostly hidden in trees; past Theodore Roosevelt High School, where two young men were selling watermelons from a truck. There are car dealerships around us now, and the air has that tinge of burned-rubber odor that seems to linger in automotive centers. We feel our socks turning gray. The group stops in front of a White Castle, and Mr. Hermalyn waves his walking stick at it with a nostalgic smile. "This is our place," he says, and we don't have to be especially bright to figure out that "our" refers to the kids from his old neighborhood. "You haven't lived until you've had your first million White Castle burgers—they're square, with little holes in them." He tells us that the White Castle chain, which began in 1921, was the first fast-food operation in the country, and that when he used to come to this one they had carhops who glided out to your car very fast on roller skates. Now the waitresses are indoors and earthbound, and they are goggling at our group. The shiny White Castle walls and the suggestion of crenellations at the top of the restaurant have a slightly heraldic look in this sea of auto-repair shops and showrooms. A little girl walks by us in a confirmation dress and veil. Moving on, we pass the Bronx Park Motel, which has the slogan "Relax in Luxurious Comfort."

Noon. We stand in front of the Rainey Memorial Gate at the Bronx Zoo. On our way here, we saw five pelicans hanging out in a cozy ring on a green pond. Mr. Hermalyn tells us that the zoo and the New York Botanical Garden were both created in the eighteen-nineties in parkland that had been newly set aside along the Bronx River. A member of our group who turns out to be a guide at the zoo tells us about air-conditioning in the penguin cave. We feel a bit dazed by the mass of pastoral green following the White Castle so quickly. On a grassy slope in the distance, a policeman on a motor scooter is slowly pursuing a very large duck.



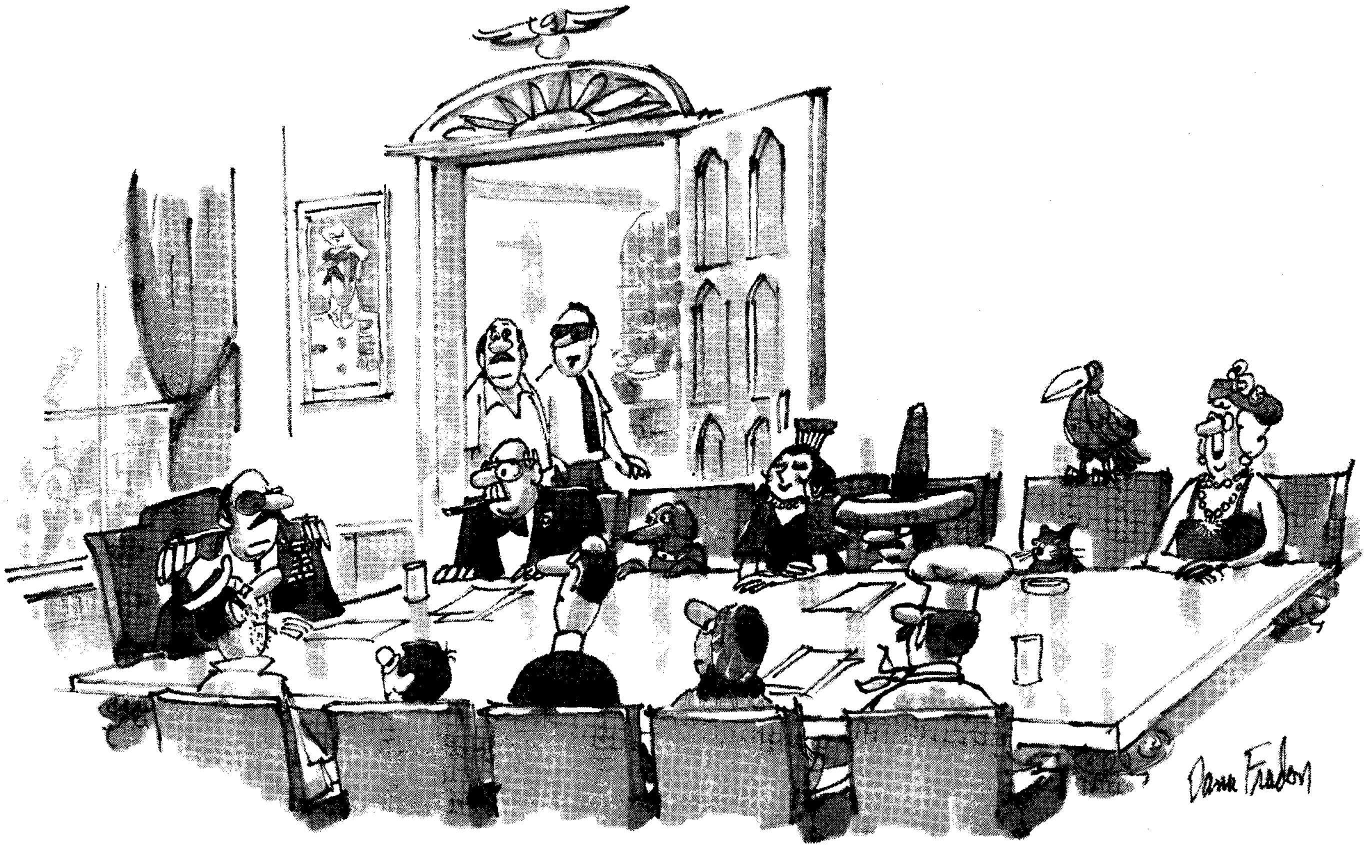
12:15 P.M. The group breaks up for lunch, and we head down White Plains Road for a bacon double cheeseburger at Burger King. The bacon double cheeseburger is dry and too salty—disappointing. In the Burger King, some Russian émigrés are holding a children's birthday party, complete with cheerful Russian music on a large tape player. Returning to the group, we find that it has changed from a moving blur into a set of personalities. There is, for example, the young woman against whom we feel an unfair prejudice because she carries a folding wire stool and sits on it at our informational stops, looking comfortable and attentive. There is the plump young man who asks an exasperating number of questions. There is the zoo guide—a white-haired woman, who trots along with a jaunty smile, as a zoo guide should. There is the German woman in red plastic shoes who stares at the rubbish in the streets with politely suppressed horror. There is the Japanese man who also ordered a bacon double cheeseburger.

1:10 P.M. East Fordham Road has become Pelham Parkway, and Mr. Hermalyn tells us that the name Pelham refers to the Pell family, who, along with the Morrises and the Philipses, were the original lords of the manors that became the Bronx. Suddenly, we are passing through green neighborhoods of single and semi-detached stone and brick houses which suggest sections of Queens and Long Island. People in the group express astonishment at the prosperity of these streets. "I knew about Riverdale but not about this," someone says. One blue house looks as if it belonged in California or Bermuda: it has a tiny garden crowded with wisteria, iris, and flowering azaleas, and from a treetop comes the whistling of a male cardinal.

1:30–2:45 P.M. Some of the things we see as we continue along Pelham Parkway South and cross the Hutchinson River Parkway toward City Island:

The Bronx Municipal Hospital Center.

Shetland ponies grazing near the bridle path in the grassy center of the parkway.



"I don't have much hope for this broad-based coalition."

• •

A group of men, some in Western hats and some in baseball caps, standing around chatting outside Cy's Pelham Parkway Riding Academy, which is a small gray house with horse silhouettes on the shutters, standing in a barren stretch of land beside the parkway.

The Bronx Children's Psychiatric Center.

Tallapoosa Point, an immense mound of city garbage now going to grass. Locals call it Garbage Mountain. One day, you'll be able to climb up to the top and picnic there, but for the time being it's off limits; there are methane fumes. Some Bronx residents have suggested sinking a pipe into the mound, drawing up the gas, and lighting it to form a sort of Eternal Flame.

Pell's Point, an area near Tallapoosa Point. Here, in the fall of 1776, seven hundred and fifty men from Marblehead, Massachusetts, led by Colonel John Glover, held off a British force of more than three thousand, led by Lord Howe.

Co-op City, bigger and starker than ever when it's seen from the drawbridge over the Hutchinson River.

A stand of sea grass at the edge of Eastchester Bay, an inlet of Long Island Sound.

Wild grapevines massed in trees near Eastchester Bay.

3:15 P.M. Somewhere in this last stretch, our legs have weakened. After crossing the Pelham Bridge, we walk through a green tunnel of foliage sprinkled with dogwood bloom. We see a wild rabbit, a number of joggers, and a signpost pointing toward City Island. We pass a clearing where a large semicircle of men and women with their arms around each other's shoulders are dancing sedately to a tape of Greek music. In the next clearing, a group of Spanish-speaking men are playing baseball.

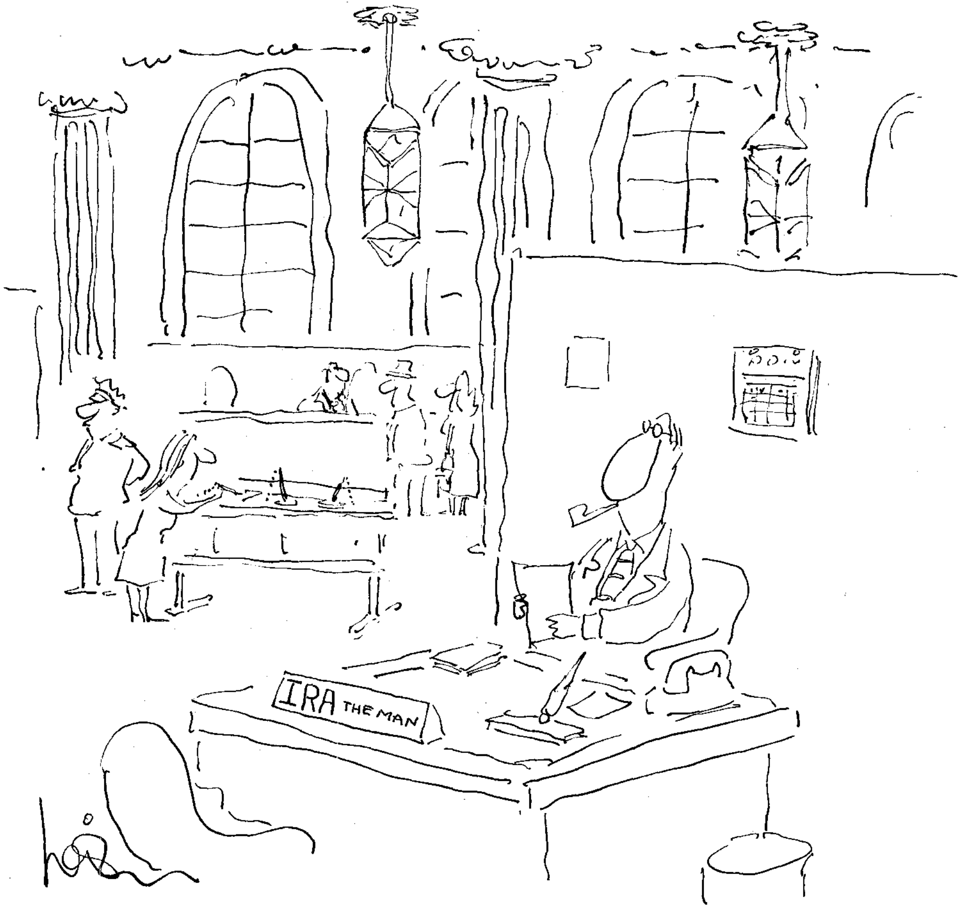
Now we've come out of the trees into a landscape suddenly defined by salt water, and we feel the automatic stretching of the senses that is always induced by broad pastel skies and iodine-scented air. To the right and left of us are strips of sandy beach littered with seaweed and urban debris, and ahead of us, across one more bridge, is City Island, the goal of our seven-and-a-half-mile walk. With its low roofs and forest of masts, it resembles a New England coastal village. On the sand and on the bridge, dozens of little boys are fishing. The sun comes out, and we feel a certain elation at setting foot on City Island, as if we really had attained an earnestly sought goal. Mr. Hermalyn takes off his green service cap and shakes hands with all of us, telling us that as Cross-Bronx Walkers we will receive certificates in the mail. He is smiling as if he were bursting with pride, and it is only after we have boarded the BX-12 bus to go home that we reflect that his pride is not in us but in the Bronx, and that we have rarely seen a person who takes such a keen-eyed, intelligently critical delight in the place where he lives. Riding back to the subway along the route we walked (and how different everything looks from a bus!), we remember something he said to us when he was pointing out taxpayers some hours earlier. "In the old days," he said, "people didn't travel as much—they knew their neighborhood. I grew up in the Bronx; I live here; I know it and I like it. That does something for you—makes your feet feel good when you're walking."

DEATHS OF DISTANT FRIENDS

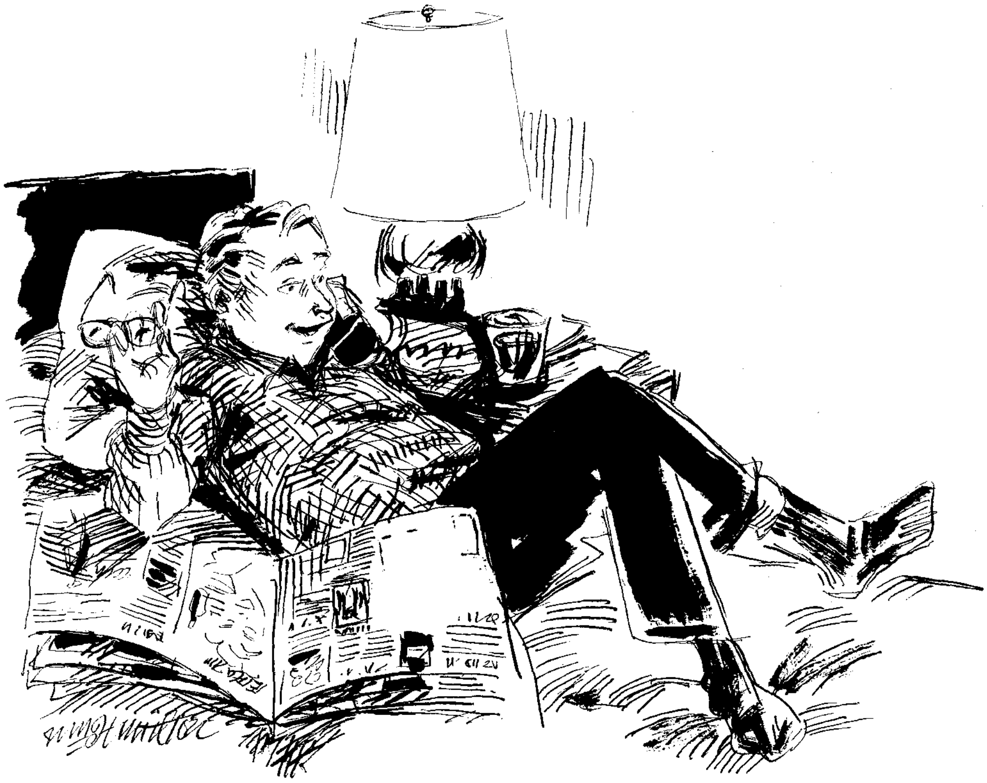
THOUGH I was between marriages for several years, in a disarray that preoccupied me completely, other people continued to live and die. Len, an old golf partner, overnight in the hospital for what they said was a routine examination, dropped dead in the lavatory, having just placed a telephone call to his hardware store saying he would be back behind the counter in the morning. He owned the store and could take sunny afternoons off on short notice. His swing was too quick, and he kept his weight back on his right foot, and the ball often squirted off to the left without getting into the air at all, but he sank some gorgeous putts in his day, and he always dressed with a nattiness that seemed to betoken high hopes for his game. In buttercup-yellow slacks, sky-blue turtleneck, and tangerine cashmere cardigan he would wave from the practice green as, having driven out from Boston through clouds of grief and sleeplessness and moral confusion, I would drag my cart across the asphalt parking lot, my cleats scraping, like a monster's claws, at every step.

Though Len had known and liked Julia, the wife I had left, he never spoke of my personal condition or of the fact that I drove an hour out from Boston to meet him instead of, as formerly, ten minutes down the road. Golf in that interim was a great haven; as soon as I stepped off the first tee in pursuit of my drive, I felt enclosed in a luminous wide bubble, safe from women, stricken children, solemn lawyers, disapproving old acquaintances—the entire offended social order. Golf had its own order, and its own love, as the three or four of us staggered and shouted our way toward each hole, laughing at misfortune and applauding the rare strokes of relative brilliance. Sometimes the summer sky would darken and a storm arise, and we would cluster in an abandoned equipment shed or beneath a tree that seemed less tall than its brothers. Our natural nervousness and our impatience at having the excitements of golf interrupted would in this space of shelter focus into an almost amorous heat—the breaths and sweats of middle-aged men packed together in the pattering rain like cattle in a boxcar. Len's face bore a number of spots of actinic keratosis; he was going to have them surgically removed before they turned into skin cancer. Who would have thought the lightning bolt of a coronary would fall across his plans and clean remove him from my tangled life? Never again (no two snowflakes or fingerprints, no two heartbeats traced on the oscilloscope, and no two golf swings are exactly alike) would I exultantly see his so hopefully addressed drive ("Hello dere, ball," he would joke, going into his waggle and squat) squirt off low to the left in that unique way of his, and hear him exclaim in angry frustration (he was a born-again Baptist, and had developed a personal language of avoided curses), "Ya dirty ricka-fric!"

I drove out to Len's funeral and tried to tell his son, "Your father was a great guy," but the words fell flat in that cold bare Baptist church. Len's gaudy colors, his Christian effervescence, his game and futile swing, our crowing back and forth, our fellowship within the artificial universe composed of variously resistant lengths and types of grass were tints of life too delicate to capture, and had flown.



A TIME later, I read in the paper that Miss Amy Merrymount, 91, had at last passed away, as a dry leaf passes into leaf mold. She had always seemed ancient; she was one of those New Englanders, one of the last, who spoke of Henry James as if he had just left the room. She possessed letters, folded and unfolded almost into pieces, from James to her parents, in which she was mentioned, not only as a little girl but as a young lady "coming into her 'own,' into a liveliness fully rounded." She lived in a few rooms, crowded with antiques, of a great inherited country house of which she was constrained to rent out the larger portion. Why she had never married was a mystery that sat upon her lightly in old age; the slender smooth beauty that sepia photographs remembered, the breeding and intelligence and, in a spiritual sense, ardor she still possessed must have intimidated as many suitors as they attracted and given her, in her own eyes, in an age when the word "inviolate" still had force and renunciation a certain prestige, a value whose winged moment of squandering never quite arose. Also, she had a sardonic dryness to her voice and something restless and dismissive in her manner. She was a keen self-educator;



"Hey, now, don't get upset. I know we agreed not to call, but I couldn't resist when I saw our little restaurant listed in the 'Times' with a health-code violation."

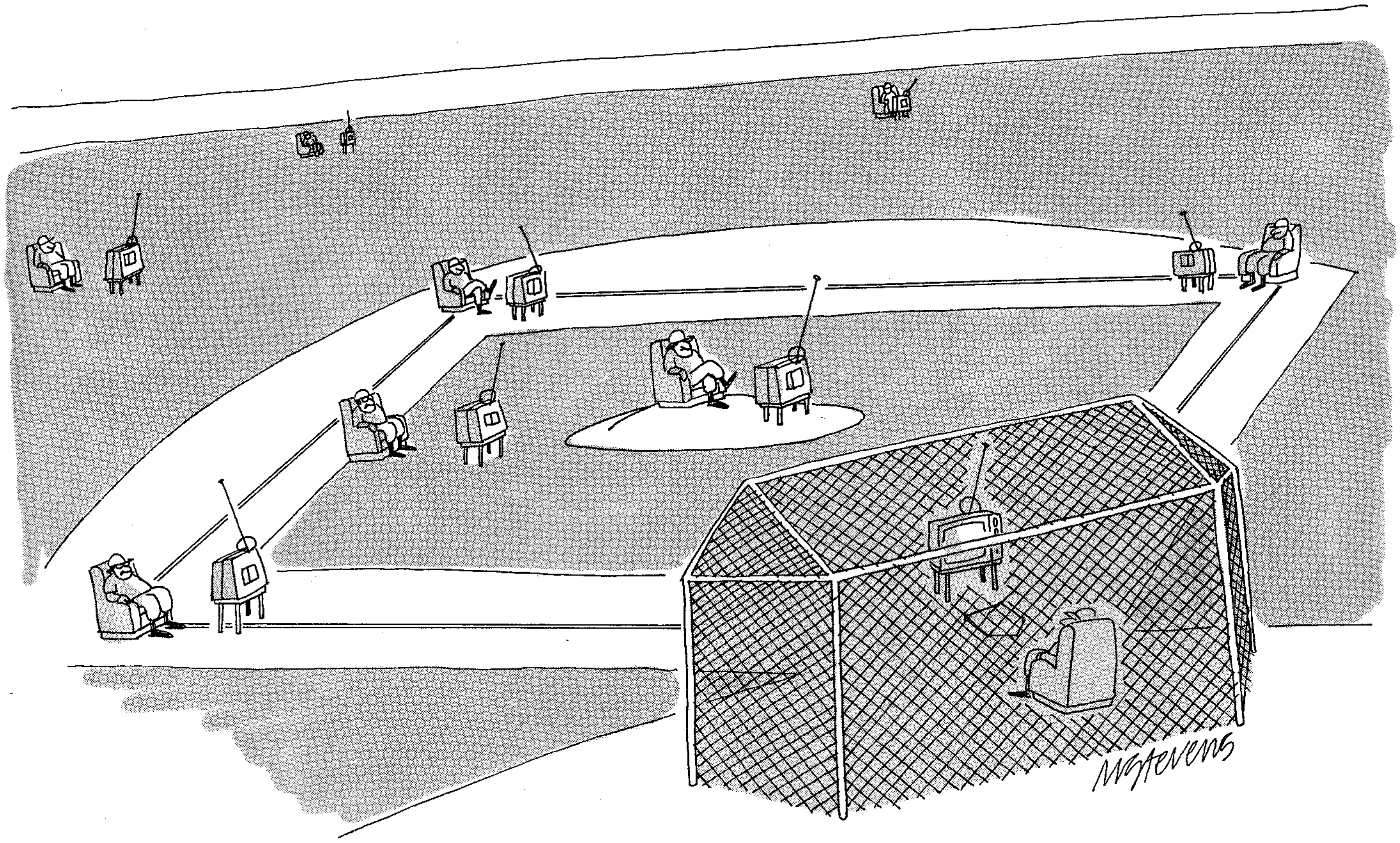
she kept up with new developments in art and science, took up organic foods and political outrage when they became fashionable, and liked to have young people about her. When Julia and I moved to town with our babies and fresh faces, we became part of her tea circle, and in an atmosphere of tepid but mutual enchantment maintained acquaintance for twenty years.

Perhaps not so tepid: now I think Miss Merrymount loved us, or at least loved Julia, who always took on a courteous brightness, a soft daughterly shine, in those chill window-lit rooms crowded with spindly, feathery heirlooms once spread through the four floors of a Back Bay town house. In memory the glow of my former wife's firm chin and exposed throat and shoulders merges with the ghostly smoothness of those old framed studio photos of the Merrymount sisters—three, of whom two died sadly young, as if bequeathing their allotment of years to the third, the survivor sitting with us in her gold-brocaded wing chair. Her face had become unforeseeably brown with age, and totally wrinkled, like an Indian's, with something in her dark eyes of glittering Indian cruelty. "I found her rather disappointing," she might say of an absent mutual acquaintance, or, of one who had been quite dropped from her circle, "She wasn't absolutely first-rate."

The search for the first-rate had been a pastime of her generation. I cannot think, now, of whom she utterly approved, except Father Daniel Berrigan and Sir Kenneth Clark. She saw them both on television. Her eyes with their opaque glitter were failing, and for her cherished afternoons of reading while the light died outside her windows and a little fire of birch logs in the brass-skirted fireplace warmed her ankles were substituted scheduled hours tuned in to educational radio and television. In those last years, Julia would go and read to her—Austen, "Middlemarch," Joan Didion, some Proust and Mauriac in French, when Miss Merrymount decided that Julia's accent passed muster. Julia would practice a little on me, and, watching her lips push forward and go small and tense around the French sounds like the lips of an African mask of ivory, I almost fell in love with her again. Affection between women is a touching, painful, exciting thing for a man, and in my vision of it—tea yielding to sherry in those cluttered rooms where twilight thickened until the pages being slowly turned and the patient melody of Julia's voice were the sole signs of life—love was what was happening between this gradually dying old lady and my wife, who had gradually become middle-aged, our children grown into absent adults, her voice nowhere else harkened to as it was here. No doubt there were confidences, too, between the pages. Julia always returned from Miss Merrymount's, to make my late dinner, looking younger and even blithe, somehow emboldened.

In that awkward post-marital phase when old friends still feel obliged to extend invitations and one doesn't yet have the wit or courage to decline, I found myself at a large gathering at which Miss Merrymount was present. She was now quite blind and invariably accompanied by a young person, a round-faced girl hired as companion and guide. The fragile old lady, displayed like peacock feathers under a glass bell, had been established in a chair in a corner of the room beyond the punch bowl. At my approach, she sensed a body coming near and held out her withered hand, but when she heard my voice her hand dropped. "You have done a dreadful thing," she said, all on one long intake of breath, like a draft rippling a piece of crinkly cellophane. Her face turned away, showing her hawk-nosed profile, as though I had offended her sight. The face of her young companion, round as a radar dish, registered slight shock; but I smiled, in truth not displeased. There is a relief at judgment, even adverse. It is good to know that somewhere a seismograph records our quakes and slippages. I imagine Miss Merrymount's death, not too many months after this, as a final serenely flat line on the hospital monitor attached to her. Something sardonic in that flat line, too—of unviolated rectitude, of magnificent patience with a world that for over ninety years failed to prove itself other than disappointing. By this time, Julia and I were at last divorced.

EVERYTHING of the abandoned home is lost, of course—the paintings on the walls, the way shadows and light contended in this or



that corner, the gracious warmth from the radiators. The pets. Canute was a male golden retriever we had acquired as a puppy when the children were still a tumbling, pre-teen pack. Endlessly amiable, as his breed tends to be, he suffered all, including castration, as if life were a steady hail of blessings. Curiously, not long before he died, my youngest child, who sings in a female punk group that has just started up, brought Canute to the house where now I live with Jenny as my wife. He sniffed around politely and expressed with only a worried angle of his ears the wonder of his old master reconstituted in this strange-smelling home; then he collapsed with a heavy sigh onto the kitchen floor. He looked fat and seemed lethargic. My daughter, whose hair is cut short and dyed mauve in patches, said that the dog roamed at night and got into the neighbors' garbage, and even into one neighbor's horse feed. This sounded like mismanagement to me; Julia's new boyfriend is a middle-aged former Dartmouth quarterback, a golf and tennis and backpack freak, and she is hardly ever home, so busy is she keeping up with him and trying to learn new games. The house and lawn are neglected; the children drift in and out with their friends and once in a while clean out the rotten food in the refrigerator. Jenny, sensing my suppressed emotions, said something tactful and bent down to scratch Canute behind one ear. Since the ear was infected and sensitive, he feebly snapped at her, then thumped the kitchen floor with his tail in apology.

Like me when snubbed by Miss Merrymount, my wife seemed more pleased than not, encountering a touch of resistance, her position in the world as it were confirmed. She discussed dog antibiotics with my daughter, and at a glance one could not have been sure who was the older, though it was clear who had the odder hair. It is true, as the cliché runs, that Jenny is young enough to be my daughter. But now that I am fifty everybody under thirty-five is young enough to be my daughter. Most of the people in the world are young enough to be my daughter.

A few days after his visit, Canute disappeared, and a few days later he was found far out on the marshes near my old house, his body bloated. The dog officer's diagnosis was a heart attack. Can that happen, I wondered, to four-footed creatures? The thunderbolt had hit my former pet by moonlight, his heart full of marshy joy and his stomach fat with garbage, and he had lain for days with ruffling fur while the tides went in and out. The image makes me happy, like the sight of a sail popping full of wind and tugging its boat swiftly out from shore. In truth—how terrible to acknowledge—all three of these deaths make me happy, in a way. Witnesses to my disgrace are being removed. The world is growing lighter. Eventually there will be none to remember me as I was in those embarrassing, disarrayed years while I scuttled without a shell, between houses and wives, a snake between skins, a monster of selfishness, my grotesque needs naked and pink, my social presence beggarly and vulnerable. The deaths of others carry us off bit by bit, until there will be nothing left; and this too will be, in a way, a mercy. —JOHN UPDIKE

•

And by the end of 1982, when all forty-one stories are fully enclosed in blue-green glass and the public atrium is full of trees, we'll begin to move in.

180 Maiden Lane will be the world headquarters of Continental Insurance.

It's only fitting that we're a stone's throw from Wall Street and the stock exchanges, since we're a major investor with many diversified financial interests.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Better watch it, all the same.

ON EACH OTHER'S TIME

"ARE you as low as I am?" said Alfred Rowlett, aged thirty-four, yelling cheerfully on the telephone from Bolivia at eight-thirty-five in the morning.

"I don't know how low that is," shouted his brother Federico (born in Positano but English as they come), aged thirty-two, from Madras, where it was five past six in the evening.

"About the riots," said Alfred.

"Where you are or where I am?" said Federico.

"In Liverpool," said Alfred.

"Probably lower, though I'm more resilient," said Federico. He was at the perennial disadvantage of being younger, a disadvantage that unduly weighed on him, because it was by nature unmendable. This insistence on being the more resilient was a perpetual defense. "I can hear your breakfast coming in."

"That isn't breakfast, that's my bed. They don't do breakfast here. They bring the bed instead. I suppose so that they don't have to make it, because it's gone again in the evening. I have to sleep on the floor. I have to wait for the bed to come back again in the morning and tip them, because otherwise they make a mess of my notes."

"You must be flaked."

"No, there's a rush on and not having a bed saves time. Is it tiring there?"

"I don't seem to be sleeping."

"Try lying down," said Alfred. "You never remember that part. No one can sleep standing up except horses."

"The thing is, I have to walk about from now on so as to be up for being woken. They do it about ten at night here if you order a wake-up knock for four in the morning. I think it's because the English were so fierce to Indians about unpunctuality for nearly two hundred years that we've made them nervous."

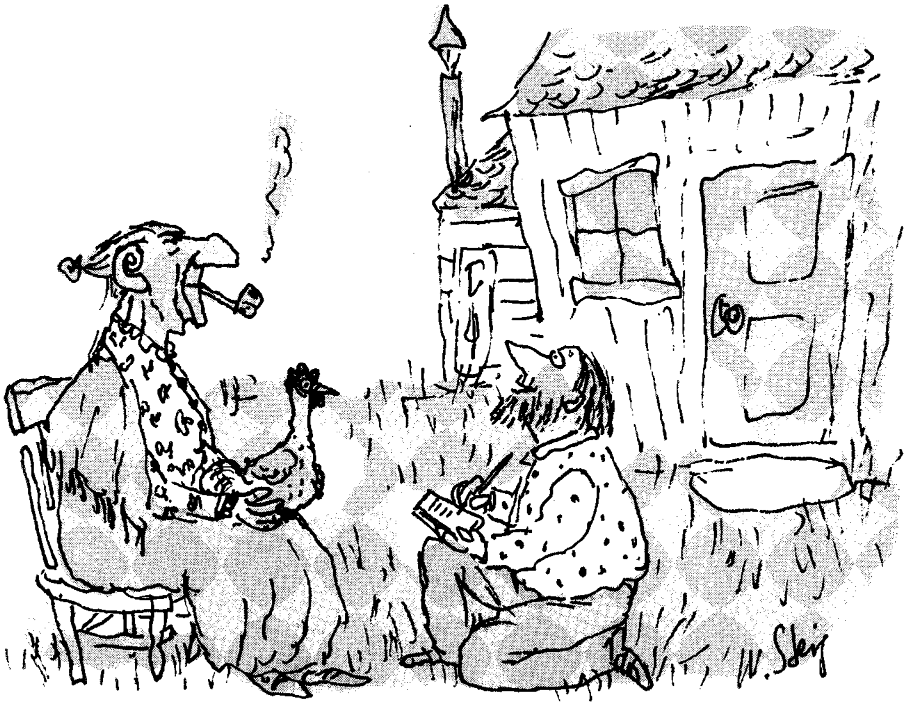
"Have you got the figures yet?"

Federico read out to Alfred facts about divorce costs printed in an article published in London. They were about alimony, maintenance, the rising rates to any harried and/or married citizen in a string of countries that had nothing to do with where either of them was and nothing to do with England either. This was the way the brothers often helped each other. They were both social cartoonists, working at their drawing boards and listening in far-flung places to dilemmas and gripes expressed through many a beard net or yashmak, and their notions were kin. All four in this generation of the family alone were working wits of one sort or another. They had early come to an agreement about pooling information on their offices' foreign telephone expenses. The method saved money on long-winded explanations to researchers in London, who were anyway no good at pulling together suspiciously obscured facts even when they smelled as high as rank herring; it also saved the tedium of being put on hold with a caption for a cartoon and then cut off after someone at a news desk said, "Hang on while I get a pencil."

Alfred, the eldest of the four, was a specialist now on Latin America. He had been drawing cartoon chronicles ever since Oxford, with a wit in the tradition of pamphleteers and broadsheet writers, about the doings of the flag-wagging "peacemakers" in high office whom he found in most countries of the world. He and Federico, the brother closest to him, had in common an unusual lack of careerism. Federico was the more solid man, as the saying goes, but no Rowlett was dulled. He had high degrees in divorce law. His knowledge about infidelity in the countries of the world had brought him to a unique point in financial cartooning.

When Federico was born, already named, it was pointed out to their lucid father that Alfred's and Federico's Christian names would render them both Freds. "*Render*?" said Mark Rowlett. "Render down, as with lard, or render to, as with bills? No child of ours is ever going to be nicknamed." Being a satirist, he had no need to raise his voice. "To be fair, two Oxford friends have made the same point. But if anyone really wants to collapse into lingo, the boys can be Alf and Fred. Though over my live body."

Mark Rowlett in his married life had always lived somewhere in Cumberland. He had moved and moved, with his shortwave radio and a very old Remington, on which he typed articles and broadcasts. His wife, Constance, was a theoretical mathematician, a wool-embroiderer, and a breeder of local sheep providing the best wool. Her third child was Deirdre, a beautiful young woman of twenty-eight engaged in a series of prodigiously long and wry articles—wry in a dodgy way, dodging you for fifty columns of sober type every time—about trees' ecology on this planet. She lived mostly in Scandinavia at the moment, for the interest of the trees. She, too, was on the economical family plan of research shared by

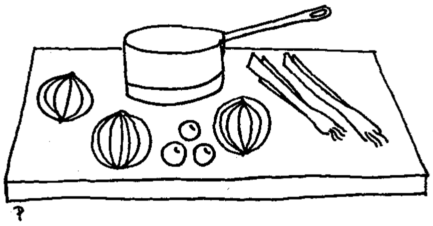


Folklorist

telephone. Her childhood had been lonesome, though Alfred earnestly looked after her. A lot of her time had been spent in counting trees, much as other children make list upon list of friends, but the tree familiars had been so often lost to her by the family moves that she early despaired of anything's having longevity, including study and species. Long before she had got distinctions in every Oxford matriculation subject, she got below naught at school in Scripture, deportment, tolerance, and basketwork. No one in the family was inclined to take this seriously, but her father, an investigative reporter, investigated. He found that the basketwork mistress was also the Scripture mistress, and that for two terms running an embarrassed Deirdre had been made to play Ruth, gathering sheaves of alien corn between the school desks. After that discovery Mark took her away from school and taught her himself. They worked swiftly together and she well on her own. Whichever house they were living in at the time, there was the same Carolean chair behind the desk where she was allowed to spread books for classics, which they saved for the evening. The chair's ribbed legs left marks on her own, because she twisted them around the carving.

The youngest, twenty-four, was Peter, a tall, thin boy who became stroke of his university boat and a half-blue at squash. As a child, when at long last he had begun to speak, he was loquacious whenever lonely. His mother saw that he felt apart from the older three. He even loathed food, this skinny lad, while the rest of the table merely found food the least interesting thing at any dinner. If ever he had to be mildly punished for not doing homework, the only punishment meted was to shut him away at his desk in his own unlocked room. Quite unresentful, he cancelled out the punishment by going immediately to sleep under the desk, his thin complex of limbs like coils of plumbing under a basin. Constance found a clue when he said out of nowhere that he felt underexercised, "like a dozy lion, the dangerous kind." She immediately took him rowing every dawn on Lake Derwent Water. She was a good oar herself, for reasons no one knew. Like Peter, she was left-handed, but she gave the left oar to him to lend him a sporting chance. At eight, he didn't notice this, but at eight and a half he did. Thinking to repay her in effort, he taught himself shorthand secretly at his coed school, though the girls scoffed. As soon as he left school he became a cub reporter in the dock districts of Northumberland and Durham. The loquacity ended and he became inquiring, with the reporter's gift of seeming invisible. It came, perhaps, like all the children's distinct talents, from one or the other of their parents. Peter's conciseness came very much from his laconic father.

Mark's fame as a satirist had begun at Oxford in the days of the Spanish Civil War. He was to speak at the Union against an undergraduate named Hogg, whose political views he very much disliked. Mark let loose a greased hog in the hall. He had since been trying to explain to his Oxford contemporaries that a greased hog is not satire. Prewar Oxford was a curious interlude in his life. Brawn, beefy minds, a lot of sunrise baying for lukewarm Chablis left over from someone's party the night before. His County Durham childhood, in Consett, had been poor and frightening. His seaman father was drowned when Mark was nine, an only child; at the age of twelve he was seen off to sit for a scholarship to Winchester. He went alone through the ticket barrier carrying a cello left to him by his father. It was bigger than he was, and the weight added to the twitchings in his kneecaps. Despite fear he got a scholarship. After that one bullish year at Oxford, also on a scholarship, he



THE SPIRE

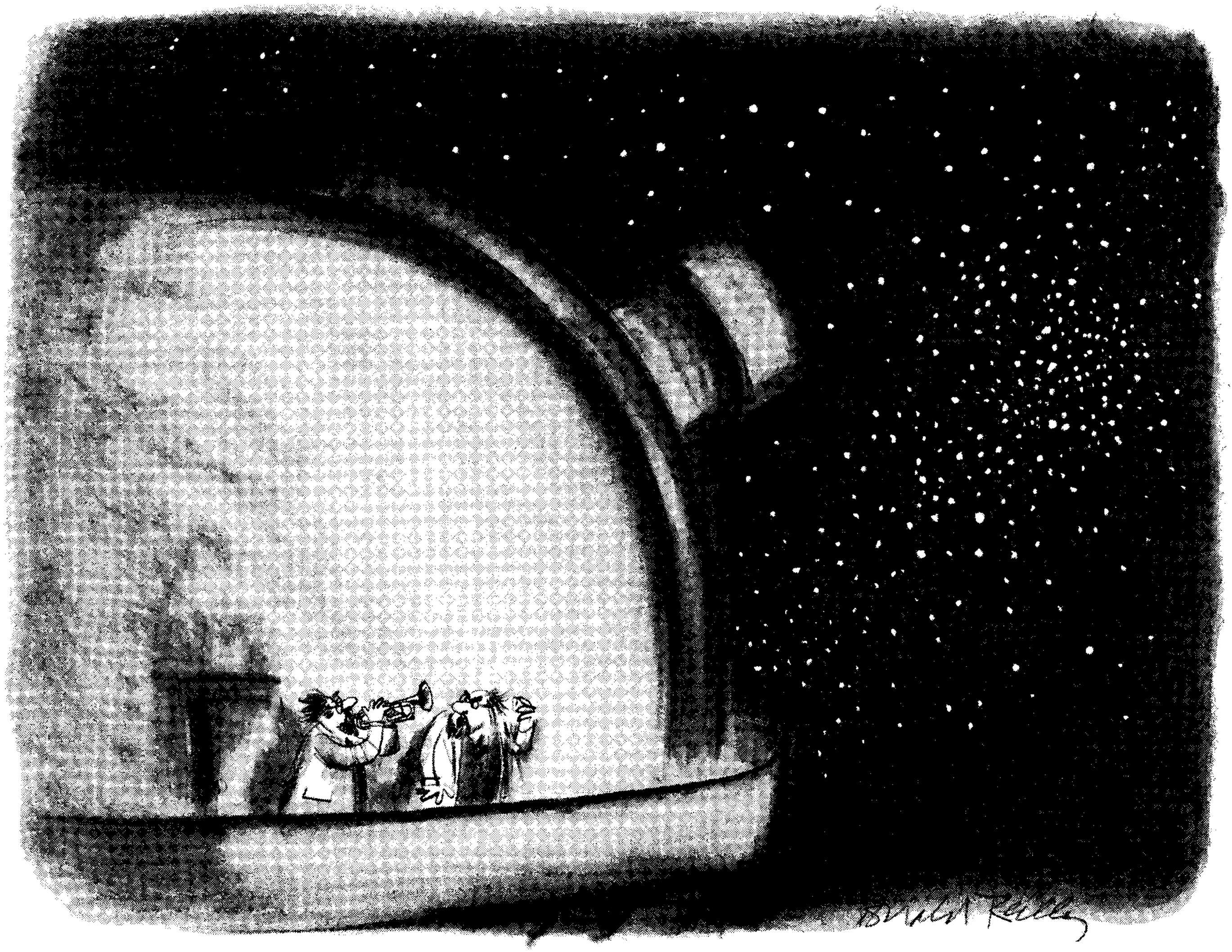
In the Bavarian steeple, on the hour,
two figures emerge from their scalloped house
carrying sledges that they clap, in turn,
against the surface of the bell. By legend
they are summer and winter, youth and age,
as though the forces of plenty and of loss
played equally on the human soul, extracted
easily the same low bronze note spreading
upward from the encumbrance of the village,
past alluvial fields to the pocked highland
where the cattle shift their massive heads
at this dissonance, this faint redundant
pressure in the ears, in the air.

From the village, the mountain seems
a single stone, a single blank completion.
Seeing the summit pierce the abstract heavens,
we reconstruct the valley on the mountain—
a shepherd propped against his crook, birds
enthralled on a branch, the branch feathering
the edge of the canvas—transposing
such forms as can extend the flawed earth
and embody us, intact, unaltering, among
the soft, surprising trees of childhood:
mimosa, honey locust, and willow.

Wood in the midst of woods, the village
houses are allied in a formal shape
beside a stream, the streets concluding
at the monument. Again the ravishing moment
of the bell: the townspeople, curious
or accustomed, stop to count the strokes,
odd or even—the confectioner counting out
the lavender candies for his customer,
the butcher, the greengrocer, the surgeon,
and the constable—as the housewife
stands on the stoop, shaking her mop,
and sees the dust briefly veil the air,
an algebra of swirling particles.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

• •



“Good God, man—not ‘Stardust’ again?”

• •

joined up, in the Merchant Navy. Unwarlike, decorated for bravery three times when his ships were torpedoed, and still wondering whether he shouldn’t have stood trial as a conscientious objector and chosen the hated option of sugar-beet farming, he went back to postwar Oxford. What an Oxford. British-railways buffet sort of meals instead of dinners in Hall, men too old and grieved to be undergraduates trying desperately to make up the war years they had lost. Mark threw in his hand after two terms and started to earn a living as an apprentice typesetter up North. Then he married Constance and added to his wages by proofreading the telephone directory.

“To think there was a time when I proofed it,” he said out loud.

“What, darling?” said Constance, peering in at his study window from the garden.

“And now I can’t even see well enough to find it.”

“What?”

“The telephone directory.”

“I put it away the last time the phone was cut off.” The quarterly, laggardly, unpaid phone bills were the insistent reason—professional habit, family links—for the many moves. The moves were distressing to Mark because of his stacks of references and distressing to Constance as a sheep breeder. Mark never had more than a penny, though he worked all the time.

“We must be able to phone,” he said, as usual, though as if the point had just occurred. “I’ve got to keep in touch.”

“You’ve got your shortwave radio.”

“That’s incoming. I’ve got to have a two-way system, don’t you see. Bring me my checkbook and we’ll be honest citizens.”

“We’re overdrawn.”

“We can always sell something.”

“What?”

Mark looked around him. “We could flog the complete Galsworthy. And there are plenty of other books I could be without by now. Haven’t we got a load of things somewhere about Iceland?”

“Iceland? Wouldn’t they be Deirdre’s?”

“No. A friend of mine in the Big Apple wrote to me a while ago and happened to mention that there’s an enormous Iceland section in a perfectly normal bookshop on Fifth Avenue. Colossal. Far bigger than all the European sections put together, he said. Which proves that there must be a mounting scholarly demand for commentaries on the Edda. Possibly, though not necessarily, even for the Edda itself. Sensing my interest, this kind chap sent me five feet of books about Iceland in return for some valueless tips about gold ingots. A solemn man. Illiterate, sadly. From a business magazine called *Know Your Capitalism.* Keen-nosed and a worker at heart, he detected a bookish man when he saw one and sent me these five feet. They must be somewhere."

"You could inscribe them with your name and that would add to the value. I'm told that the place to do it is on the title page, never on the inside cover."

"How did you find that out?"

"I was asking an antiquarian bookseller I happened to meet in the fishmonger's."

"Great. And you could sell some of your tapestry chair backs. They're great stuff. I'd help you fix up a show."

"They're not up to snuff, Mark. Not yet."

"Then I'll sell my old atlas."

"Not that one. It's the one with the marine map glued into it." Mark, by one of the many accidents that cling to childbirth and to seafaring parents, had been born on a British boat accidentally storm-tossed into someone else's fishing rights. This, he insisted, made him either a British diplomat entitled to a *laissez-passer* or an anarchist. Mark warmed to the idea of V.I.P. travel all over the world with no official rude enough to look at any of his passports (which happened, for brave and honorable reasons, to be forged) or, better still, made him a free port in human form, with the privilege of duty-free Scotch.

After a moment of meditation on that, he waved his hand at Constance and said, "Well, sell your car then."

"It wouldn't fetch a penny." She was certainly the only person in the family or at the local garage who could drive it. "Besides, I use it to *save* money on the telephone calls I'd otherwise have to make to get shops to deliver."

Constance was an excellent driver of this car, changing gears tirelessly to coax it up to its maximum speed of twenty-four miles an hour, uniquely knowledgeable about opening the boot. Even her athletic sons couldn't kick or prize a way into it when they wanted to carry their luggage into the house after she had driven slowly to Newcastle to meet a plane from Guatemala or China. The back seat was piled high with wool-embroidered canvases on their way to the furniture-maker. Constance, a chain smoker, had often been noticed using her cigarette as the ignition key at the first attempt to start.

"Not that the telephone's my medium," said Mark, "but we never know when there mightn't be an editor ringing about a typo, or a film producer, or the children. I can always tell when it's going to be them. Only thing that makes me believe in God, or gods, is when old planchette starts ringing and I know it's one of them. Talking of God, darling, we really did have them in an abhorrently monarchical order. First a boy heir, then another boy as backup, then a girl who's probably going to keep the monarchy going for good in this age of women's lib and queens by being the first woman on the moon, then yet another boy in case there's ever need of a dauphin if the others kick the bucket before me. Do you remember a particularly territorialist 'Henry V,' where the Dauphin was a very small old man playing with a yo-yo?"

"Mark, that's got no connection with Peter at all. He was only small, ever, when he was a baby, and he only played with a yo-yo when he was a baby. Babies *are* small and they *do* play with yo-yos."

"He didn't open his mouth until he was four. The others were reading by two and a half."

"He talked enough to the other children. The youngest in families often do that."

"He's certainly shot up since," Mark said. "And spoken up. I've cut out a great piece he did this morning. It's on your dressing table. I couldn't find anything by any of the others, could you?"

"There's a nice reference to Alfred in the *Economist.* Quoting him."

"Signs of dangerous radical infiltration in the *Economist* at last. Great. I've *never* made the *Economist.*"

By selling Galsworthy, the five Icelandic feet, and a sheep Landseer, Constance had the phone reconnected. Mark was sitting by his shortwave radio as usual, straight to work in his dressing gown from shaving, monitoring events in Ulster, Poland, and Albania, when the engineers came.

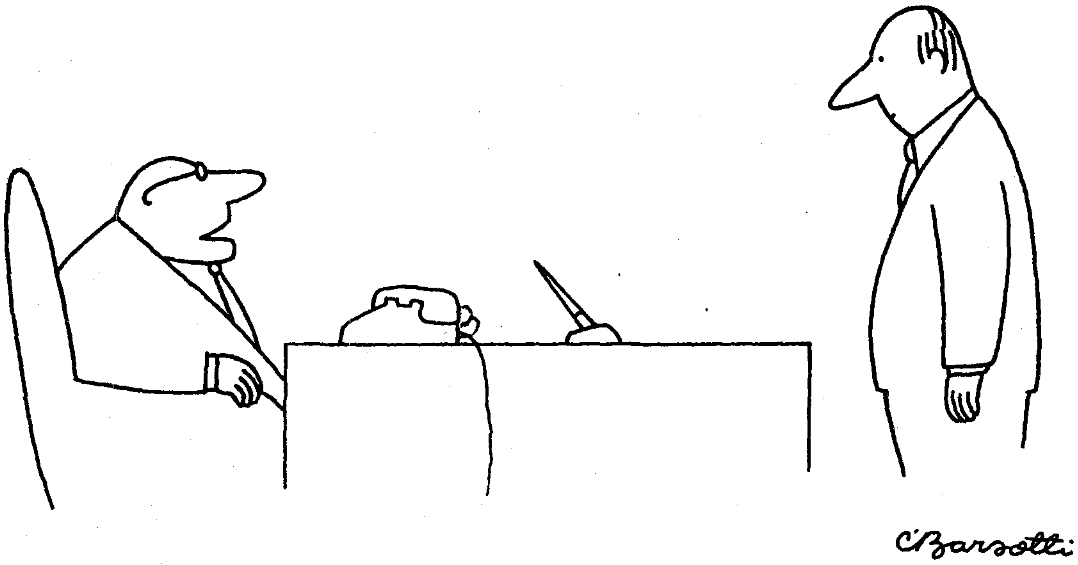
"Constance," he said, in the quiet voice she always heard.

One of the engineers said that he'd seen Mrs. Rowlett going out in her car. Then he himself left. Mark knew both engineers well. They were named Frank and Vic. They had been many times to disconnect and reconnect this telephone.

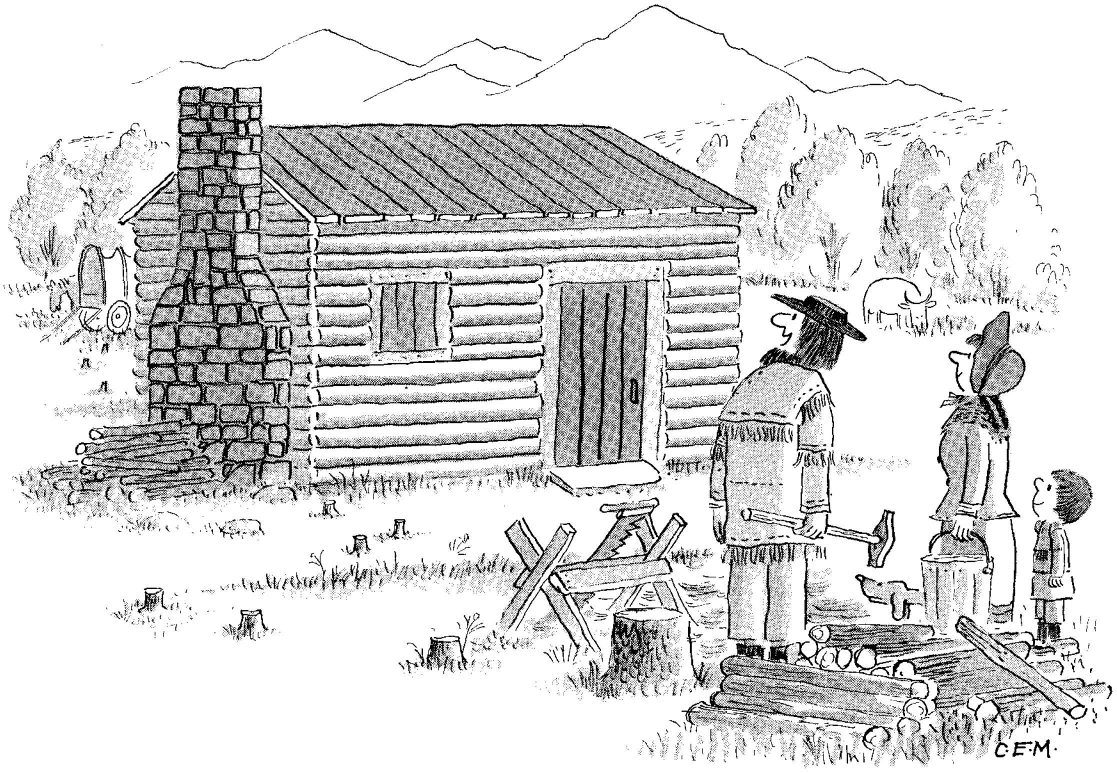
"Engineers and handymen and carpenters and American policemen always travel in pairs, don't they?" said Mark. "Where's Vic gone?"

"He's parking the van."

"Hard to find a place to park these days in the country," said Mark, looking out of his window at



"But this trip, instead of flying straight back from L.A., stop over someplace in the heartland. I want to know what they're thinking in the heartland."



"It is a pretty house, and I do like it, Lucy, but I also look on it as an investment."

• •

the deserted landscape.

Frank fiddled for a time, did the wiring, and then dipped into his back trouser pocket for a piece of paper. "I wonder if you could give me a bit of advice about this," he said.

Mark read carefully. It was a pop lyric written out in pencil. "I'm glad you did this. It's the real stuff, I should say. Have you got a tune in mind?"

"I'm known for my whistling, but I'm not satisfied with the last two lines. I want to say 'stygian' at the end of the seventh line, but I can't hit on a rhyme for the eighth."

Mark gave the matter his complete attention. He stood up, with a little difficulty because of a twinge of arthritis, and for the first time in years managed to get a grasp on a thesaurus that underpinned the whole wobbling pile of the Oxford English Dictionary. Mark and Frank worked on the problem.

Frank rejected many possibilities and then seized on one. "That'll do it." He started to whistle. "Yes. I can hear that. Very nice of you."

"I didn't know you did this."

"You've got to have another skill, haven't you. With unemployment." Frank started to pick up his tools.

Mark thought, and then said, "Vic's not back yet?"

"If you're interested, I'll just show you what I've done." Frank unscrewed the telephone so that the conglomeration of wires was exposed. "I cleaned it up for you, because they don't dust much in the instrument shop, not secondhand telephones." The telephone bell then rang, surprising Mark from this phone offal. Frank said, "Receiving. Dry cleaner's, pickup at Mrs. Fawcett, she's all right, she won't mind the other pickups. Going to lunch, no trouble. Deliveries before we pick her up again, pack that little lot in easily before the corroded jack at Ridleys. Roger."

"So Vic uses the van as a taxi while you're working," said Mark. Frank nodded, and Mark said, "Very sensible. It's what you were saying yourself about writing songs."

"Two strings to your bow now if you're going to have half a chance. My dad used to say that, but he never had the opportunity. As a miner. That's your telephone this time. I'll be off."

"Keep at it," said Mark. He let the telephone ring once more, said firmly to himself that he wasn't getting the planchette signal, but wasn't in time to stop himself from saying into the telephone gaily, "Not by any chance a family conclave?" He responded with just as much alacrity to the reply, from an editor who wanted a long piece in a hurry. Mark was not a man to live by one hope alone.

"Your phone was out of order for days," said the editor.

"I hadn't paid the bill."

"Can you do the piece by Friday?"

"That's late for you. Thursday."

"Telephone it in. Reverse the charge. Many thanks. Make the copytakers read it back if you want. You use a lot of difficult names. In good spirits, are you, apart from the news?"

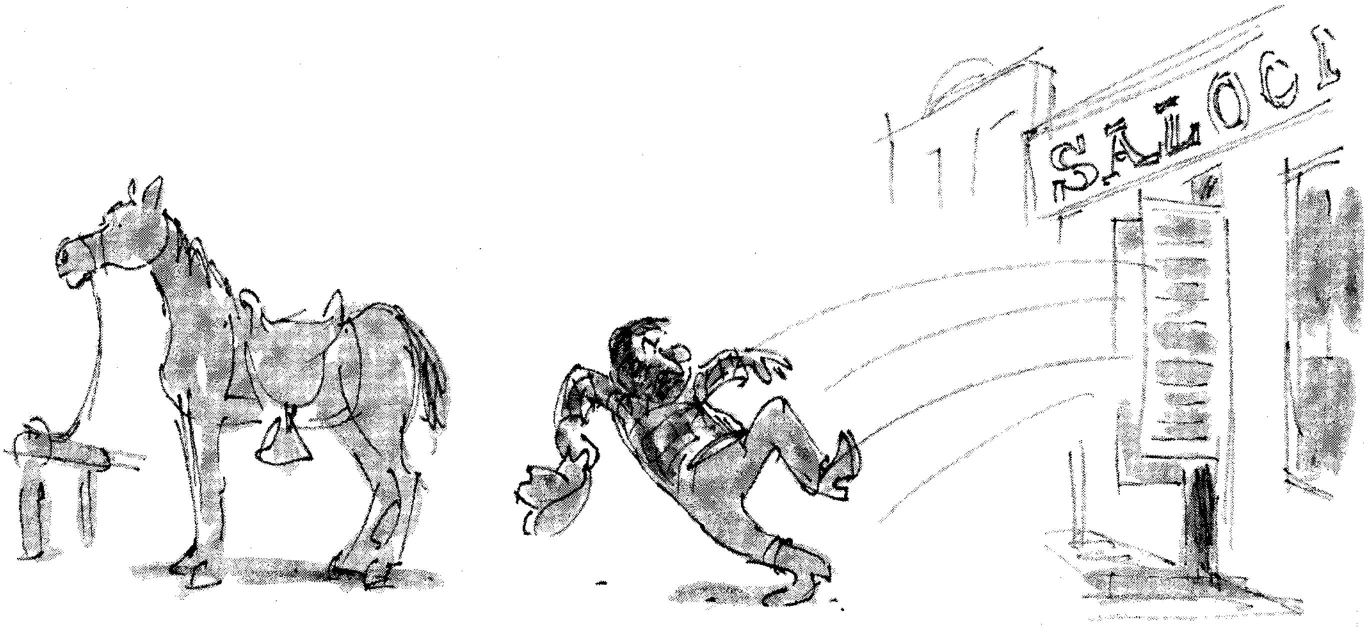
"Not much apart from news now, a lot of people say, but with the amount of activity that's just been going on privately in this house, I should say there was a good deal else. Fighting off unemployment on all fronts up here."

"Write about that next time, if you would?"

"Maybe. If I could." Mark started at once to make notes for the immediate piece. As usual, the notes were made in his head.

A young girl who lived in the house rent-free in return for helping Constance with the sheep came into his study in tears. "I can't stand the life here. I can't get things happening. I don't like letting Constance down, but I want to pack straightaway. I need a lot of your old newspapers for my packing boxes. They're full of earth, because we had them for the rhododendrons. I'm sorry, but I'm going to be nineteen in a month. I've maybe still got a future, haven't I? And it isn't here." Crying most bitterly, she started to pick up piles of his carefully sorted newspapers and magazines, which stood in high stacks all around the room and on his sofa.

"You can't have those. They're work." Mark got up without the usual



difficulty and put his arm around her shoulders, walking slowly to the door in his dressing gown and carpet slippers. "It'll be all right. You have to go by your instinct. Now, lining the boxes. I think we could snitch a lot of drawer-lining paper for you from the kitchen cupboards. You look in the bedrooms and I'll ransack the kitchen."

"Mrs. Rowlett will mind. I can't call her Constance any longer."

"She's very fond of you, but people have to move on."

"I meant about having to buy new lining paper. Even you haven't got enough to manage on, and you're clever and you've been at it for years. I've probably left it too late already." She ran upstairs, not looking back, shouting, "It comes of being self-employed, does it? But I can't think of anything else. A delivery girl or a waitress, if I could get it, and then something of my own in the evenings."

Mark went on stripping the kitchen of lining paper for her.

WITHOUT his knowing it, all of his children were due to arrive in Newcastle from their points abroad. And without telling him, Constance had gone off by car to collect them. They arrived at home, Constance taking out her cigarette to beam at the success of her surprise. Talk; private talk between Mark and Constance about the girl upstairs; questions; sandwiches of dressed crab.

"A binge," said Mark, eating little.

"What's the noun for someone who binges?" said Federico.

"It couldn't be 'binger.' If you read it, that would make it rhyme with 'singer,' " said Deirdre.

"Why not with 'harbinger'?" said Constance.

"Anyway, it would never in a million years describe Mark," said Federico. "He's the family skeleton. The skeleton in all our cupboards."

"None of us, not one of us, could ever aspire to be as disreputable as he is," said Alfred in homage. "What's all this about the girl upstairs?"

"Not girl. Mary. She's worried about going to seed," said Constance.

"What does she do?" said Deirdre.

"Helps Constance with the sheep," said Mark. "She plants grass with more natural vitamins in it. More natural than usual in Cumberland."

"Then going to seed would be an endemic worry," said Alfred.

"No. It's endemic to being nineteen stuck in the country with unemployment getting worse. Her brother in Newcastle has just been laid off," said Mark.

"So she's leaving," said Constance. "And now she's concerned about leaving us in the lurch on top of everything else."

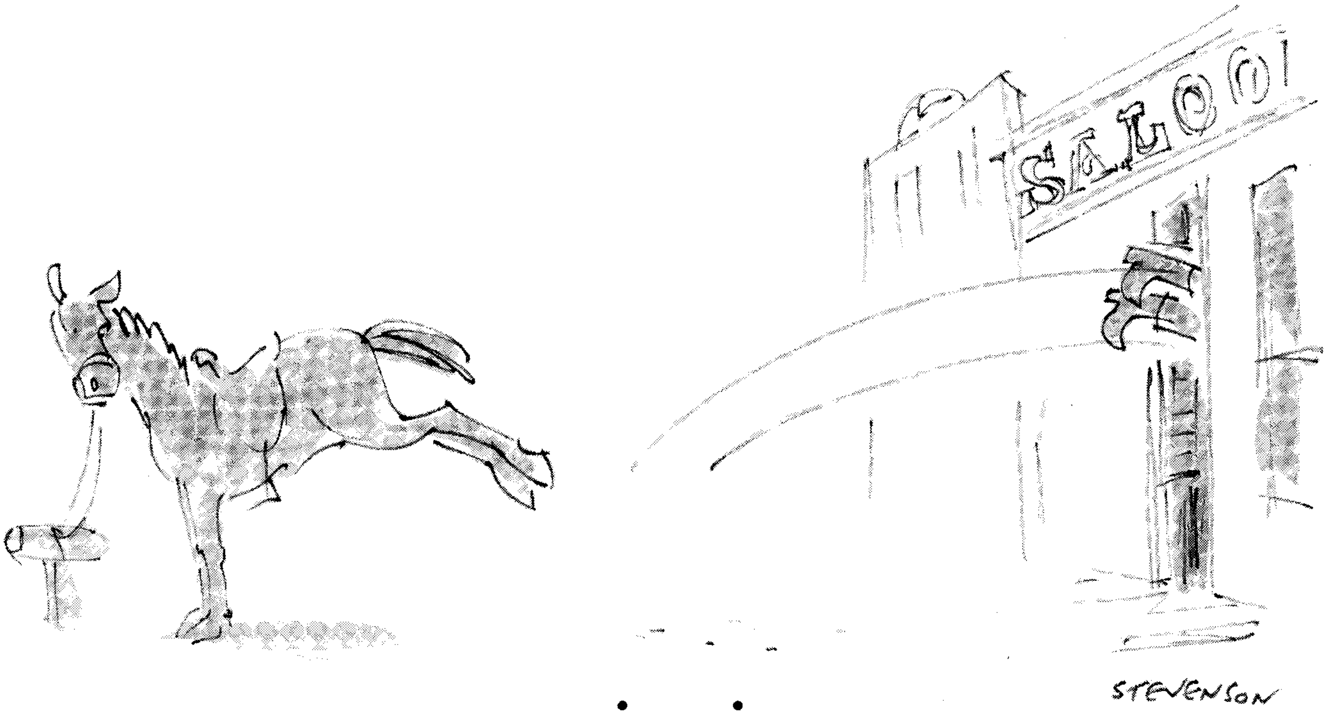
"One thing always comes of another, that's what I always say," said Peter, with for him an unusual note of the Rowlett high spirits that were sometimes taken by the envious or the inattentive for callousness.

There was a family pause, each wondering about the others' doings.

Alfred stripped off his shirt and heaved some new rocks from a nearby cliff to improve the run of the garden waterfall. Federico looked after the departing girl and carried her boxes to the bus stop two by two. Deirdre went to work, lying down on her bed. Peter and his mother went to the nearest shops to buy food and to drop Mark's oldest jacket at the dry cleaner's. Mark started to work. Old touch typist that he was, he didn't bother to turn on his desk lamp. He worked for five or six hours, finished, switched on the lamp, and went to edit his top copy. He couldn't see anything typed on it at all. Fifteen pages, and nothing there. Hands shaking, he tried every pair of spectacles he had. There was no doubt. The thing he most dreaded for himself had happened. He leaned back to think. I must leap into my life, but I'm falling through a skylight in the blackout, someone was leading me and they didn't tell me it wasn't floor, I must leap into my life if it cuts me to splinters, I must think of something else to do but there's nothing but read and write that I want to do. My face feels slashed to bits, I wonder if I did that when I was shaving and just didn't notice. Because I didn't notice that I couldn't see. One wouldn't, with something like shaving. He said, loudly, "Deirdre?"

Her room was opposite his study, and she came in quickly.

"I've gone blind. I've got to recon-



* *

struct a piece for a deadline. Do we know anybody who could take it down?"

Deirdre came over to look at his typewriter. She tried a few sentences standing up and told him that he could dictate to her, to go straight onto the typewriter. "Sit down. Take your time."

"I'm better if I walk about. I wouldn't know what to do with my hands and legs." He strode around with his fingers pressed against his eyeballs. His fingers had always had a way of turning back a little at the last joint, but now, when he was trying to push his eyes away, the angle was much sharper than usual. Deirdre rolled a sheet of typing paper into the machine to practice, used as she was to electric typewriters.

"Daddy," she said, "don't you realize? You had it fixed at blank. The ribbon control. It's on the place that doesn't print. It's the one for cutting stencils." Then she looked around the desk and saw, on the left, the uncollated pile of carbons that Mark, old professional that he was, had automatically made of each page.

Mark said nothing about his eyesight and only, "What a piece of luck," about the carbons.

"Have you only got one bit of carbon paper? This is like lace."

"But can you read the sense?"

"I'll retype it and ask as I go. How much time have we got?"

"An hour."

They worked together fast. She said she wanted to give him time to make changes and would retype it if he wanted. It was a piece with a wide span. "I'll do it again when you've read it," she said, handing it to him.

"No, you'd better read it to me, as I'm blind," he said, so concentrated about what he had been writing in his mind that he had already accepted calamity. The old pro, though, working in another part of his head, started to read. "Mistake. I can see after all."

"You didn't notice the carbons?"

"Bloody carbons. Very good of you. I'll read the thing by the window. I'm fed up with that desk lamp. It looks like a ship's hospital. Round the Horn, steerage."

She left him alone. He said "Great" as she left. It was one of his words. He worked, telephoned the long piece, listened to his shortwave radio, and then sat back to think awhile. The thinking led to a note. Typed.

DEAR MARY,

I am sending this to you at the YWCA because that's where you said you would be, though I sensed hankerings after the YMCA. I suggest that you get in touch with a cousin of mine (male), no more decrepit than I am, who would put you up on the instant, gratis. He lives in Gosforth, and the telephone number is 2341618. He will guess immediately that you are a friend of mine, because you are asking for something free. Anyone else who calls him up is dunning him for unpaid bills or trying to deliver subpoenas about axe murders. He stands firm in the face of all such lugubrious calls, but yours will be cheerful and responded to. His name is Bodkin Rowlett, poor chap. Take him a bottle of a vile drink called absinthe, which he likes because he associates it with literature and the French Revolution. Send the bill to me and I shall recompense you when you next come out here.

Which brings me smoothly to my next point: that you must be missing the sheep. Alfred seems to think that he is Mr. Atlas, for reasons unfounded in my eyes. He has been heaving up a large number of hideous Cumbrian stones of exorbitant size that were impeding the spread of Constance's whole-wheat-germ sheep grass. I should value your alliance in heaving them back again. When you come, and I suggest the weekend after next, dig up anything that you think would grow in Gosforth. I doubt whether anything much flourishes in the YWCA.

I forgot to tell you that I went blind today but it turned out to be a technical hitch.

It's a lousy job, job-hunting, and you don't even get paid for it. I did it myself for four years and the situation wasn't nearly as bad then. But set the alarm every day, get out there, call reverse charge whenever in need of sheepish news. And no fear.

Love,
Mark

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Filmed over three months on 13 continents, "Marco Polo" is the first Western drama coproduced with the Chinese since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949.

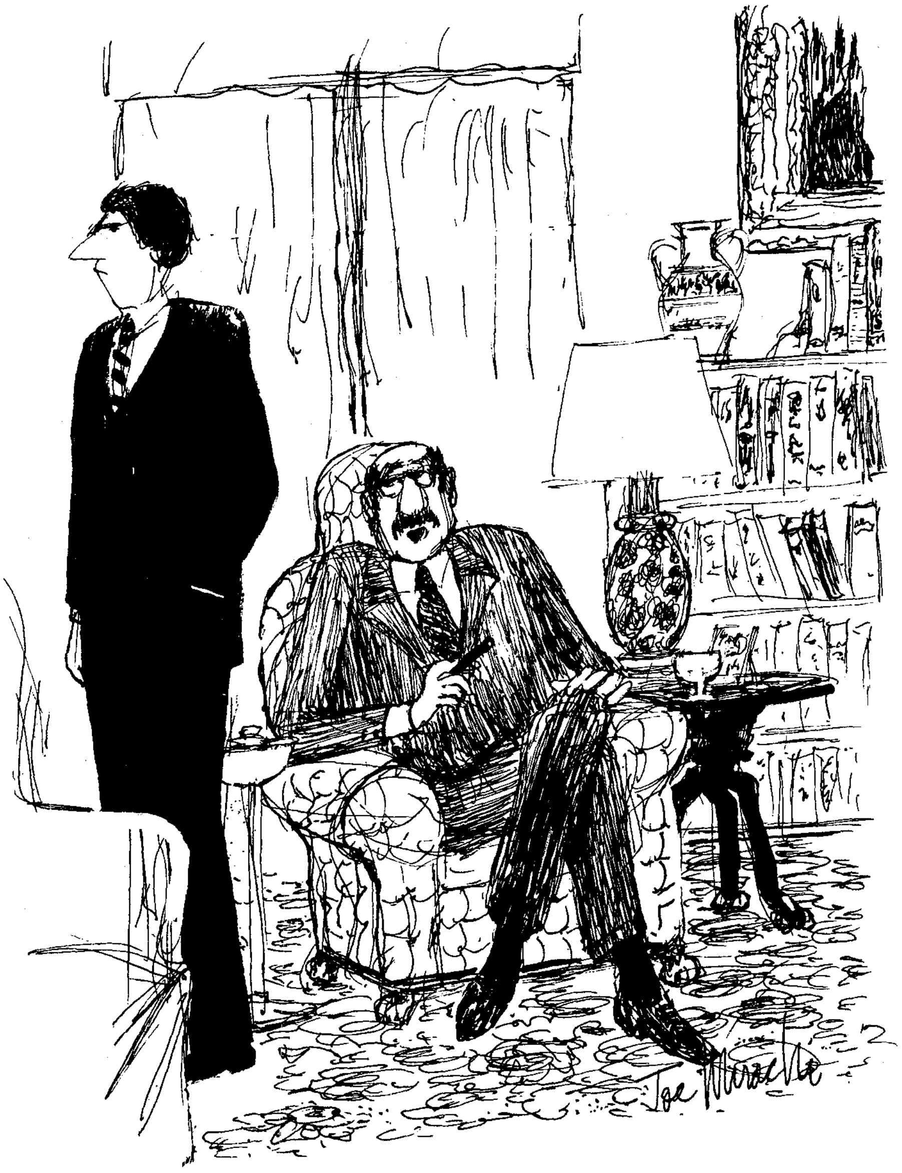
Like the journey itself, everything about the movie seems magnified, intensified, exaggerated.—*Jack Thomas in the Boston Globe.*

Especially those locations.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ARMS AND ORTHODOXY

President Reagan's plans for managing nuclear arms have been rudely shaken. He arrived in Washington convinced that it was his duty to enlarge and improve the country's nuclear forces before turning to arms control—a process that he and most of his senior and middle-level appointees regarded skeptically. Americans, they felt, must be made aware that the Soviet Union not only had overcome this country's once commanding lead in nuclear weapons but, as the Administration saw it, had actually gained the advantage. Their views on this subject have not changed. In a nationally televised news conference on March 31st, Reagan said, "The truth of the matter is that on balance the Soviet Union does have a definite margin of superiority." And in a radio address a few weeks later he said, "The Soviet Union will not come to any conference table bearing gifts. Soviet negotiators will not make unilateral concessions. To achieve parity, we must make it plain that we have the will to achieve parity by our own effort. Many have been attracted to the idea of a nuclear freeze. Well, that would be fine if we were equal in strategic capability. We're not. We cannot accept an agreement which perpetuates current disparities." The call to arms has produced a strong reaction, but hardly the one that the Administration expected. Instead of worrying more about Soviet intentions and who is ahead, the country is expressing deep concern about the weapons themselves and the prospect of a relentless competition for nuclear superiority—a goal that people sense is not attainable. It is an odd situation: an Administration that is far more deeply committed than any predecessor to promoting security through a military buildup is confronting a society that is worried as it has never been before that nuclear war might actually occur someday.



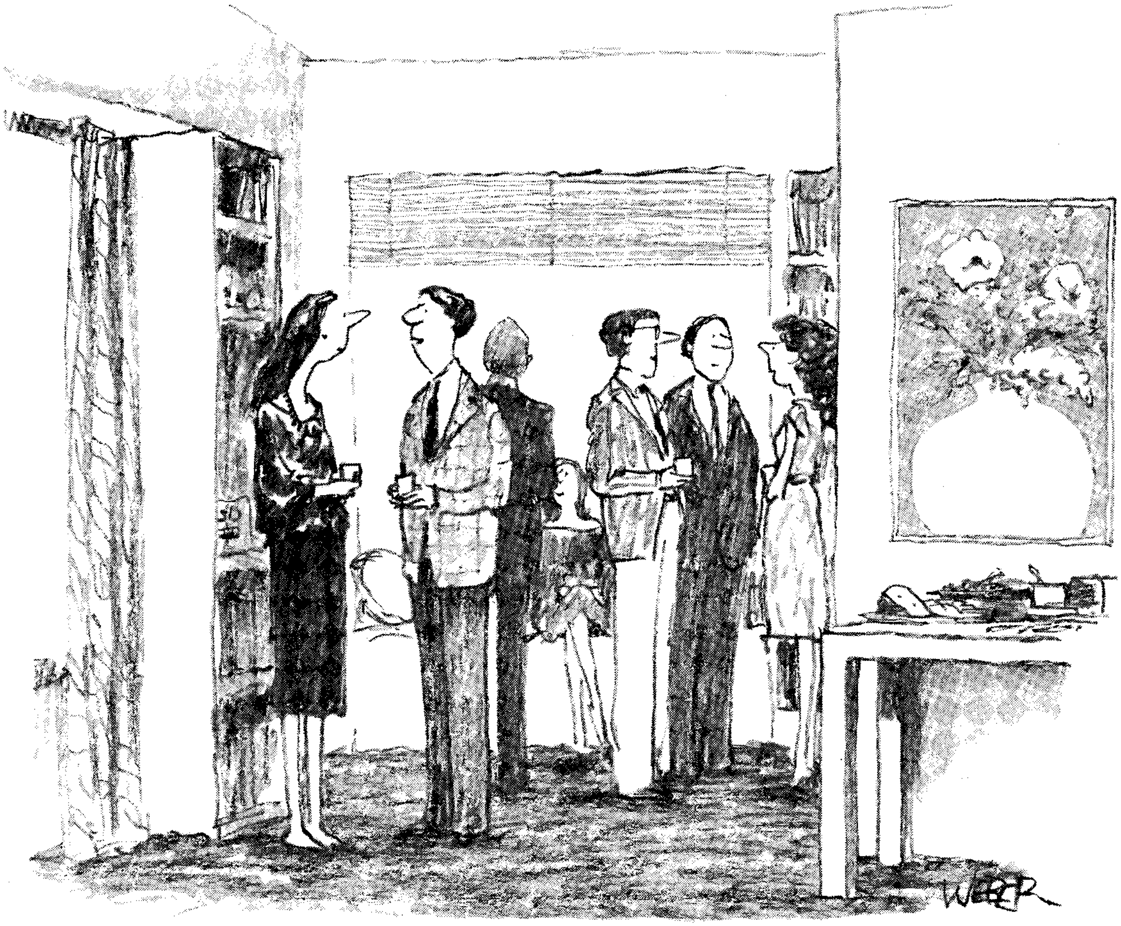
"I know you don't agree with what I'm saying, son, but someday, when you're wealthier, you'll understand."

The anti-nuclear-weapons movement has acquired in a short time a scope and a momentum that are extraordinary. Much of it is centered on the so-called nuclear-freeze proposal, which began to take hold during the winter. By late February, many members of Congress were discovering that the idea of freezing arsenals of nuclear weapons at their present levels was a first priority at home. Ironically, the movement derived its impetus from the Administration itself, whose rhetoric is the most immoderate the country has heard since the nineteen-fifties—and even then the belligerent tone of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was somewhat offset by President Dwight D. Eisenhower's generally temperate style. President Reagan, until his businesslike and possibly momentous remarks about arms control at Eureka College on May 9th, had matched his colleagues in the truculence of his statements about the Soviet Union. To many people with experience in these matters, the Administration's line on defense and arms control has been a blend of obvious misstatement and overstatement. To a much broader segment of opinion, talk by senior officials about waging nuclear war but somehow limiting it, and about surviving it, is, at a minimum, disturbing. However, the Administration is not wholly responsible for what is happening. The country was clearly ready for a debate on nuclear weapons. Having grown accustomed to a world teeming with nuclear weapons, people here and in Europe tended to take them for granted. The effort to bound them in the Strategic Arms

Limitation Talks was regarded by most people with indifference, except at moments when treaties with the Soviet Union bobbed up and were submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent. And since the interval between the SALT I agreements and the SALT II treaty (on which the Senate has never been asked to vote) was seven years, the country's attention span for this complicated subject was never taxed. Still, European leaders, in explaining the anti-nuclear-weapons movements in their countries, agree that when the Carter Administration shelved the SALT II treaty, after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, their people began to worry. They worried much more after the Reagan Administration's attitude became clear, but the point is that popular apprehensions in Europe had already developed. The American movement, although it lagged behind Europe's, was influenced by it and has followed a similar pattern. It was natural for Americans to be indifferent to SALT when it was reliably under way, but far less natural when it was moribund. Moreover, Americans feel themselves beset by harsher and more intractable difficulties than they faced in the past, and they are worrying more. A rising tide of violence and terrorism in a more unpredictable world has made people apprehensive. They worry that their government lacks the purchase it once seemed to have on events in far-off places. And, like the Europeans, they worry about economic difficulties, which may be worse than any that the majority of Americans alive today can remember. Briefly, in this kind of environment suppressed anxieties about nuclear weapons were probably going to emerge under certain conditions. This Administration, by supplying those conditions, has managed to do what its predecessors failed to do—create a large, if perhaps impermanent, constituency for controlling nuclear arms.

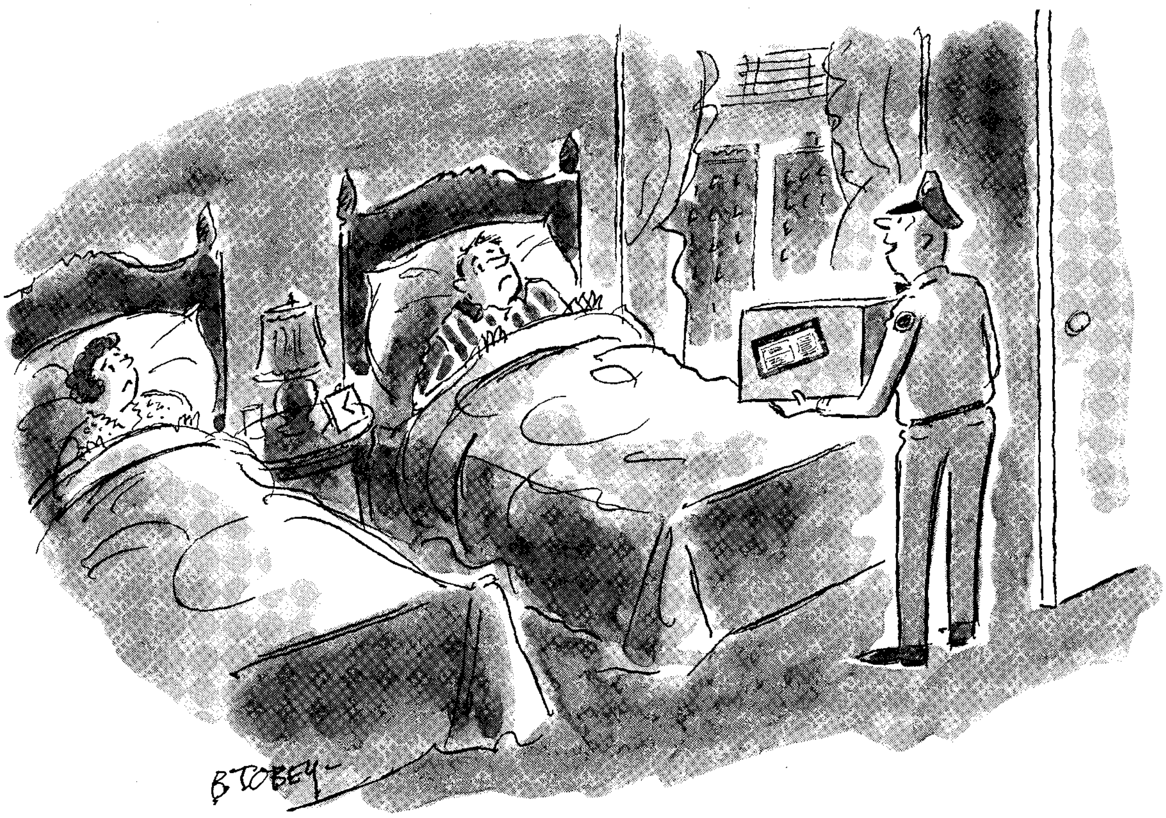
The Reagan people aren't intimidated by what has happened; they think that the size of the nuclear-freeze movement has been exaggerated, and they also think that it lacks staying power. But they are somewhat on the defensive, and they are perplexed. Reagan's March 31st news conference was preceded by a spirited debate among various advisers about whether he should say when the strategic-arms talks might be resumed; European governments were urging the Administration to announce the date well in advance of a NATO summit meeting that was to take place on June 10th. The advisers who opposed such a step won the argument, and Reagan's opening statement, which dealt with the nuclear freeze, didn't mention a date for talks. But then, at the very end of the news conference, after other subjects had been disposed of, a reporter returned to the question of arms talks by asking when they would begin. Reagan said in a rather hedged fashion that they might begin this summer, as it now appears they could.

Setting a date for talks is always a difficult step, because it obliges agencies of government to take positions on the issues, and obliges the White House to make decisions. This Administration has found the process to be far more confusing and protracted than any of its predecessors did, and a great deal of time has been lost. Presidents Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter differed in their methods of inducing reasonable negotiating positions from the agencies of government—the State and Defense Departments, the staff of the National Security Council, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—but those Presidents generally got what they wanted, mainly because each of them and the great majority of their advisers favored SALT. Two Democratic and two Republican



"Maybe you'd like to go for a ride sometime. I get forty-two highway and twenty-five city."

• •



"Here's the express package we promised to get to you the next morning."

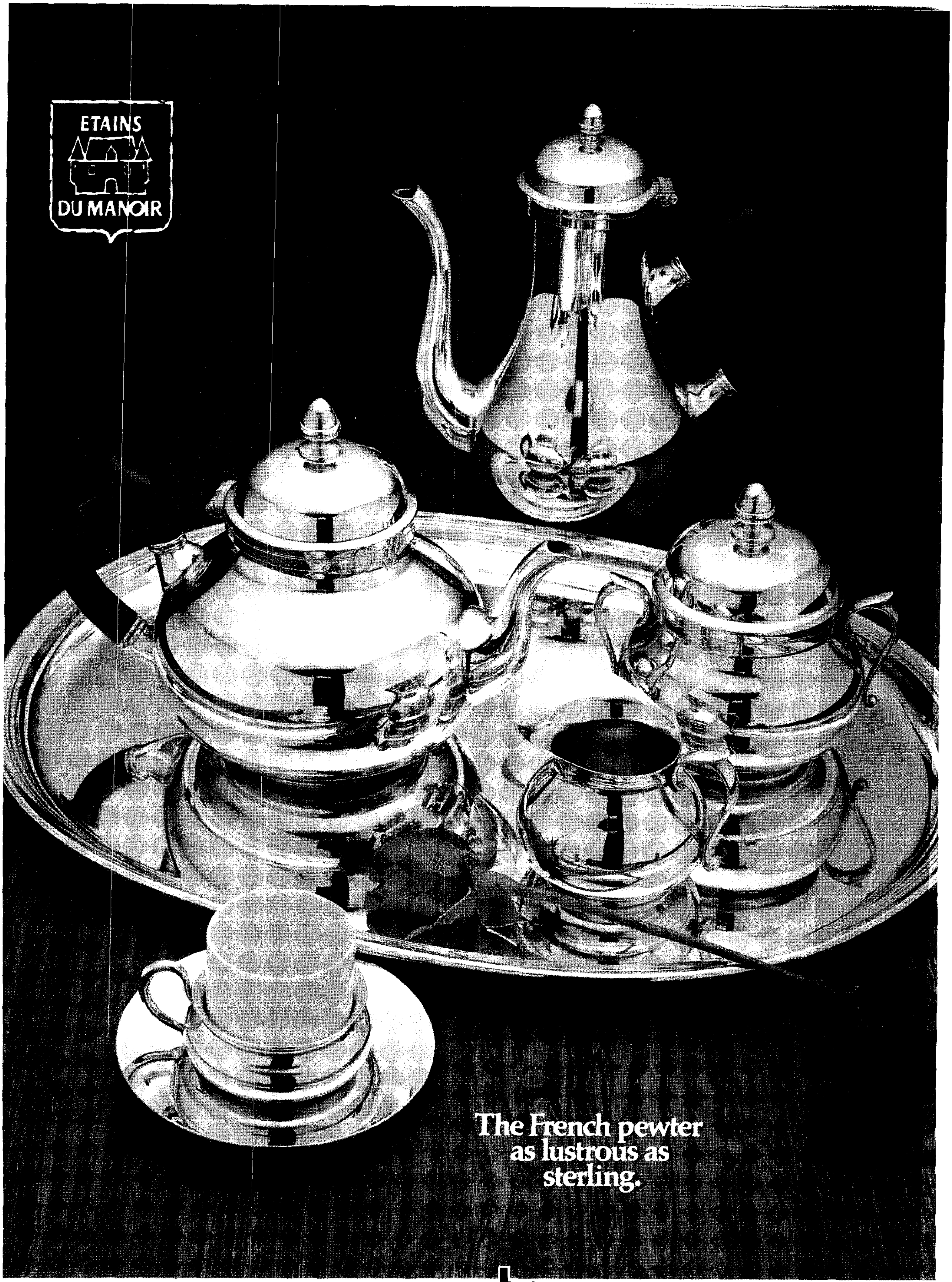
Administrations gave it a nonpartisan and nondoctrinal identity. (The larger part of the SALT II treaty, which was signed by President Carter in June of 1979, was negotiated by the Ford Administration.) Each of those four Administrations assumed that the United States and the Soviet Union had entered an era of nuclear parity—a time when neither side would allow the other to gain a strategic advantage. Each saw SALT as an agent of stability—a means of slowing down and eventually halting the competition in nuclear arms. But where its predecessors saw parity this Administration sees unacceptable disparity. The difference in viewpoint helps to explain Reagan's dilemma. He was under heavy pressure to revive the talks on limiting strategic arms, but for these talks to go anywhere both sides must assume, as they have assumed in the past, that their forces are roughly equivalent in size and capability. For Reagan to assume otherwise means asking the Russians to do what he has said they won't do—"make unilateral concessions."

The current director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is Eugene Rostow, who vigorously opposed the SALT II agreement and was a leading member of the Committee on the Present Danger, probably the strongest of the anti-SALT II lobbies. He says that he isn't necessarily pessimistic about the chances of eventually reaching agreement with the Russians on Reagan's terms. I asked him how he expected to accomplish that, since he and everyone else in the Administration thinks that the Russians are holding higher cards. "That is a problem," he said. "But if they are serious and want stability they'll do it." He meant that they would make concessions—an opinion rather different from the President's. "I say to them, 'It's not bargaining between peasants. We are the two great superpowers,' " Rostow added.

Each of the four previous Administrations had internal divisions of opinion on SALT issues but not on the desirability of the process. When I asked a military officer with long experience in these matters why the present Administration was having so much trouble, he said, "This crowd is different from every other. There is no one among them who has any sympathy for the SALT process. Haig and a few others in the State Department are for it, partly because it's their turf, and Haig is very turf-conscious. Rostow is no help at all, and everyone in the Defense Department is very anti-SALT. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are the only unambiguously sympathetic agency in town, but they can't do much about it. They can't let themselves get too far afield from Weinberger and the Defense Department. In every other Administration, there was intense activity right from the beginning. Options and positions, accompanied by highly analytical backup papers, were ground out. This time, we've done nothing until very recently that has any practical value or relevance to the process."

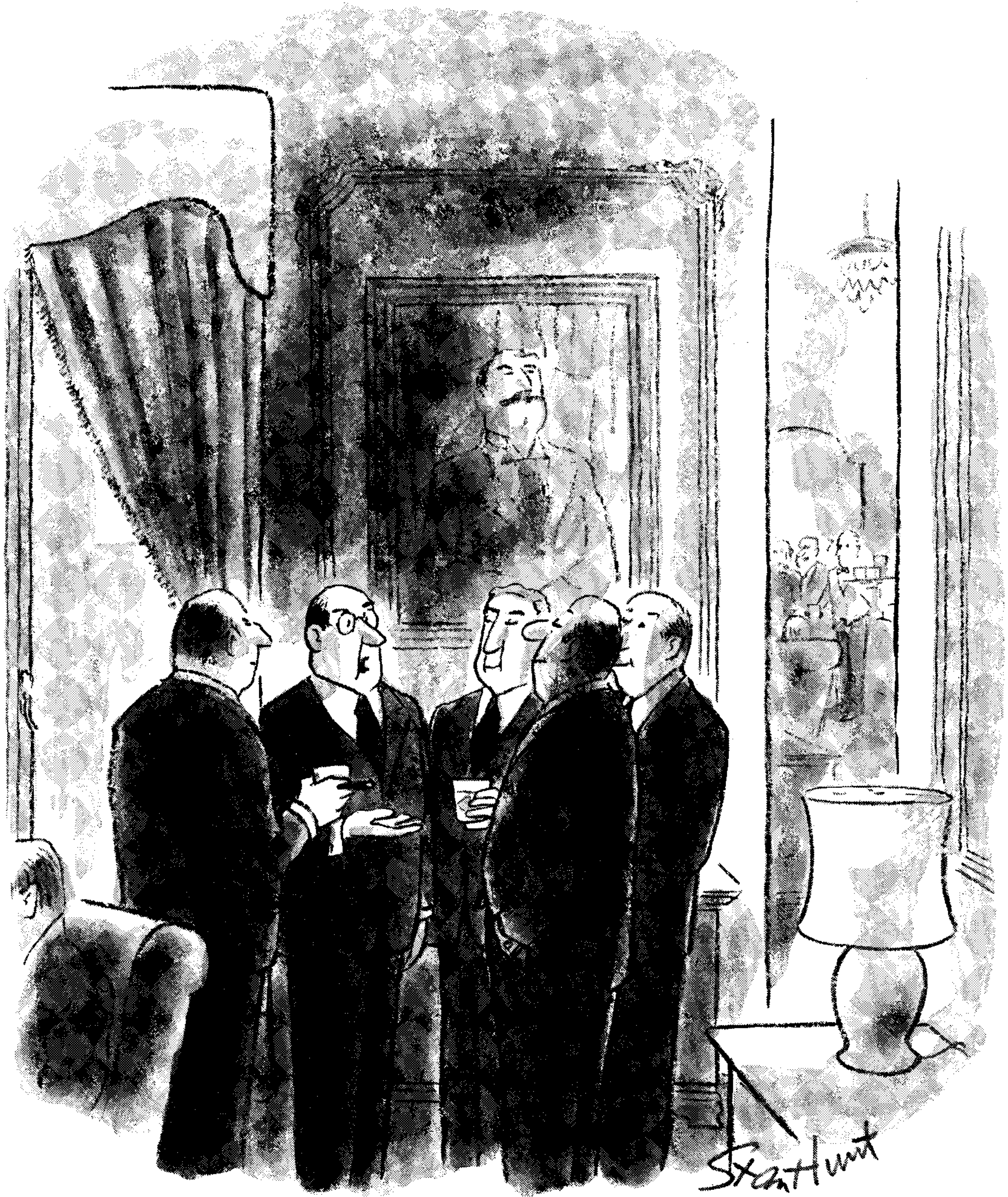
A number of people working on arms-control and security matters in other parts of the government told me much the same thing. Each of them compared the Administration's negative attitude with the more orthodox position of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; they all stressed the continuing support of the Chiefs for the SALT II treaty. (In the present climate, it doesn't even strike people as ironic that the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were never among the keenest advocates of SALT, are now its strongest official supporters. The Chiefs want the bird in hand, the SALT-imposed restrictions on Soviet forces, whereas their civilian colleagues in the Defense Department want the birds in the bush, new strategic systems awaiting development and deployment.) Each deplored the amount of time that had been lost. A State Department official said, "Nothing was done on SALT for nine months other than ponderous papers discussing why it would have to be done differently from before. Neither Haig nor Weinberger has focussed on it. The Defense Department is wholly preoccupied with nuclear-war-fighting scenarios." And one of this official's colleagues said, "It took eleven months to work out a position for the I.N.F. talks"—the talks, in Geneva, on limiting intermediate nuclear forces in Europe—"mainly because the National Security Council staff wasn't chairing the

©1982 Merona Sport
If only you could live your whole life in Merona Sport
available at fine stores or write Merona Sport 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112
Merona SPORT


ETAINS
DU MANOIR
The French pewter
as lustrous as
sterling.

At selected stores and **BACCARAT** 55 E. 57 St. N.Y.C.

meetings, wasn't arbitrating between State and Defense, whose rivalry in this Administration has reached an all-time high and will eventually become a legend. But the N.S.C. staff is incompetent, and, in any case, State and Defense would rather fight to no practical effect than allow the N.S.C. to get back the responsibilities it lost at the start of this Administration." In the Nixon, Ford, and Carter Administrations, the N.S.C. staff conducted the interagency meetings on SALT.



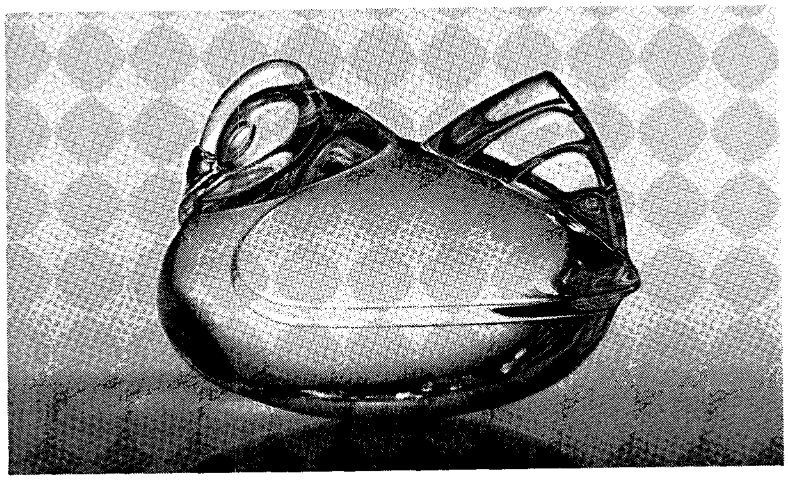
"Now, I'm a reasonable fellow, but it seems to me that in case after case and time after time in these labor disputes the fairer, more enlightened position has always been held by management."

In its first year, the Reagan Administration did next to nothing about the SALT process except change its name. SALT became START, which stands for "strategic-arms-reduction talks." The idea was to show a break with the past by emphasizing reduction instead of limitation. Most people in the arms-control fraternity felt that changing acronyms was fine if it made the Administration feel less hostile to the process. But START belies its name, having persistently lagged behind the expectations even of members of the Administration. Last fall, Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Rostow spoke as if the talks would begin in February or March of 1982. Haig and Andrei A. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, arranged late last September to meet in Geneva in late January of 1982, and the plan was to announce jointly that the SALT-START talks would begin March 30th. The meeting took place, but the announcement wasn't made. A senior State Department official, referring to the imposition of martial law in Poland in December of 1981 and the suppression of Solidarity, explained to me, "We wanted to come out of that meeting with an announcement, but the fear was that it might look bad so soon after Poland." Two other officials confirmed this account, but they attributed the non-event in Geneva not only to the Polish situation but also to the reaction of the Administration—of Haig, in particular—to two articles by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger that appeared on the Op-Ed page of the *Times* on January 17th and 18th, just a few days before the Geneva meeting with Gromyko. The articles criticized America's (and Western Europe's) reaction to events in Poland as too little and too late. Kissinger asked, "How then can one explain the eagerness to continue all negotiations? . . . How is one to explain a meeting between our Secretary of State and the Soviet Foreign Minister while martial law and concentration camps continue in Poland? . . . What are our allies—and other interested parties, for that matter—to make of the simultaneous pursuit of sanctions and high-level talks?" (All the allies in fact wanted the high-level talks and a positive outcome to them.) Kissinger then reminded the Administration of its early commitment to "linkage": to not allowing the Russians to "insulate particular areas of negotiation—such as arms control—from their international conduct." The articles by his former boss intimidated Haig. However, the change in plans didn't just delay START; it allowed Moscow to exploit Washington's confusion. Shortly after the meeting in Geneva began, Gromyko said he understood that the United States wasn't ready to announce a date for the new talks. When Haig confirmed this, Gromyko said that it would have to be made clear who was responsible. The effect of Washington's change in plans, one official told me gloomily, "was to allow the Soviets to make trouble for us in Europe." He added, "They lost no time in telling every government there that they had wanted to announce a date and were still ready to begin the talks on March 30th. Now it looks as if we'd submissively accepted the summer date because, with the NATO summit meeting coming up in June, we had to do something." However, Reagan's speech at his alma mater on May 9th has probably undone the damage and, for the moment, given him the initiative. Whatever they think of the American proposal, the Russians haven't rejected it out of hand, as they did Carter's first initiative, in March of 1977. In a speech on May 18th, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev previewed the Soviet position by stressing what he said were one-sided and discriminatory features of Reagan's proposal; but he is willing to discuss it.

THERE was a time—in the late nineteen-fifties and the early sixties—when arms control was all solemn rhetoric and no substance; it had no relevance to world affairs. Both the United States and the Soviet Union, as if by agreement, made sweeping proposals that would not have been acceptable even to themselves. They were playing strictly to world opinion. Then SALT arrived and gradually made arms control a serious and first-priority business. But it looks now as if the superpowers might be reverting to their earlier form. They leak or announce proposals at about the time they present them to each other. Newspaper readers may be as well informed as government officials. No one in this Administration conceives of making a proposal to the Soviet Union without informing the public about it. Both sides are again playing to the gallery—here and in Europe—rather than to each other. I asked Rostow if he thought the positions had to be made public, and he said, "Yes. It's impossible not to in our society, and the Soviets are making arms control a major element in their propaganda." I then asked him whether this practice meant denying American

A hard case to make.
An easy case to handle.
hartmann
We don't cut corners.

Du Pont TEFLON
soil & stain repeller
© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087



The chicken or the egg?

The Hen, its underside a polished ovoid, presents
the timeless puzzle of which came first. A new member of
Steuben's family of soothing Hand Coolers. By Lloyd Atkins.
Hen 5517n: Length 2½". $100. Signed Steuben.

Available by mail or telephone
Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y.
10022. By phone: 1-212-752-1441. Out of State: 1-800-223-1234.
Major credit cards accepted.

STEUBEN GLASS

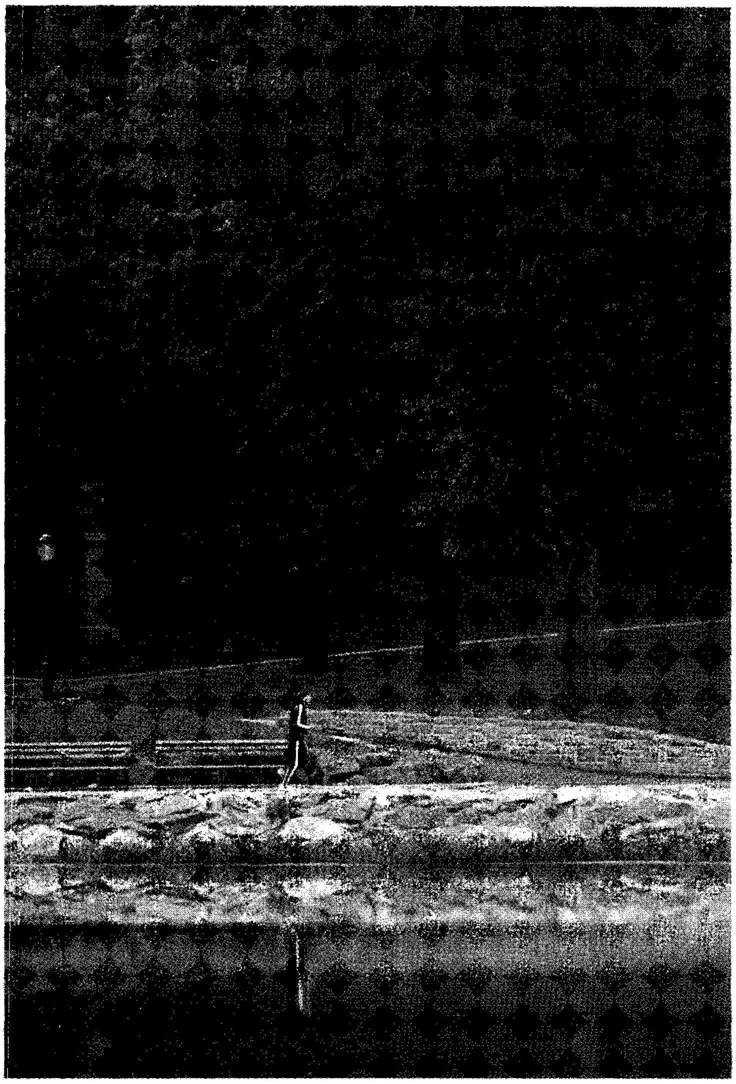
"Now you have something besides me to make other women jealous."

Nothing else feels like real gold.
Nothing else makes any moment so precious.

KARAT GOLD JEWELRY

For more information about Karat Gold Jewelry or the specific jewelry pictured here, write to Jewelry Information, International Gold Corp. Ltd., 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

We can't tell you who banks at Morgan. But we can tell you why.



People choose The Morgan Bank because of service.

Personal service. Consistent service. In fact, men and women with substantial income and assets find Morgan provides a quality and consistency of service no other bank offers.

As a Morgan Guaranty client, you are served by a *team* of bankers, usually the same team, year in and year out. So you receive a continuity of service as well.

We'll know you by name

Morgan isn't distracted by thousands of small accounts and transactions. So we know you by name, and can take extra care of your special needs. You get individual attention whether you're cashing a check, sending funds abroad, arranging a loan, investing in money-market instruments or tax-exempt securities.

As we get to know you, you'll find you can handle much of your business by phone. We answer your calls and questions promptly. And at Morgan mistakes are a rarity.

We'll know you by signature

We'll recognize and honor your signature at each of our New York banking offices. We can also provide you with banking introductions when you travel. With our World Check™ Card, you can cash your Morgan Guaranty Trust Company check at major banks in most countries.

We can help you on investments

If you have a sizable portfolio you may wish to consult Morgan's specialists in investment management and trust administration. We also act as custodian for your securities—collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, tender offers.

An invitation

To find out more about opening a personal account at Morgan, talk with a banker at any of our New York offices: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or you can telephone Peter E. Guernsey Jr., Vice President, at (212) 997-8037.

Member FDIC

The Morgan Bank

negotiators the flexibility they should have—fixing them and the Administration in positions from which they could not retreat. Rostow conceded that danger.

I also asked two senior officials of the Carter Administration—former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and the former chief arms-control negotiator, Paul Warnke—about making negotiating positions public. Each expressed a low opinion of the practice, and both recalled the trouble they had when proposals they took to Moscow in March of 1977 were made public simultaneously in Washington: their efforts to modify what the Russians rejected out of hand were attacked here by critics and skeptics of SALT as a sign of weakness, or worse. "You can't negotiate these matters publicly," Warnke told me. "Our own experience should have made that clear. It's just dumb. You become locked into whatever position it is you have made public. Anyone who goes into a negotiation making his last, best offer first doesn't know anything about negotiation." In private life, Warnke is one of the country's foremost litigation lawyers. "The Russians are playing this game to the hilt," he went on. "Take Brezhnev's last offer in the I.N.F. talks. It got a lot of attention, but it wasn't a real offer. It was no advance at all from his previous offer, which was also made public."

Warnke was referring to freeze proposals made by Brezhnev that were designed to promote the Soviet position in the I.N.F. negotiations, which have been going on since last November 30th and are supposed to limit intermediate-range (as distinct from intercontinental) missiles that the Soviet Union already deploys in Europe and that the United States intends to deploy there. There is less to this enterprise than meets the eye; no one seriously imagines that it can accomplish anything unless it becomes part of the larger SALT-START process. (For one thing, long-range Soviet missiles targeted against North America could as easily be deployed against Western Europe, and thereby nullify an agreement that limited the deployment of weapons of lesser range.) For some months, the I.N.F. talks have served their purpose—allowing Western European governments to avert domestic protests by pointing to an arms-control process under way as they prepare for a buildup of American nuclear weapons on their own soil. In December of 1979, the NATO governments decided

THE
SELFRIDGE
HOTEL

"The best London hotel I have stayed at. Central location, beautiful, quiet rooms, and efficient but unrushed service."

Executive Travel and Leisure Magazine 1982.

You will notice the difference as soon as you enter the front door.

A wonderful hotel of beauty, providing relaxation and good food – you will experience something special. Superbly decorated public rooms, a touch of luxury and a gracious style which the rest of the world has forgotten.

Like an oasis in the West End with Mayfair, Oxford Street and the American Embassy only steps away. With an elegance and an atmosphere in which you rightly believe that you are the most important person in the world. You'll find the service attentive, courteous and obliging.

What's more, you couldn't be made more welcome if you carry the American Express Card. It says more fot you than even money can and ensures you the kind of respect and attention you are accustomed to – in Britain as in America. Don't leave home without it.

The Selfridge Hotel, Orchard Street,
London W1H 0JS.

For further information and reservations call your Travel Agent or Thistle Hotels: N.Y. (212) 689 0217. elsewhere 800 847 4358.

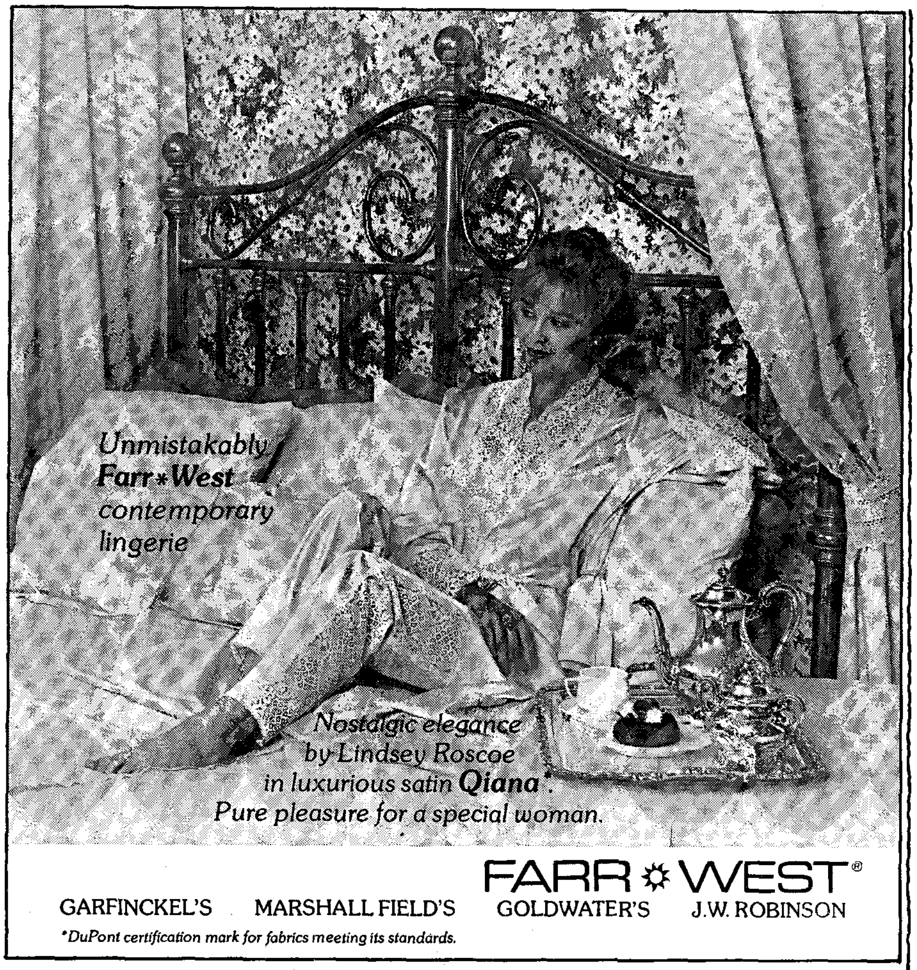
Thistle Hotels, one of Britain's largest hotel groups, offer 42 quality hotels in prime locations throughout the United Kingdom.

Thistle Hotels
We put you first

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

that a force of five hundred and seventy-two American missiles, with enough range to strike targets in Russia with thermonuclear warheads, should be deployed in Western Europe. The deployment of this force, to be composed of cruise missiles and an improved version of the Pershing ballistic-missile system, is supposed to begin late in 1983 or in 1984. About two hundred of the new weapons would be based in West Germany, and the rest in Britain, Italy, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The decision to take this step was preceded by nearly two years of arduous internal debate within the German, Dutch, and Belgian governments (there was less debate in the others); it was as difficult and as controversial a decision as any that NATO has ever made. Few of those who participated in it would have predicted at the outset that Continental Europeans would actually agree to have missiles capable of striking Russia deployed on their soil. But long before the Europeans agreed they insisted on what was called a two-track approach—having the deployment decision joined to an arms-control process that they hoped would make it unnecessary to accept all, or perhaps any, of the new weapons. Even so, by the time the decision was made, public opinion in Europe was stirring against it; the opposition—strongly encouraged by the Soviet Union—quickly ballooned into a movement, and current prospects for carrying out NATO's decision aren't bright. A strenuous Soviet campaign against new American missiles was predictable, although people disagree on the exact motives for it. The Russians may, as many would argue, simply see a unique opportunity to weaken NATO, by widening the fissures in its structure which the deployment decision has created. Or they may abhor the effect of these weapons on Europe's military balance. But NATO's decision probably touches special Soviet sensitivities; for Russians the important facts of life in world politics include China's membership in the nuclear club and Germany's exclusion from it. These are old and nearby enemies to whom Russians react viscerally. Seen from Moscow, German-based American missiles capable of striking the motherland don't seem as bad as German nuclear weapons would, but they may seem the next-worst thing—as bad as, say, Soviet missiles deployed in the Caribbean would seem to Americans.

Cancelling the deployments, if it


Unmistakably Farr*West contemporary lingerie

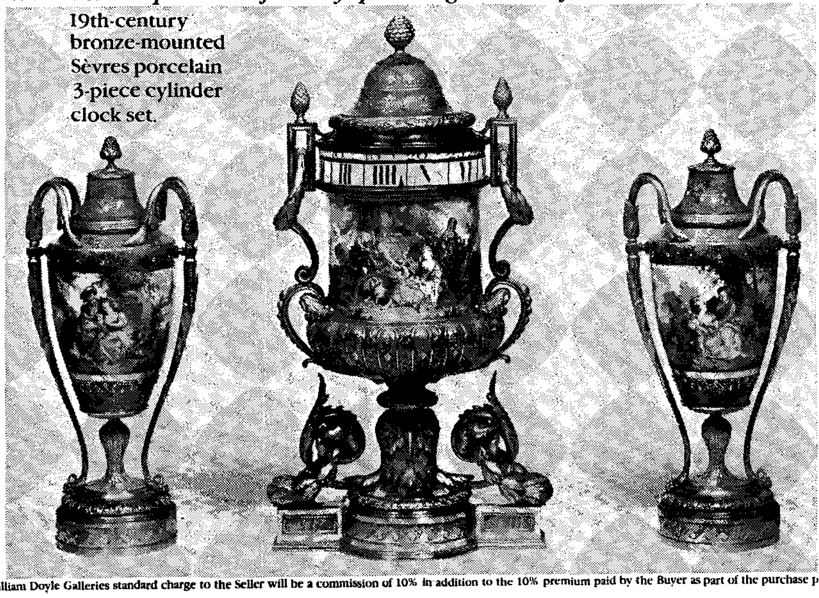
Nostalgic elegance by Lindsey Roscoe in luxurious satin Qiana*. Pure pleasure for a special woman.

FARR ✲ WEST®

GARFINCKEL'S MARSHALL FIELD'S GOLDWATER'S J.W. ROBINSON

*DuPont certification mark for fabrics meeting its standards.

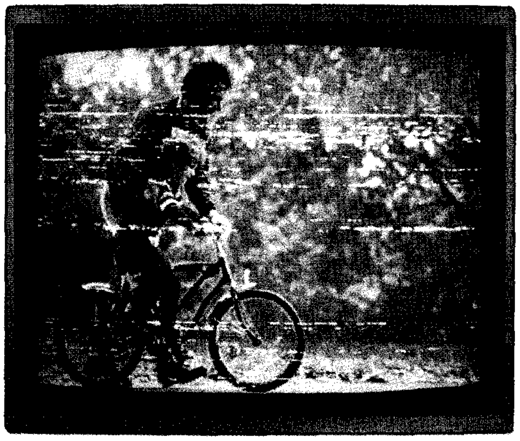
Wednesday, June 16 at 10 a.m.
19th-Century French Bronze-mounted Furniture and Decorations, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps, Paintings, Fine Orientalia, Art Glass, Silver and Fine Oriental Rugs.
All sales can be previewed four days preceding Wednesday auction date.


19th-century bronze-mounted Sèvres porcelain 3-piece cylinder clock set.

William Doyle Galleries standard charge to the Seller will be a commission of 10% in addition to the 10% premium paid by the Buyer as part of the purchase price.

William Doyle GALLERIES

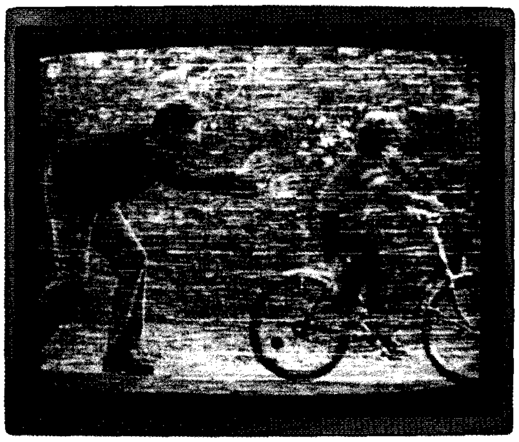
175 East 87th Street
New York, New York 10028
Telephone (212) 427-2730



Drop-Outs

Particle Shedding

Color Distortion



Noise

BE PREPARED TO GIVE UP A LOT WHEN YOU SWITCH TO MAXELL HGX VIDEO TAPE.

If you're using ordinary video tape, you're probably getting a lot of extras you won't get with Maxell HGX. Like drop-outs, particle shedding, color distortion and noise—problems that can easily develop in tape that's imperfectly manufactured.

To create HGX high grade we use finer, sharper Epitaxial oxide particles and a unique binder system. The resulting tape not only produces a better picture, it's a lot more durable.

In fact, our binder system has given HGX a drop-out rate that's significantly lower than that of any ordinary video tape. It has also virtually eliminated particle shedding—that's when oxide particles come off your tape and clog the heads of your machine. And because our oxide particles are so densely packed, Maxell HGX has superior high frequency response and a higher signal-to-noise ratio. Which means you don't have to live with color distortion or watch your picture through a screen full of snow caused by video noise.

So next time you buy video tape, try Maxell HGX. And give up a lot of things that never should have been part of your picture in the first place.

maxell
Epitaxial
VIDEOCASSETTE
Model L 500 HGX
500
HGX
maxell
Epitaxial
VIDEOCASSETTE
Model T 120 HGX
120
HGX
VHS

maxell

IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

5% OF THE TIME,
THE NEW SAAB TURBO IS AS
GOOD AS ANY OTHER TURBO
ON THE ROAD.
THE REST OF THE TIME,
IT'S BETTER.

The Saab APC is the world's most efficient turbo.

In fact, the only time it lowers itself to the level of other turbos is when potentially damaging engine conditions (such as low octane gasoline) are encountered (about 5% of the time).

To learn how this remarkable system works (all the time), contact a Saab dealer and arrange a test drive.

Saab 900 5-speed Turbo: ⑲ EPA estimated mpg, 31 estimated highway mpg. Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: ㉑ EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

happens, will create political confusion, or even chaos, in some European countries—especially West Germany. The left wing of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's party, the Social Democrats, and also a large segment of public opinion are strongly opposed to the new missiles. Schmidt and others in his government and in his party's leadership are committed to having them not because they actually want to have American missiles of this range on their territory but because they fear the consequences of being forced to cancel the decision. More exactly, they fear the great harm that it might do to NATO and the blame for it, which would fall on the Germans. Many officials in the Reagan Administration, like some in Carter's, attach enormous importance to the new missiles. To draw back now, in the face of the Soviet campaign against the plan, they feel, would be a political disaster for NATO. Therefore, Schmidt's government worries that if it can't deliver on its commitment it may be accused of shattering the alliance with the United States on which West Germany's security depends. Among the effects of such a disaster could be the destruction of Schmidt's party. Yet the opposition to the missiles may eventually prove irresistible. At one rally in Bonn last October, two hundred and fifty thousand people met to protest NATO's decision. It was described as the largest gathering of free Germans since John F. Kennedy went to Berlin, in 1963.

The events that created this remarkable and potentially tragic situation have more to do with politics and relations between key allies than with military matters. NATO's European members tend to be mercurial in their attitude toward security. And that is understandable. NATO is an association of fifteen countries, fourteen of which depend for their security on the fifteenth, which is several thousand miles away from most of them. Some or all of the fourteen tend to misinterpret Washington's attitude, partly because it is often expressed by different voices saying different things. The war in Vietnam caused many Europeans to wonder if America had lost sight of its priorities. And when they hear prominent congressional figures (and the occasional executive-branch official) talk about withdrawing American troops from Europe—and they do hear it from time to time—they wonder if people here understand that basing part of its forces in Europe

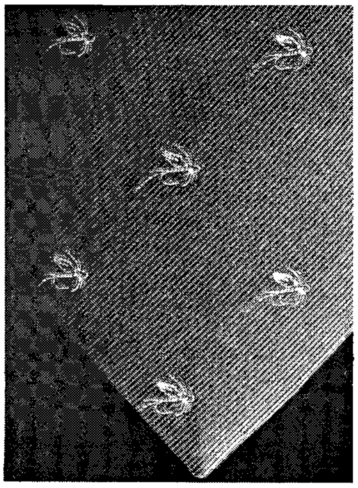
The Nautilus

Water-resistant calendar watches of eighteen karat gold and stainless steel by Patek Philippe.
His, with automatic movement, $ 7,500.
Hers, with quartz movement, $ 4,950.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • ZIP: 10022 • PHONE: (212) 755-8000
Add any sales tax • American Express • Diners Club • MasterCard • Visa

Resilio. Since 1906.



Vanner's Exchequer Club

Resilio's longstanding association with Vanner's, Britain's master silk weavers, has resulted in this extraordinarily wearable tie. Our Vanner's Exchequer Club marries an exquisite fabric with traditional design motifs to achieve an impeccably harmonious unity of style and quality.

Since 1906, men who value traditional quality have worn Resilio.

Write us for your free 16-page color handbook on traditional neckwear.

Resilio

Resilio Neckwear, 966 South White Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70125

A Hillcrest Production © Resilio Neckwear 1982

allows America to defend its interests on other than American soil. A sense of insecurity is something to which Bonn is especially prone. History, geography, and circumstance, along with age-old ambivalence, are responsible. Any German Chancellor needs an Eastern as well as a Western policy. West Germany's great American ally can ridicule détente, but most Germans know that their treasured right to communicate with and visit relatives in East Germany is a dividend of their government's *Ostpolitik*. Their large trade with Eastern Europe is another. However, it is even more important for any German Chancellor to be judged sufficiently alert to threats from the East to keep the defense connection with Washington in good repair. His opposition watches closely, looking for potential vulnerabilities. It sometimes finds them not in Bonn but in private conversations with hawkish American officials, some of whom (and not just in this Administration) have used such terms as "self-Finlandization" to characterize Schmidt's Eastern policy.

Any American President has an equally difficult task. He must be a strong and reliable leader of the Western Alliance, yet not so parochial as to lose touch with the other superpower and thereby enlarge the risks of confrontation and conflict. Carter had an especially hard time in this role, partly because he and Schmidt were not on good terms. Schmidt considered him a weak leader of the alliance. He felt, along with many other Germans, that the debacle caused by Carter's erratic handling of the neutron-bomb decision proved him to be so. Carter and the people around him resented Schmidt's attitude, and a few of them felt that Schmidt himself was no pillar of strength against Soviet pressure. Eventually, Carter and Schmidt became somewhat reconciled to each other, mainly because of an intermediate-range Soviet missile system, the SS-20, whose deployment began late in 1977. The SS-20 was a problem for Schmidt. It is the most modern and versatile of the nuclear weapons explicitly targeted against Western Europe. It is equipped with multiple warheads, and it is mobile, and so is less vulnerable to attack than silo-based missiles. But as a practical matter the SS-20 doesn't enlarge the threat to Europe. It was designed to replace several hundred older Soviet missiles, which could also destroy Europe completely. The more versatile SS-20, as

Shown: "Paradis" fabric with "Wallaby Cork" suede leather trim.

Look your best when you travel

French Luggage is just as well dressed as you are. Exquisite fabrics, beautiful leathers, all unique to French. You won't see them worn by any other luggage. You look smart, your luggage should look smart too. Take it on your next trip.

French

America's finest handcrafted luggage... made the way luggage should be made.

For brochure and nearest dealer write:
The French Company, Dept. N67, 1175 E. Edna Pl. Covina, CA 91724

Almonds delivered to your door. Naturally.

You'll receive an Almond Sampler, a handsome tin containing four delicious varieties of our farm fresh almonds. There are seven ounces each of whole natural, hickory smoked, roasted salted and unsalted. All high quality, wholesome almonds—just what you'd expect from Berrenda Mesa Farms, the world's largest grower of almonds.

Just complete this coupon and send it along with your check or money order for $12.50.

☐ *Check this box if you'd like our free catalog. (No purchase required.)*

Name__________
Address__________
City______ State____ Zip____

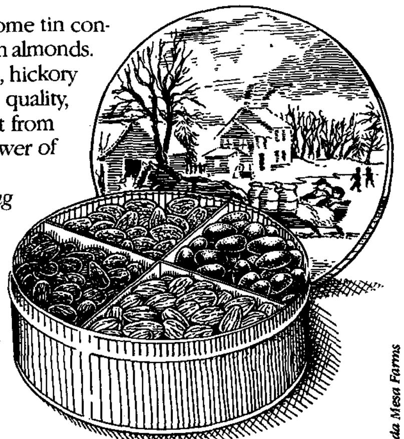
Mail to: Berrenda Mesa Farms
325 South Hale Avenue
Fullerton, CA 92631

Berrenda Mesa Farms Country Store

Berrenda Mesa Farms
World's Largest Grower of Almonds

S2AJ2
Offer expires August 31, 1982. Limited to USA.

©1982 Berrenda Mesa Farms



IZOD®
®
LACOSTE®

B&G
B&G
FONDÉE EN 1725
1978
SAINT-LOUIS
CHARDONNAY
MACON
APPELLATION MACON CONTROLÉE
BOTTLED BY
BARTON & GUESTIER
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
NEGOCIANTS – ELEVEURS A BLANQUEFORT

Imported by Browne Vintners Co., New York © 1981

For 256 years, B&G has been keeping good company with wine lovers.

Wine lovers the world over have loved B&G's fine French wines since 1725. Our 31 superb red, white and rosé wines are savored for their consistent taste and superior quality. Come enjoy the pleasure of our company. B&G.

many have said, "can only bounce the rubble." It changes nothing other than the notions of certain people. It was—and is—more a political than a military threat, for it seemed to suggest that the Soviet Union could increase its pressure on Europe without fear of an American reaction. Schmidt and his advisers worried especially that Carter, in pursuing a SALT II agreement, would trade intermediate-range weapons of potential value in offsetting the SS-20 for cuts in Soviet missiles targeted against America, as distinct from those threatening Western Europe. Misunderstandings and a great deal of tension developed; something had to happen. In October of 1977, Schmidt gave a speech in London that was the first event in the sequence leading to Europe's harsh predicament. The speech called for a recognition of the need for parity in nuclear arms—both strategic (intercontinental) and European-based weapons—and also in conventional forces. It was an address that Schmidt should not have delivered, and one he might like to have back. Schmidt knows more about defense than most European politicians, but his speech tended to belie that. No European leader, Schmidt included, really favors parity in nuclear forces deployed in Europe, for the effect, paradoxically, would be to weaken Western Europe by possibly breaking the link between its security and American strategic forces. A roughly equal nuclear balance in Europe could be seen to remove the need for American strategic forces to intercede, in a crisis, in Europe's behalf. And the Soviet Union would therefore be less deterred from threatening Europe. Historically, the Russians have held a commanding lead in medium-range nuclear missiles. Europeans have relied on American strategic forces to offset these Soviet weapons.

Whenever Europeans—especially Germans—worry aloud about their security, Washington reacts; sometimes it overreacts. The reaction to Schmidt's speech led to the decision to deploy the five hundred and seventy-two new American missiles in Europe. It wasn't the first time that American officials had tried to use medium-range missiles to silence a European concern they might have exaggerated or misread. They had made that sort of gesture every so often but had always failed in the end for lack of support from Europe itself. In this case, the circumstances, as it turned out, were

Hotel International Zürich, Am Marktplatz, CH-8050 Zurich, Tel. (01) 3114341, Telex 55681.
For reservations see your travel agent, or call toll-free, LRI, Inc. 800-223-0888.

HOTEL INTERNATIONAL ZÜRICH
swissôtel
Fr Ve
Sa Sa 15
So Di 16
Mo Lu 17 20
Di Ma 18
Mi Me 19
Do Je 20
Fr Ve 21
Sa Sa 22
So Di 23
Mo Lu 24 21
25
Auffahrt
Ascension

If you'd care to make a note:
The Hotel International in Zurich has everything needed for holding congresses and conventions large and small. And everything to rest up after them; for instance the Panorama Bar and the swimming pool with its view across Zurich to the Alps. You will find the Swissôtel emblem only here and at the Bellevue Palace in Bern, the Hotel Président in Geneva, and the Drake in New York. Another indication that Swissôtel aims to be not a chain of as many uniform hotels as possible but a group of hotels as good and as individual as possible.

swissôtel

GGK

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© ROOSTER, INC. 1982

Tie. An extremely revealing article of dress. Rooster. A sixth sense of taste for all times from sporting to just short of black tie.

Here, silk foulard hand printed in England. From Rooster's vast Spring collection of finely tailored traditional silks. Including English repps, silk clubs and other classics, all in innovative colorations. 18.50 to 28.50. At better stores.

Rooster, Inc., 17 E. 37 St., New York, N.Y. 10016

rooster®

Omaha Steaks International®

Try a little tenderness

Now there's an easy way to make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness.

Candlelight . . . soft music . . . and . . . magnificent, aged Omaha Steaks. Tender, luscious, corn-fed beef with extraordinary flavor. Perfect.

Experts prepare each filet from the finest tenderloins. Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of the utmost in enjoyment.

Your steaks will arrive frozen in a reusable picnic cooler. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Order today!

Six 6 oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $47.50) . . $32.50
(plus $3.00 shipping/handling)

Save $15.00! Limit 2 per customer. Valid in 48 states until Jun. 30, 1982.

James Beard, noted food authority, says: "Omaha Steaks are everything I expect a good steak to be."

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER . . The Omaha Steaks Cookbook, filled with easy-to-follow cooking instruction, helpful storing and serving hints, and recipes by James Beard, World Famous Food Authority. Also, a colorful catalog of gourmet treats with a 10% discount on your first catalog order. **Write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon only.**

Omaha Steaks International®

Use major credit card and

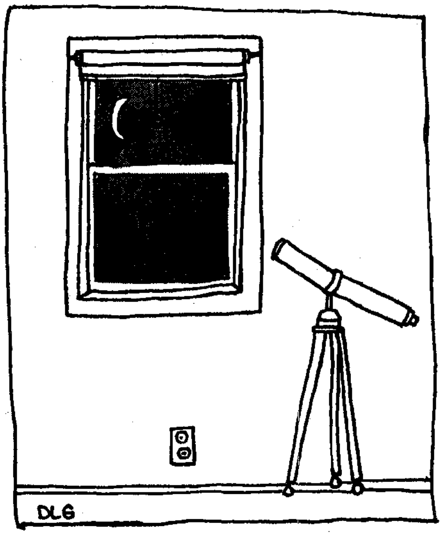
Call Free 1-800-228-9055

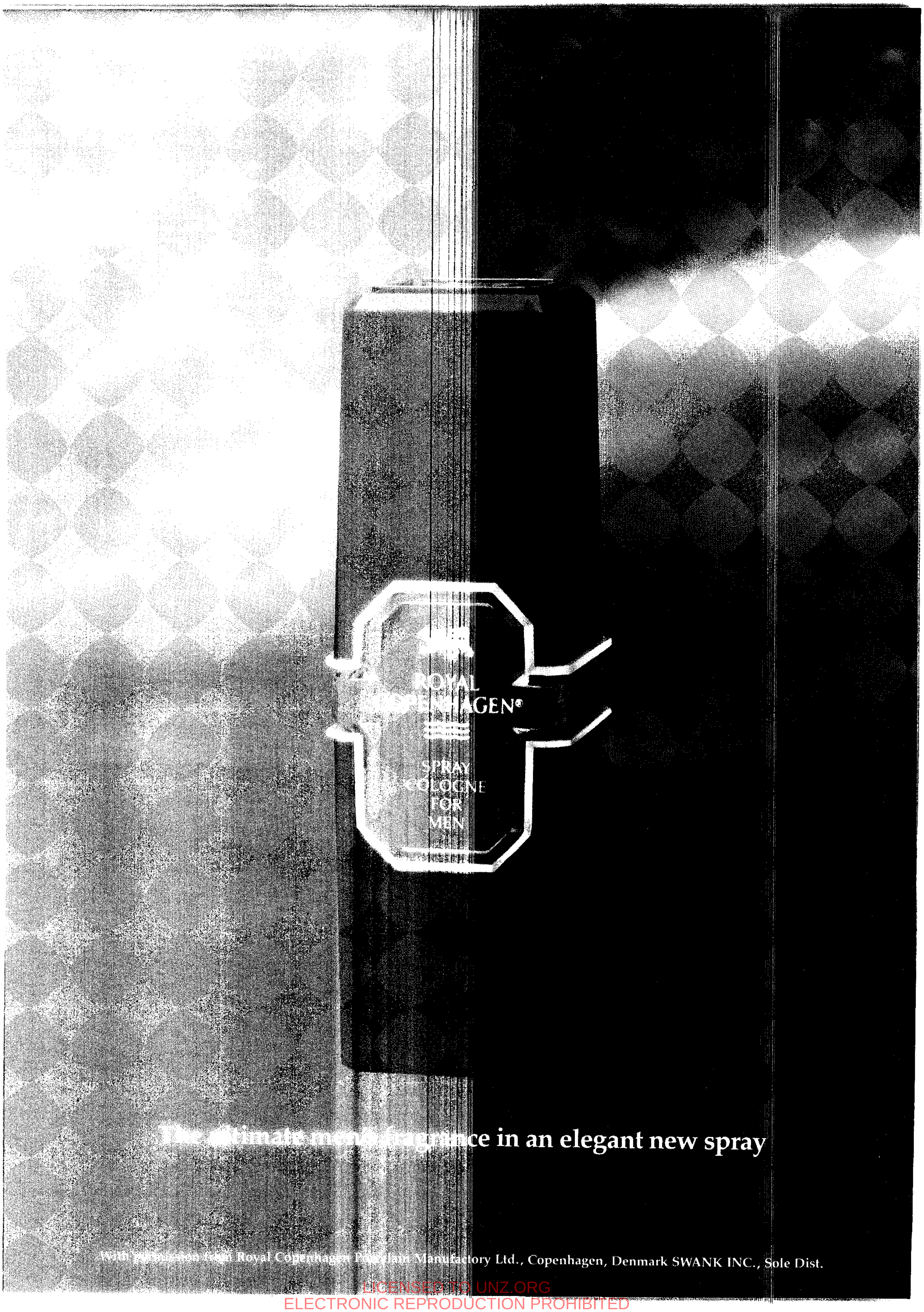
In Nebraska phone 1-402-391-3660 collect.

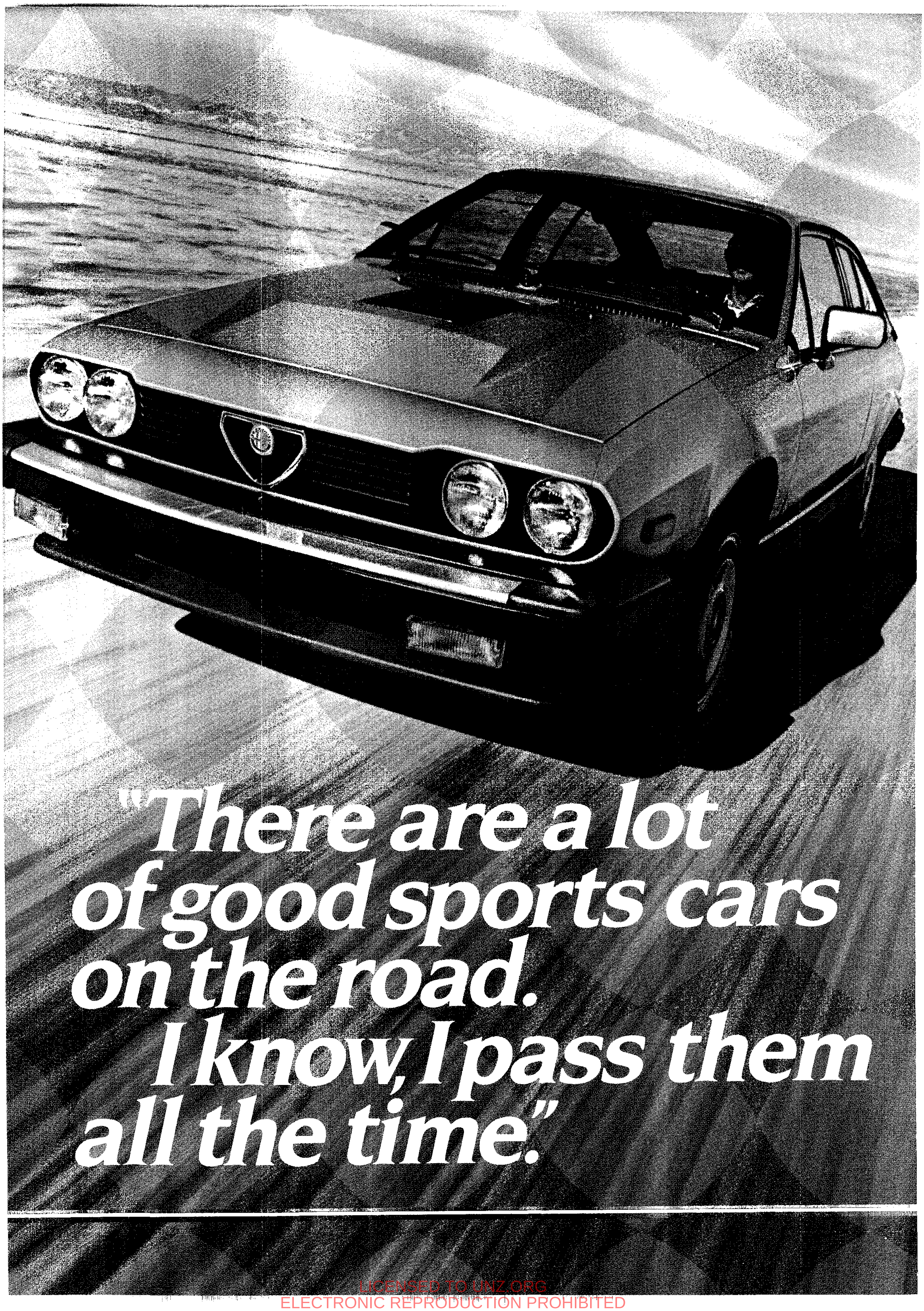
or write to: Dept. 1740, 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, Nebraska 68127

rather different. Both Carter and Schmidt were looking ahead to elections in the fall of 1980. Schmidt was strong politically, and doubtless felt that he had little to fear on any issue except security—the hardy perennial. Carter was vulnerable politically almost from the start, and he never did acquire the credibility of his predecessors as leader of the Western Alliance. His people felt a need to build up his standing as NATO's leader. The neutron-bomb affair, in April of 1978, set back and complicated efforts in that direction. Gradually, though, the political interests of Schmidt and Carter converged. Europe's security was the point of convergence, and the new force of American missiles the instrument by which each of them would shore up his political position. Bureaucracies need little encouragement to climb aboard new weapons projects. The bureaucracies in Washington, Bonn, and London spent much of their time in 1978 and 1979 designing variants of the new missile force that was finally agreed to. Britain was very supportive, partly because it understood the importance of the project to the Carter people, and it also wished to promote its chances of being allowed to buy a new submarine-launched ballistic missile from the Americans. The Italians were drawn into the project more readily than most people had expected, and in time, with great reluctance, the Belgians and the Dutch yielded to the pressure to take part. By then—late 1979—the new enterprise was in motion; it was rather like an elephant mounted on a unicycle rushing downhill, and had about as much control of its future.

Schmidt and other Europeans very much hoped that the SALT II treaty would be ratified, and they expected it




ROYAL
COPENHAGEN®
SPRAY
COLOGNE
FOR
MEN
The ultimate men's fragrance in an elegant new spray
With permission from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark SWANK INC., Sole Dist.

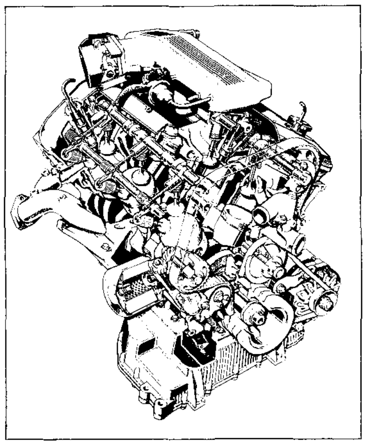


"There are a lot
of good sports cars
on the road.
I know, I pass them
all the time."

GTV 6/2.5 Coupé

Throughout the years you own your Alfa Romeo GTV 6, you'll continually receive reminders of the wisdom of your choice. Because long after your friends have traded in the cars they settled for, you'll still be re-discovering the joys of the GTV 6.

"Best Sports GT"—Road & Track

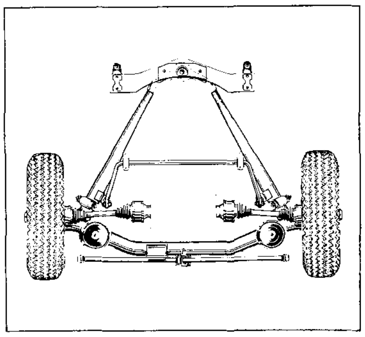


There's a lot to love about the GTV 6. When Road & Track tested it against the Datsun 280ZX Turbo and Porsche 924 Turbo, the GTV 6 won handily. Later, they called it, "the best Sports GT for the '80's."

The engine is as logical a place as any to start. It "is a joy, revving and pulling smoothly through its range...". To be more specific, it's a muscular 2.5 litre V6 with Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection to give you punch instantly when you want it. Also, as you would expect from a car in the classical GT mold, the GTV 6 has over-sized 4- wheel disc brakes for when more power isn't the answer.

The suspension is a finely balanced application of everything we've learned since 1910, with independent suspension up front and the rare deDion design in the rear. Taken as a total, the GTV 6 system is unique, and provides handling qualities well-known for impressing drivers the first time they get behind the wheel.

Which leaves its looks. There are no two ways about it, the GTV 6 is a stopper, no pun intended. The word "classic" is thrown around far too casually, but there is no other that describes the obvious GTV 6 grand touring heritage. The interior is the renowned Alfa Romeo blend of sensibility and sensuality. You are nestled in rich leather. Every instrument is where it should be. And every convenience is placed for maximum convenience. Road & Track summed up the GTV 6 thusly, "No twist, no wiggle, no rattles, no bad habits. Real quality."



A cautionary note, there aren't many of them.

We would suggest an early visit to your Alfa Romeo dealer if you don't want the GTV 6 to pass you by. A car of this quality cannot be stamped out like others that have compromised themselves into a less than GT class. But if you become one of the few thousand drivers who get to own one, every road will remind you that the GTV 6 is genuine automotive art.

Particularly when you pass all the other cars that aren't.

Alfa Romeo

Engineered to Excite

© ALFA ROMEO, INC., 1982

How did Omega create a transparent watch?

It took more than sheer genius to create Omega's most enchanting quartz timepiece. *Mystique* came right from the imagination.

Its time is displayed by golden hands magically suspended in space.

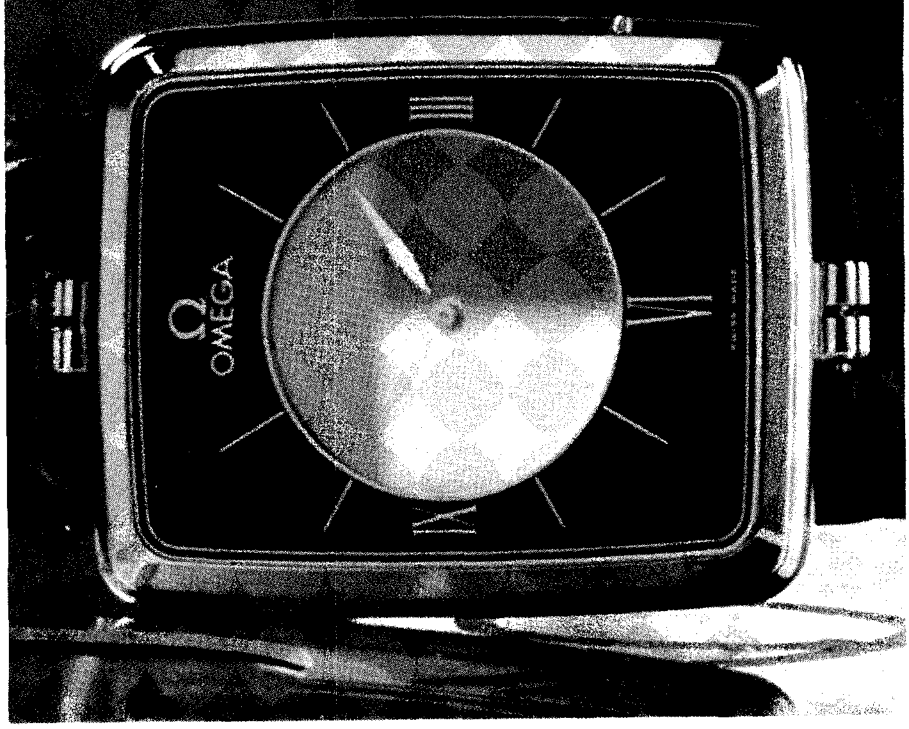
Its unique transparent dial is surrounded by impeccably hand-finished 18K gold.

And its ultra-thin case is captured between two sapphire crystals, making it our most brilliant and spellbinding work of art.

Mystique—clearly, it sets you apart from the rest.

The new Omega catalog is yours with our compliments by writing: Omega Watch Corporation, 301 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022. In Canada: Omega Watch Company (Canada) Ltd. Ltée., 70 Wynford Drive, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 1J9.

Ω OMEGA®



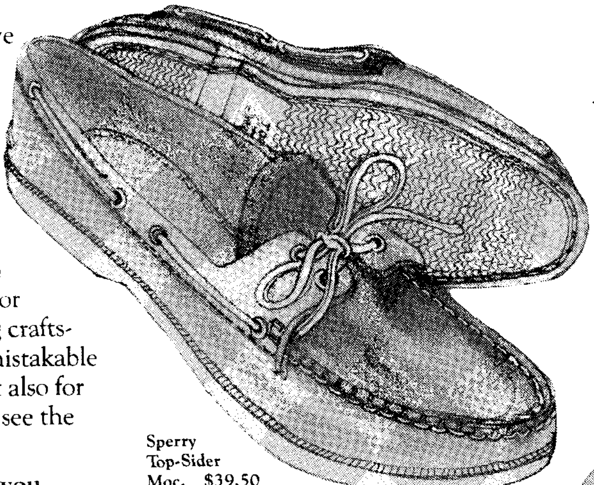
to be. They also insisted that SALT III would have to be widened to include negotiations on the intermediate-range weapons based in Europe. Everyone knew that the two-track approach would be needed to obtain acceptance of the new missiles by the European countries. But Carter withdrew SALT II from the ratification process, and the Europeans were left with their increasingly awkward decision to accept the new missiles and no immediate prospect that SALT would solve their political problems. A number of prominent authorities on Europe's security have since deplored NATO's decision, and seem to regard the new missiles as worse than useless. Michael Howard, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford University and Britain's most eminent defense expert, wrote in a letter to the *Times* last November, "There is no consensus in the European defense community, and no sense among the European peoples as a whole, that the SS-20s present a threat of a new order of magnitude. . . . They remain a very small proportion of the enormous nuclear force that the Soviet Union is capable of launching against Western Europe if it so wished. The belief of some strategic analysts that the Russians can only be deterred from attacking us by the installation of precisely matching systems—'ground-launched missiles must be matched by ground-launched missiles'—is politically naïve to the point of absurdity."

And McGeorge Bundy, who was the National Security Adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson (from 1961 to 1966), said in a speech last October, "With a single important exception, there is nothing the new warheads can do that cannot be done as well by other systems that we already have or plan to have. Like the Soviet Union, we have long-range weapons in numbers grossly beyond any basic deterrent need; we can assign a few of them to NATO missions just as readily as we might assign the new NATO missiles. Nor does the location of the weapons make any difference from the American standpoint. Whether they are based in Germany, or at sea, or in Nebraska, there will always be the same awful magnitude in any Presidential decision to use these weapons against anyone, and in particular against the Soviet Union, whose leaders know as well as we do whose command would send them, and where to direct the reply. . . . There is indeed one thing

The Sperry Top-Sider, the Stretch Short, and other "clothing that works" from Lands' End.

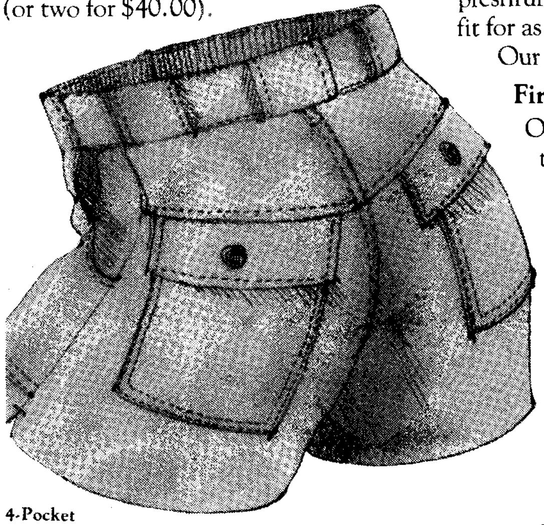
At Lands' End, we have a special affection for "clothing that works." Puts function first, fashion second.

Consider, for example, that we offer nothing less in a deck shoe than the original Sperry Top-Sider Moc. Often imitated, but never equaled for its tenacious grip and sterling craftsmanship. At $39.50, an unmistakable value not only for sailors, but also for those of you who never even see the waterside of a lighthouse.


Sperry Top-Sider Moc. $39.50

Shorts that stretch with you.

Of equal interest is our new 4-Pocket Stretch Short. Unlike shorts that bind, pinch and chafe, our short gives you wonderful freedom of movement when you bend over an anchor line or clamber up a rock face. Reinforced at all stress points, and given tunnel belt loops that allow you to strap gear to your belt. Priced very sensibly, at just $21.00 (or two for $40.00).


4-Pocket Stretch Short. $21.00

And you should know about our "No Shrink" Rugby Jerseys. Not flimsy sport shirts, but authentically tough 100% cotton jerseys suited for rough 'n' tumble action. Gussetted under the arms for easy movement, and fitted with rubber buttons that prevent contact bruises. Best of all, they're preshrunk, so they'll keep their fine fit for as long as you wear them.

Our price is $32.

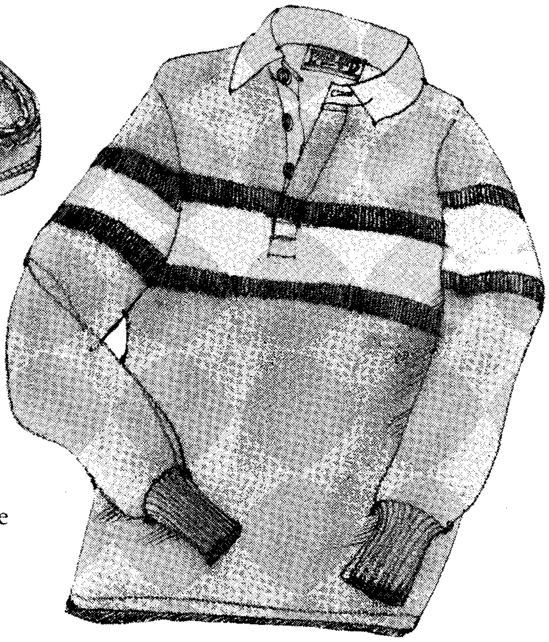
First quality, then price.

Our catalog is full of "clothing that works," sailing and sports accessories, our own famous soft luggage, and much more. Quality merchandise from around the world, at direct-to-you prices that represent very real values.

First, *quality*. Then, *price*. And always, always *service*.

Our guarantee: *"If you are not completely satisfied with any item you buy from us, at any time during your use of it, return it and we will refund your full purchase price."*

If we're new to you, we don't ask that you trust us. Simply try us. Call toll-free 24 hours a day at 800-356-4444 (except Wisconsin call 608-935-2788).


"No Shrink" Rugby Shirt. $32.00

Or fill in the coupon, and let us send you a free copy of our latest Lands' End catalog.

☐ **Please send free 76-page catalog.**

Lands' End Dept. G-04
Dodgeville, WI 53533

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

Or call Toll-free

800-356-4444

(Except Wisconsin call 608-935-2788).

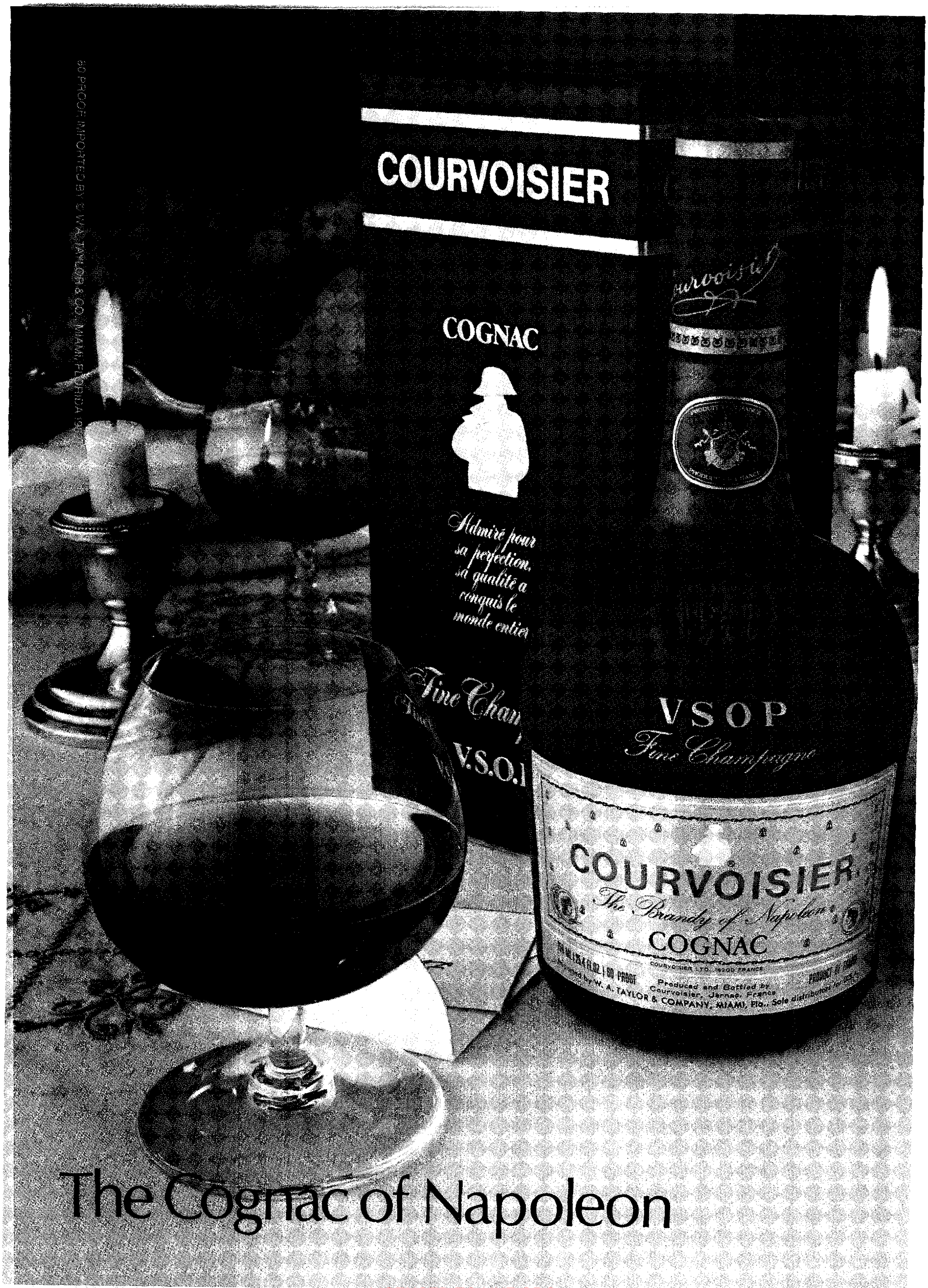
LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford buttondown shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

This year, remember Father's Night.

COURVOISIER

For the ultimate gift, consider Courvoisier VOC in the Baccarat decanter, around $150. Call (800) 327-5702.


80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 19
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
Admiré pour sa perfection, sa qualité a conquis le monde entier
Fine Cham
V.S.O.
Courvoisier
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
The Brandy of Napoleon
COGNAC
COURVOISIER LTD. 16200 FRANCE
80 PROOF
Produced and Bottled by Courvoisier, Jarnac, France
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, MIAMI, Fla., Sole distributor
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
The Cognac of Napoleon

This is a Coach® Bag.

Coach® Bags and Belts are made in New York City and sold in selected stores throughout the country. For Catalogue and store list write or call: Coach Leatherware, 516 West 34th Street, New York 10001. Tel: (212) 594-3914

some of the new missiles can do that no other weapon can do, but it is something we should not want to be able to do. The Pershing II missiles . . . can reach Russia from Germany in five minutes, thus producing a new possibility of a super-sudden first strike—perhaps even on Moscow itself. That is too fast. We would not like it if a Soviet forward deployment of submarines should create a similar standing threat to Washington. It is not for us to be the ones who first put the decapitation of the great rival government on a hair trigger."

Predictably, the transition from Carter to Reagan expanded Europe's political problem. At first, the Europeans thought that weak and divided leadership would be replaced by strength and clarity. Instead, they find less clarity and more rancorous division in Washington than they have ever found before. They feel themselves burdened by an Administration that seems to see world affairs largely in terms of confrontation with the Soviet Union. Among the senior American officials, only Secretary Haig, they believe, has any understanding of or sympathy for European problems—and he, it seems to them, until quite recently has had far less influence than a Secretary of State should have. There is probably no more fundamental division of opinion between Europe and Washington than the division on arms control. It took heavy and sustained pressure from Europe to push the Administration into the I.N.F. talks. The Reagan people stalled but couldn't refuse, since the two-track approach had been enshrined in NATO and was an urgent political requirement in Europe: such support as exists there for the new missiles will disappear altogether unless progress is made on the arms-control question. But in none of the governments are there any illusions about these talks. It isn't only that they are a futile exercise unless they are joined to START; they may actually breed mischief, as Bundy also pointed out: "Secretary Brezhnev has already offered a freeze [of the medium-range missiles] on both sides; he could go further and propose some unilateral Soviet reduction in return for cancellation of the NATO plan. So great are his current numerical advantages within this particular field that he can easily design an offer bound to look generous to many in Europe and still retain such advantages that on its present premises Washington would feel bound to reject his proposal. It is

Braun/Becker: The Drama of Black Hi-Tech Essentials
For Graduation, Father's Day (and For Yourself)

**Case study:
Hi-tech design equals longlasting fine function.**

Matte black and compact, they pack up to carry or slip in a pocket with great convenience. Protected by sturdy, sleek black plastic cases, imported from Germany, and part of our fabulous collection by Braun/Becker.

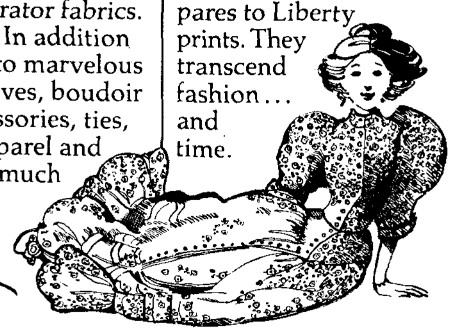
The Braun Calculator: 80.00
The Braun Mach 2 Lighter: 60.00
The Becker Travel Clock: 35.00

On 1, New York. And in all our fashion stores.

bloomingdale's men's store
1000 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK (355-5900)

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.

From his first shop on Regent Street in London in 1875, the genius of Arthur Liberty and his prints have woven their way into the life and lifestyle of people of taste and accomplishment. Once the exclusive province of aesthetes such as Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Isadora Duncan, Liberty prints are now accessible to all who possess a passion for perfection. Today, Liberty offers its prints in exciting clothing and decorator fabrics. In addition to marvelous scarves, boudoir accessories, ties, apparel and much more. All bearing the hallmarks that are truly Liberty's. Exquisite patterns and motifs. Breathtaking colors that are at once rich, yet subtle. Now, as then, nothing else quite compares to Liberty prints. They transcend fashion... and time.



LIBERTY OF LONDON®
THE VERY FABRIC OF BRITISH LIFE.

229 East 60th St., New York, N.Y. / Suburban Square, Ardmore, Pa. / Georgetown Park, Washington, D.C.

not often that the alliance has offered so *obvious an invitation* for Soviet trouble-making."

So far, the nature and the scope of the I.N.F. talks have been obscured by clouds of rhetoric from Moscow and Washington. And the tendency in each place to play to the gallery has indeed created difficulties for NATO. If this were a boxing bout, the Russians could be said to have won most of the rounds, partly because of Brezhnev's more comforting rhetoric—for example, "To try and outstrip each other in the arms race, or to expect to win a nuclear war, is dangerous madness." That is what he told the Twenty-sixth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party on February 23rd of last year. And Reagan's recent, apparently impulsive suggestion that he and Brezhnev meet at the United Nations in June and talk things over informally seems to have impressed no one—least of all the Russians. The idea wasn't even checked with them before being made public—an oversight guaranteed to produce a rejection. Also, Brezhnev's health is such that he couldn't fly across the Atlantic—it is believed that he isn't supposed to fly at altitudes above ten thousand feet—and the stroke he is believed to have had just before the White House invitation would appear to make a long airplane journey even more unlikely. In the light of all this, the Soviet counterproposal for a carefully prepared summit meeting in the autumn, a more plausible suggestion, reinforced the impression that Moscow is more interested in arms control than Washington.

The Administration did win one round. On November 18th, Reagan announced that he had sent Brezhnev a letter proposing, among other things, to cancel plans to deploy the new American missiles in Europe in return for the dismantling of all comparable Soviet forces. This became known as "the zero option." As a tactical maneuver, it was first-class. It went Europe's unilateral disarmers one better, seized the high ground from Moscow, and upstaged Brezhnev, who visited Bonn four days later to promote his own line. European governments felt relief; the I.N.F. talks were to start twelve days later, and that event, combined with Reagan's speech, offset some of the pressure from the anti-nuclear-weapons groups. Judged realistically, however, the zero option isn't negotiable, because it asks the Russians to dismantle hundreds of existing weapons while

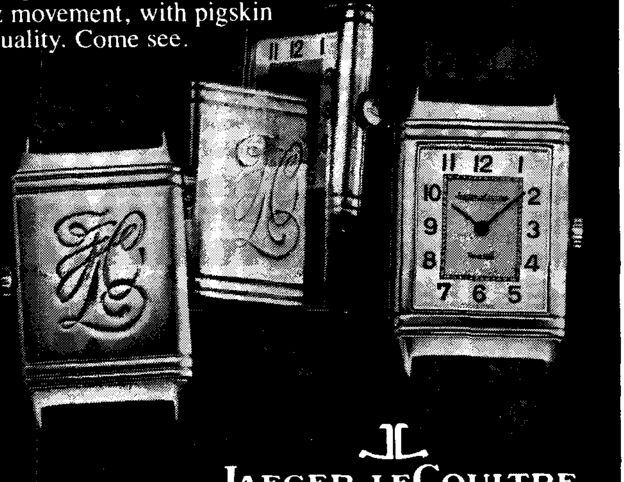
In London

There's a great name behind this great hotel.

That name is **Trusthouse Forte**, the world's largest hotel, catering and leisure group, known for its international style, superb hotel standards, and warm, personal welcome. Look for it when you travel on business or pleasure, in major cities in North America, United Kingdom, Europe and the Middle East. For reservations ask your travel agent or corporate travel department. Or call toll-free: 800-223-5672; in New York State 800-442-5886; New York City (212) 541-4400.

Waldorf Hotel
London

Trusthouse Forte



The "Reverso" by Jaeger-LeCoultre can actually reverse sides! From its antique reproduction watch face to a smooth 18k gold surface ready to be personalized. Authentic winding or quartz movement, with pigskin strap. Heirloom quality. Come see.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE
GENÈVE

GÜBELIN
toujours juste

745 5th Ave., N.Y.C. (Bet. 57th & 58th Sts.) 212-755-0054
Lucerne • Zurich • Geneva • Berne • Basel • St. Moritz • Lugano
American Express and other cards honored.

TAKE YOUR SEAT.
THE PERFORMANCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

DATSUN 280-ZX.

Slip into something comfortable: a multi-adjustable bucket seat you fine-tune to the perfect driving position.

A quick systems checkout assures you all is in readiness: computer sensors report on lights and vital fluids; a vocalized system alerts you if doors are open, fuel level low, parking brake on.

Remote-control mirrors? Check. Four-speaker stereo/cassette? Check. Power windows? Check.

Now, unleash the fuel-injected, computer-controlled powerplant. As energy surges effortlessly, a tingle travels down your spine. No wonder Z-cars have won national racing championships 11 of the past 12 years.

The 1982 Datsun 280-ZX and Turbo-ZX. Now both models are available in 2-seater and 2+2.

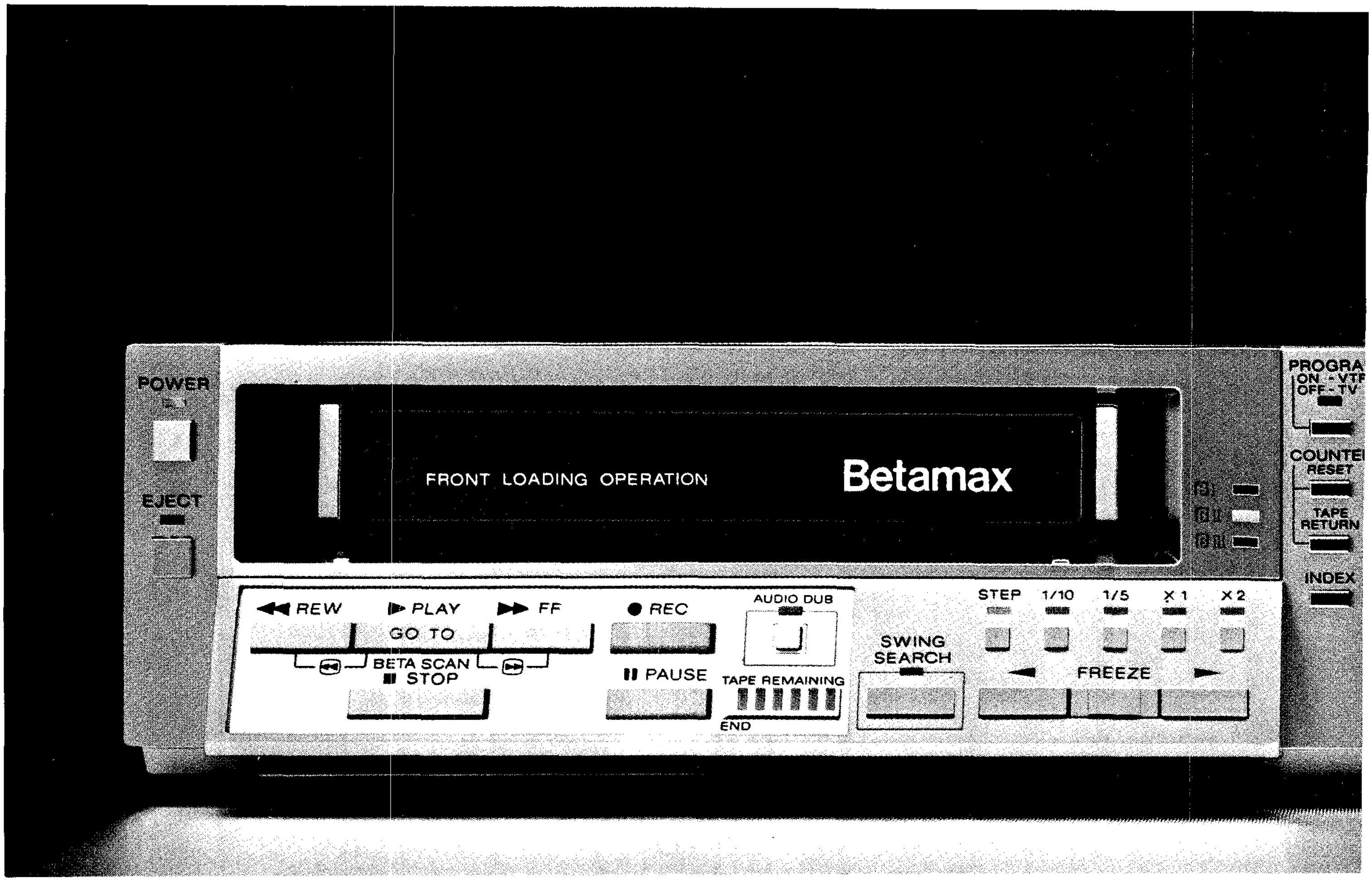
Come and see the four newest faces of "awesome."

©1982 NMC-USA

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

Product of NISSAN

NISSAN

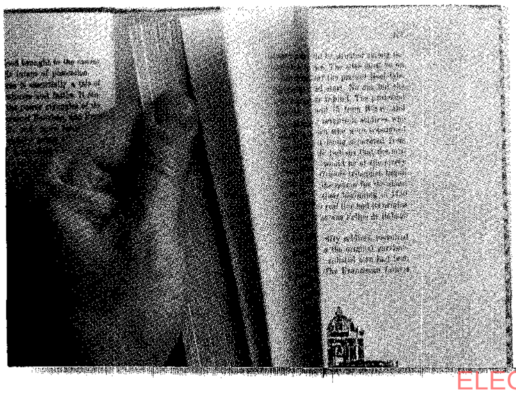


ONCE AGAIN, SON
BETWEEN THE AMATEU

Introducing the Sony Betamax SL-2500. The most advanced home videocassette recorder ever conceived.

Its professional features are so sophisticated they are utterly simple to use. As a totality, those features combine to form a machine whose capabilities narrow the gap between the professional and the amateur video enthusiast.

Notice the height. It's equal to just three videocassettes. Or, 3⅛" high. Notice the width. It's equal to the width of standard audio components as Sony moves to integrate video and audio into one entertainment system.



Notice the advanced front loading and location of the feather-touch controls. All human engineered for ease of operation.

NOW RECORDING, EDITING, AND REVIEWING ARE AS EASY AS THUMBING THROUGH A BOOK.

To Sony, the ultimate goal of sophisticated technology is simplicity, not complexity.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the SL-2500.

We saw the process of recording, editing, and reviewing a video home movie as similar to that of thumbing through, reading, and referring to a book.

If you think of a Table of Contents, you'll understand the new Electronic Tab Marker index. You'll be able to program up to nine points, or chapters, on your recording. And be able to go directly to each of them at the push of a button.

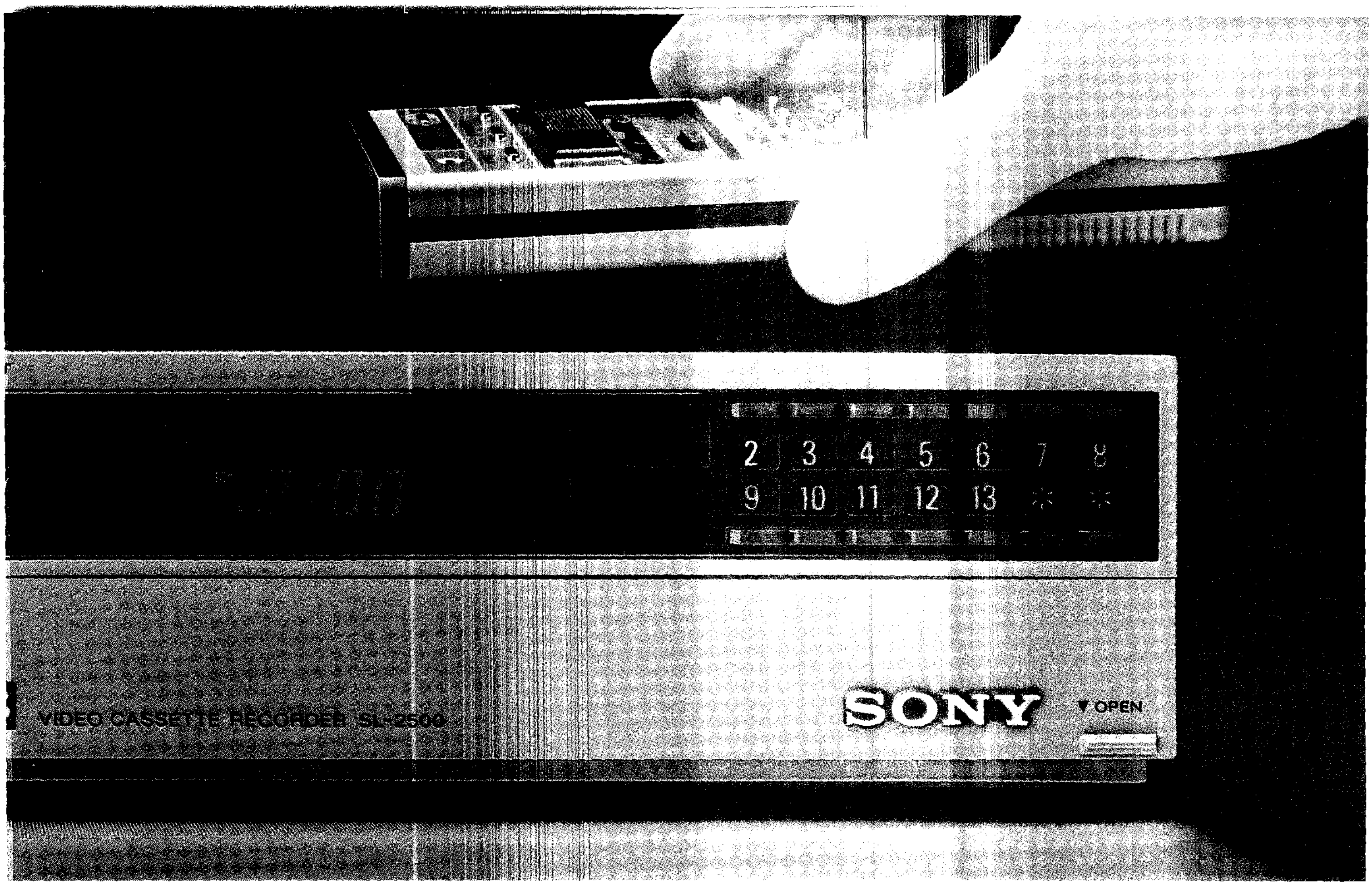
If you think of skimming through a book, you'll understand BetaScan. You're able to quickly review material to find the spot you're looking for.

If you think of flipping back and forth between two pages to locate the place you need to find, you've got the idea behind Swing Search. In five different special effects speeds you can review with crystal clarity the frames where the action has occurred. So you get the exact frame where the edit should occur.

Sometimes, when you read, you wish to study a page for a long time. The same holds true when reviewing a scene. For that, you need Freeze-Frame, and the SL-2500's double Azimuth Recording Heads provide a crystal-clear one.

With the optional BetaStack tape changer, you can record or play back up to four separate pro-

© 1982 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Betamax, BetaScan, BetaStack, Swing Search,



ARROWS THE GAP ND THE PROFESSIONAL.

grams, each on its own cassette. Each show becomes a single volume, as you match the cassette length to the program length. Making it easy to refer to and enjoy. Should you wish to compile anthologies, the BetaStack gives you a maximum of 20 hours of consecutive recording or playback.

LINEAR TIME COUNTER. YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE IN HOURS, MINUTES, AND SECONDS.

Just as pages in a book are marked by a number, the Linear Time Counter electronically treats each second you record or play back as if it were a page. So instead of relying on a mechanical counter, you easily know where each scene and each program falls precisely on the tape.

And, as you can judge how much of a book is left to be read by the thickness of the remaining pages, the LED Tape-Remaining Indicator tells you how much tape is left. And even blinks as you approach the end of the tape.

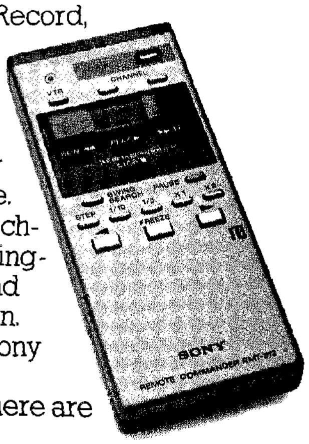
MICRO TIME PHASE CIRCUITRY FOR CLEAR, NOISELESS EDITS.

An editor is only as good as his tools. And in the past, those tools could not deliver edits that didn't call attention to themselves.

The Micro Time Phase Circuitry of the SL-2500 has made that problem ancient history.

When you push the pause or stop button, the tape rewinds 15 frames. When the pause button is pushed again, the tape advances 12 frames, which gives the motor a chance to get into the Record mode. The edit is clean, without a "glitch."

WIRELESS REMOTE COMMANDER. PROFESSIONAL CONTROL FROM YOUR EASY CHAIR.



Channel selection, BetaScan, Play, Record, and all the Swing Search functions can all be accomplished with our wireless remote. Sophisticated technology again bringing simplicity and ease to operation.

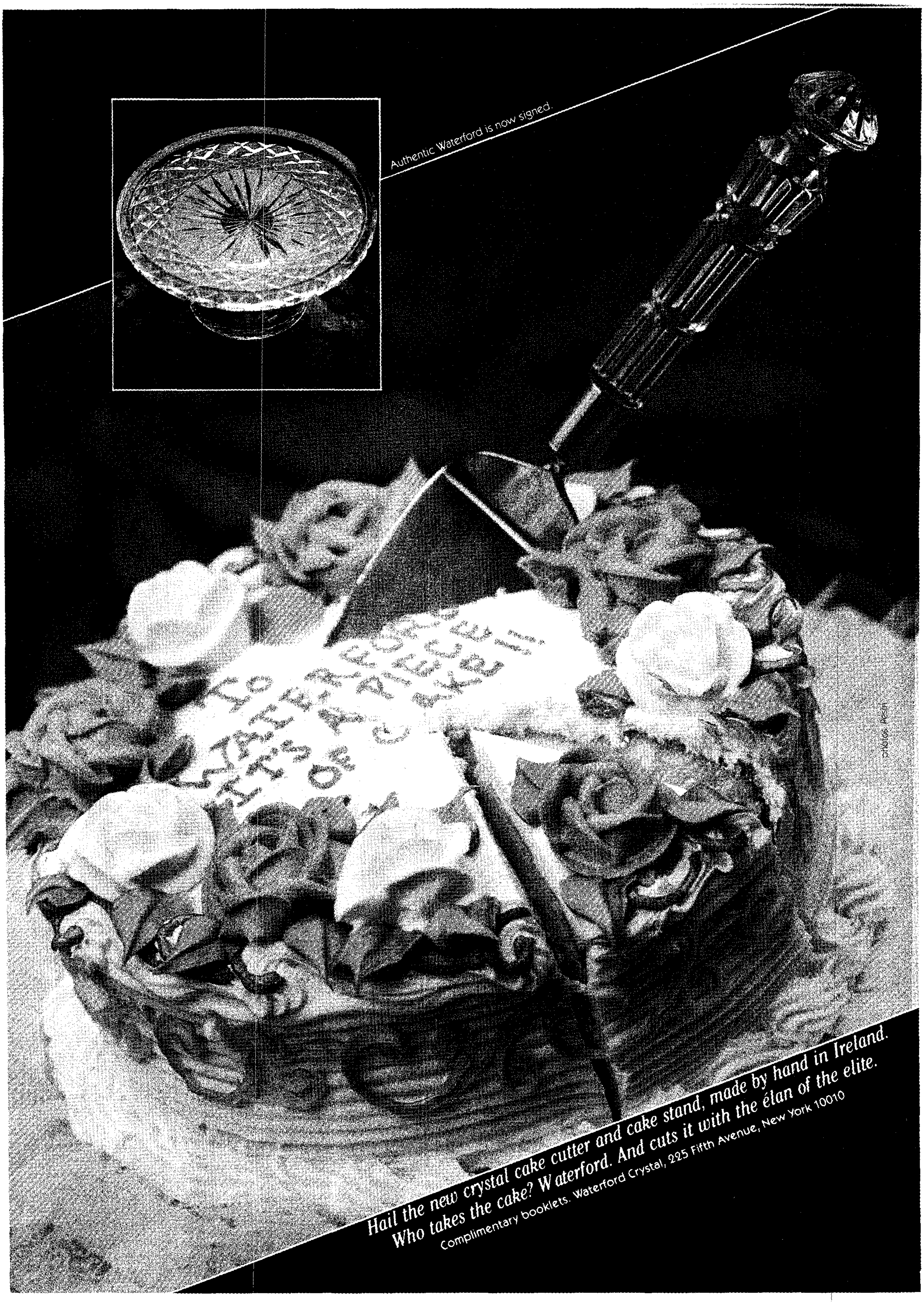
This is the Sony SL-2500.

Suddenly, there are no amateurs.

SONY®
THE ONE AND ONLY

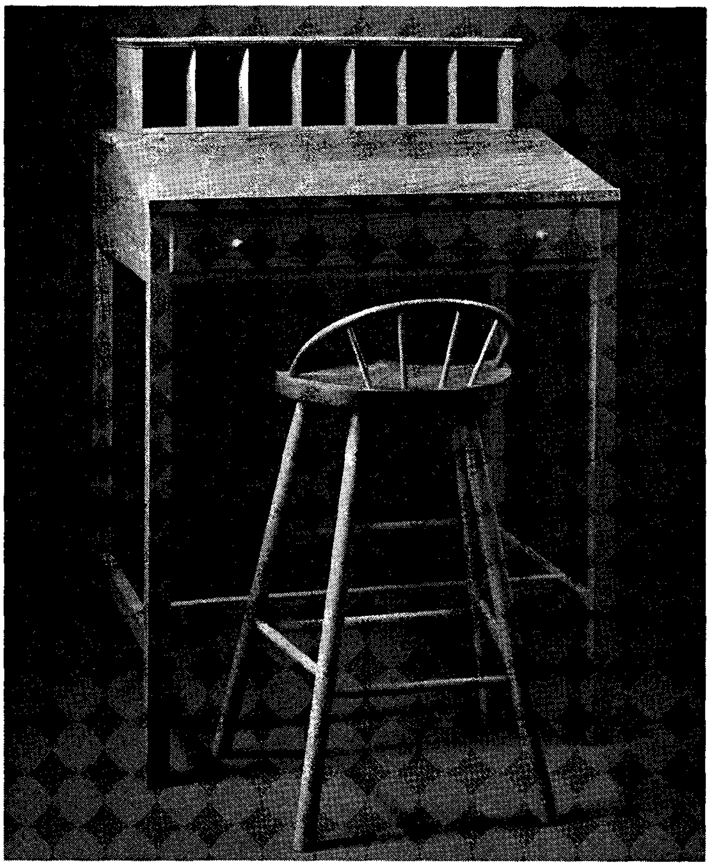
See your Sony dealer for a full demonstration. Or write: Sony Video Information Center, CN 02950, Trenton, NJ 08650. Models shown: SL-2500 and RMT-312.

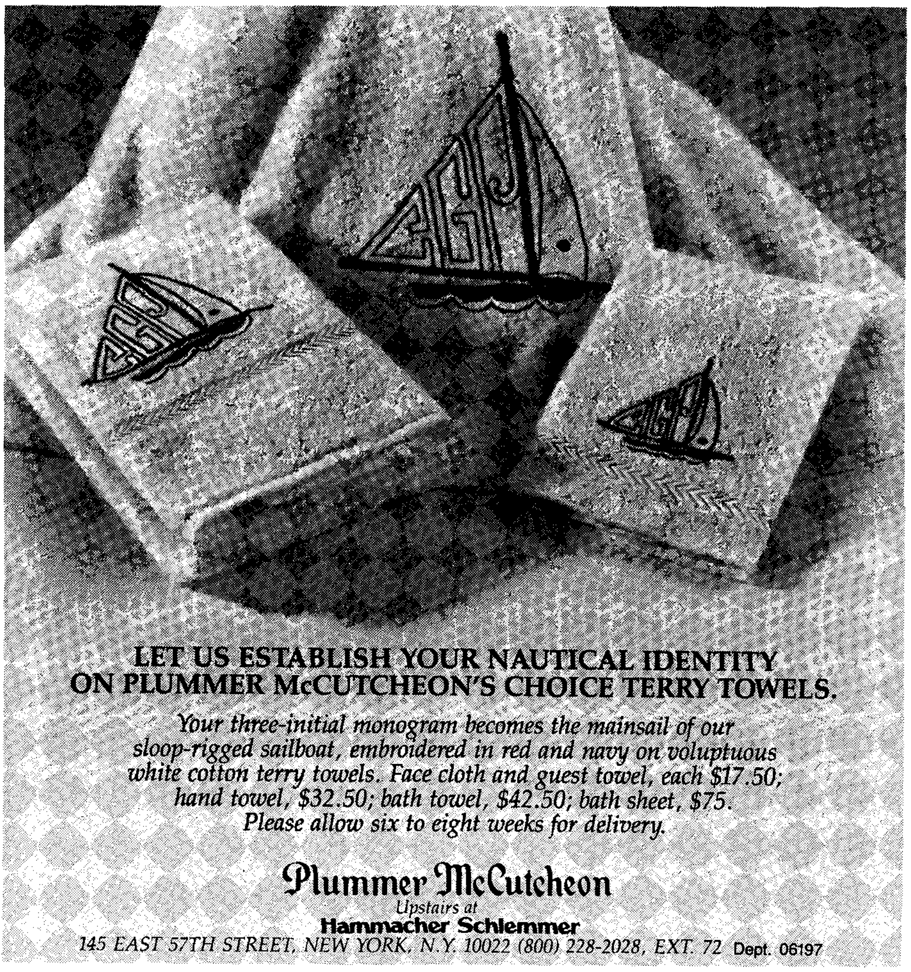
Linear Time Counter, Electronic Tab Marker and Remote Commander are trademarks of Sony Corporation. Beta


Authentic Waterford is now signed.
Hail the new crystal cake cutter and cake stand, made by hand in Ireland.
Who takes the cake? Waterford. And cuts it with the élan of the elite.
Complimentary booklets. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010
photos: Resh

America, in return, would forgo deploying new missiles that Europe may not accept anyhow. Reagan's speech bought time—six months or so, in the opinion of many European leaders. During that interval, Brezhnev has made his own one-sided proposals, and the Reagan people sometimes have had trouble reconciling a commitment to keep America's allies closely informed of their plans with the internal pressures to make those plans public as speedily as possible. For example, on Friday, January 29th, an American official was supposed to brief all the European NATO people in Brussels on the details of the Reagan plan for the I.N.F. talks. He couldn't tell them that the United States was going to present the Soviet Union with a draft treaty in the next few days, however, because Reagan hadn't yet approved the text. So it wasn't until Monday, February 1st, that the other members of NATO were told about the treaty, which was tabled the following day. This procedure offended some European governments—notably, the West German government. Schmidt's people felt that since he was probably staking his political life on this process the Americans ought to have been consulting with him, and not merely telling him about what was afoot. The Germans asked for time to study the draft. Their request was refused.

Brezhnev's argument is, in part, that when the nuclear weapons of Britain and France are added to the intermediate-range aircraft that America deploys in and around Europe the balance of nuclear forces in the European theatre is equivalent. And he insists that any agreement must include, or somehow take account of, British and French nuclear weapons. (He also points out that the new American missiles can strike the Soviet Union, whereas his SS-20s can't reach America.) NATO governments disagree with Brezhnev on the balance of forces, and they categorically reject the idea of making the British and French weapons subject to negotiation. It is all very complicated, and an agreement, if there ever is one, will require simplicity of approach—some device or negotiating formula that cuts through the complexities instead of being victimized by them. An approach favored by some Europeans would mean giving each side—Americans and Russians—the right to have an equal number of weapons, drawn from both categories: the intercontinental-range systems covered by SALT


standing desk & bowback stool
Understatement in select cherry for town or country. Each piece finished in wax over linseed oil. Signed and dated.
Catalog $3.00 Describes tables, chairs, case pieces, beds and occasional furniture.
One Cobbs Bridge Road, New Gloucester, Maine 04260 (207) 926-4446
THOS. MOSER CABINET MAKERS


LET US ESTABLISH YOUR NAUTICAL IDENTITY ON PLUMMER McCUTCHEON'S CHOICE TERRY TOWELS.
Your three-initial monogram becomes the mainsail of our sloop-rigged sailboat, embroidered in red and navy on voluptuous white cotton terry towels. Face cloth and guest towel, each $17.50; hand towel, $32.50; bath towel, $42.50; bath sheet, $75. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.
Plummer McCutcheon
Upstairs at
Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (800) 228-2028, EXT. 72 Dept. 06197

Where to buy Bulova clocks.

ARIZONA
Apache Junction
Kyhn's Jewelers
Glendale
Majestic Clock Shoppe
Phoenix
European Jewelers
Gaston Jewelers
Petty's Jewelers
Tucson
Customs Gem West
Jordan Jeweler
Zarfas Luggage & Gifts

CALIFORNIA
Apple Valley
The Clock Shop
Banning
Felts Jewelers
Berkely
Corum Jewelers
Oaks Jewelers
Brea
Elegance In Time
Brawley
Johnson's Jewelry
Marvin Lewis Jeweler
Camarillo
Paseo Stationers
Canyon Country
Party Roundup
Carlsbad
Bergmann's Fine Jewelry
Chula Vista
King's Jewelers
City of Industry
Time Centre
Coachella
Bertacco Watch
Delano
Jane's Jewelers
Encinitas
Anderson Jewelers
Hemet
Hussar's Jewelers
Hollywood
America Jewelers
Indio
E.R. Wanat
Inglewood
Rodriguez Jewelers
Lakewood
Snow Clock Shop
La Puente
La Puente Jewelers
Lompoc
Vargas Jewelers
Los Angeles
Fatima's Chillum
M-J Hallmark Shop
Mission Viejo
M. Tesoro Clocks
Morro Bay
Siebert's Jewelers
Oceanside
Dutch Jewelers
Ontario
Wight Jewelers
Orange
Clock Castle
Panorama City
Kessler Jewelers
Pismo Beach
J.M. Reed
Redwood City
Krikor's Jewelers
San Diego
Chic Accessories Inc.
G.A. Aguilar & Sons
Gift Gallery Jewelers
Jewelry Mart
San Fernando
De Long Jewelry Company
San Francisco
Garden Pharmacy
Natalie G.E.T. Jewelry & Gifts
Sainz Jewelers
Tigges Jewelers
San Mateo
Peninsula Clock Shop
San Rafael
Clocks Plus
Santa Ana
Latino Jewelers
Sun City
Hussars Sun Citv Jewelers
Ventura
Harfield's Jewelers
Westminster
Clock Castle
Willits
Kimberly's Jewelry
Yuba City
Clocksmiths
Yucca Valley
Felts Jewelers

COLORADO
Aurora
Antique Clock Shop
Durango
Taylor & Raymond

HAWAII
Hilo
Bill's Jewelry & Repair
Honolulu
A & A Diamond Distributors Inc.
Al Kamm's at Shiro Kiya
Cuong's Watch Repair
Gem Fine Jewelry Depts.
Honolulu Time Service
K & K Jewel Mart
Lisboa Jewelry & Watches
Kealakekua
Wally's Watch Service
Kaneohe
A & A Diamond Distributors Inc.
Lihue Kauai
Gem Fine Jewelry Depts.
Pearlridge
A & A Diamond Distributors Inc.
Waikiki
Royal Hawaiian

IDAHO
Idaho Falls
Farr's Jewelry

MONTANA
Billings
Bobs Evergreen I.G.A.
Bozeman
Millers Jewelry
Chinook
F.A. Sharples Jeweler
Columbia Falls
Crouch Jewelry
Helena
Eaton-Turner Jewelry
Laurel
Le Duc Jewelers
Missoula
Bob Ward & Sons
Edwards Jewelers
Shelby
Jacobson's Jewelry
Stulls Jewelry

NEBRASKA
Scotts Bluff
Tallmon Jewelry

NEVADA
Las Vegas
Gordon Jewelers

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque
All Clocks Shop
Clocks Incorporated
Zarfus Luggage & Gifts
Carlsbad
Gossett's Jewelry
McCoy's Jewelers
Farmington
J.A. May Jewelers
Roswell
Bullock's

OKLAHOMA
Clinton
Damron Jewelers
Elk City
Damron Jewelers
Norman
Goodnos Jewelry

OREGON
Albany
French's Jewelry
La Grande
I.J. Gems LTD.
Portland
H & H Jewelers
Nielsen's Jewelers
Wm. R. Johnson Jewelers
Salem
Colonial Jewelers
Sandy
Grockett Jewelry

TEXAS
Alice
Dodson Jewelry
Bishop
Bishop Drug Company Inc.
Cisco
Anderson Jewelers
Clifton
Bridge's Jewelry-Ladies & Mens Wear
Corpus Christi
Alamo Jewelry
Blue Bonnet Clock & Gift Shoppe
Sunrise Clock Shop
Dallas
The Gold Mine
Welbornes
DeKalb
Robinson Drugs
Houston
Accu-Tyme Watch & Clock
Chappell Jordan Clock Gallery
Kwality Jewelers
Karalis Watch & Clock
Finger Gift & Drapery
George Allen
Jewels by Wier
Little Watch Shop
Kaufman
Treasure Chest Gift Shop
Lewisville
Mallison Jewelry
McAllen
Broadway Hardware
San Antonio
Trinity University Book Store
Welasco
Oaky's

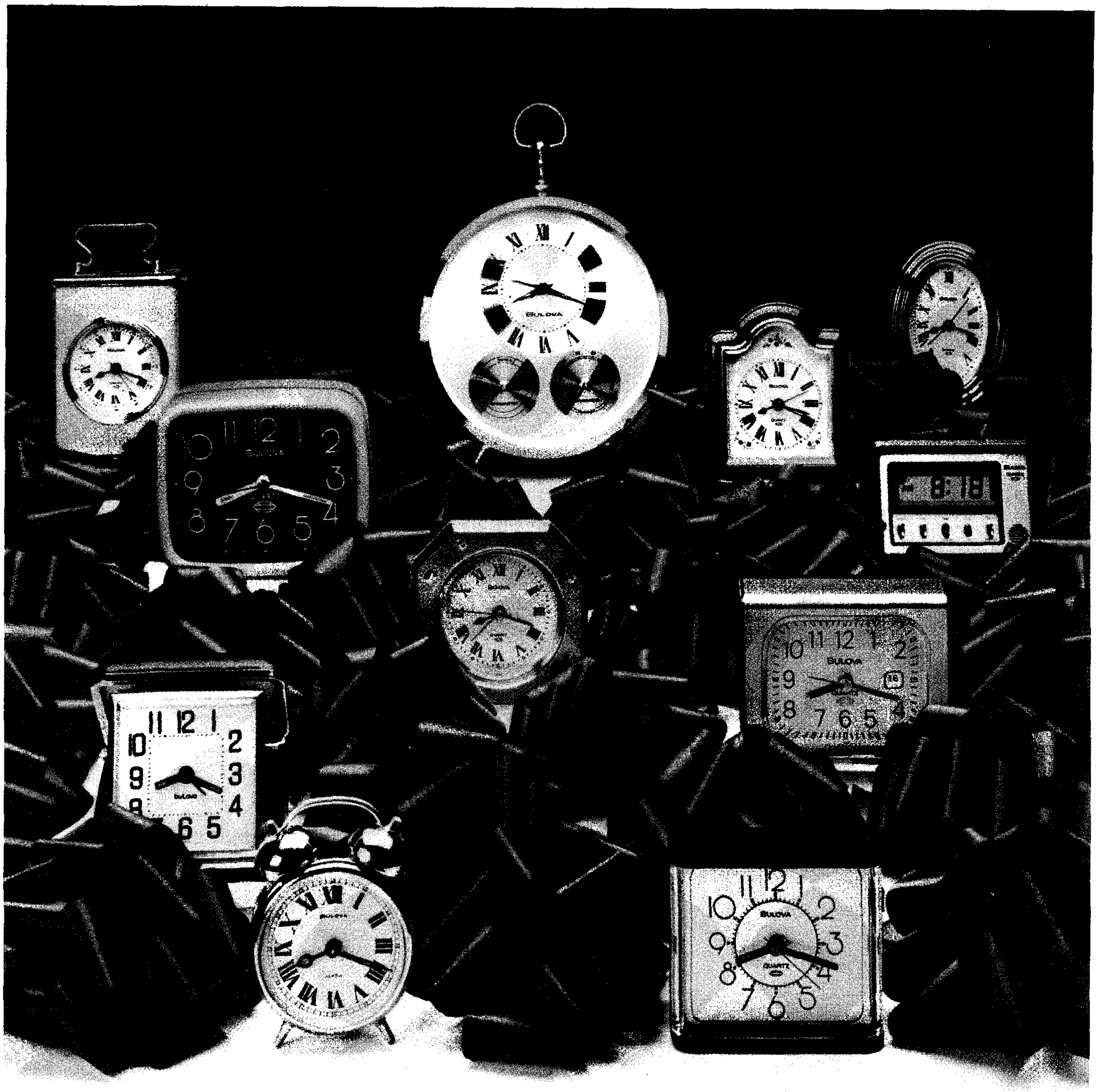
UTAH
Logan
Thomas Jewelers
Provo
Mullett-Hoover
Salt Lake City
Cruser Jewelry

WASHINGTON
Camas
Runyan's
Forks
Gems By George
Vancouver
Time & Gem World Inc.

WYOMING
Casper
Ayres-McMullin Jewelers
Cheyenne
Burri Jewelers
Cody
Cody Jewelers
Gillette
Marquis Jewelers
Laramie
Wiseman Jewelers
Riverton
Guthrie Jewelry

and those of intermediate range. Within that fixed number, each side would be free to have as many or as few of either type as it chose. Instead of being covered by separate agreements, the two categories would be tied together under one numerical ceiling. Among the probable effects would be to discourage the United States from wanting to devote much of its entitlement to missiles based in Europe; weapons deployed there would be more vulnerable and also less capable than their longer-range siblings. That sort of preference would suit many—perhaps most—Europeans, who do not favor having missiles based on their soil any more than the thinly populated states of Nevada and Utah favored becoming the sites for the deployment of the MX missile now being developed. The Germans, whose soil already bristles with thousands of our short-range—so-called battlefield—nuclear weapons, like to make that comparison.

THE people advising Presidents Ford and Carter on SALT needed only two or three months to develop their initial negotiating positions; Nixon's group required six or seven months. And each of those three Administrations learned that agreement in SALT meant gradually simplifying one's negotiating position. Reagan's people haven't absorbed that lesson, partly because they've done so little about SALT-START. Fourteen months after taking office, they hadn't answered the first question—what it was they would actually propose to limit or reduce. Their predecessors sought, in the main, to limit launchers of nuclear missiles and the heavy bombers that carry nuclear weapons. Limiting these delivery vehicles, as they are called, is the simplest and, it can be argued, the most relevant approach. But the Reagan people have insisted on breaking with the past—especially with the SALT II treaty, which they describe as "fatally flawed." Each of the agencies most directly involved has had its own approach. The Defense Department favors "throw-weight"—that is, the usable payload of a missile system—as the criterion, because Soviet intercontinental-ballistic-missile systems are much larger than ours and can deliver warheads that are more destructive. Specifically, the Defense Department wanted to propose an agreement obliging the Russians to reduce the aggregate throw-weight of their missile forces to the American level or low-



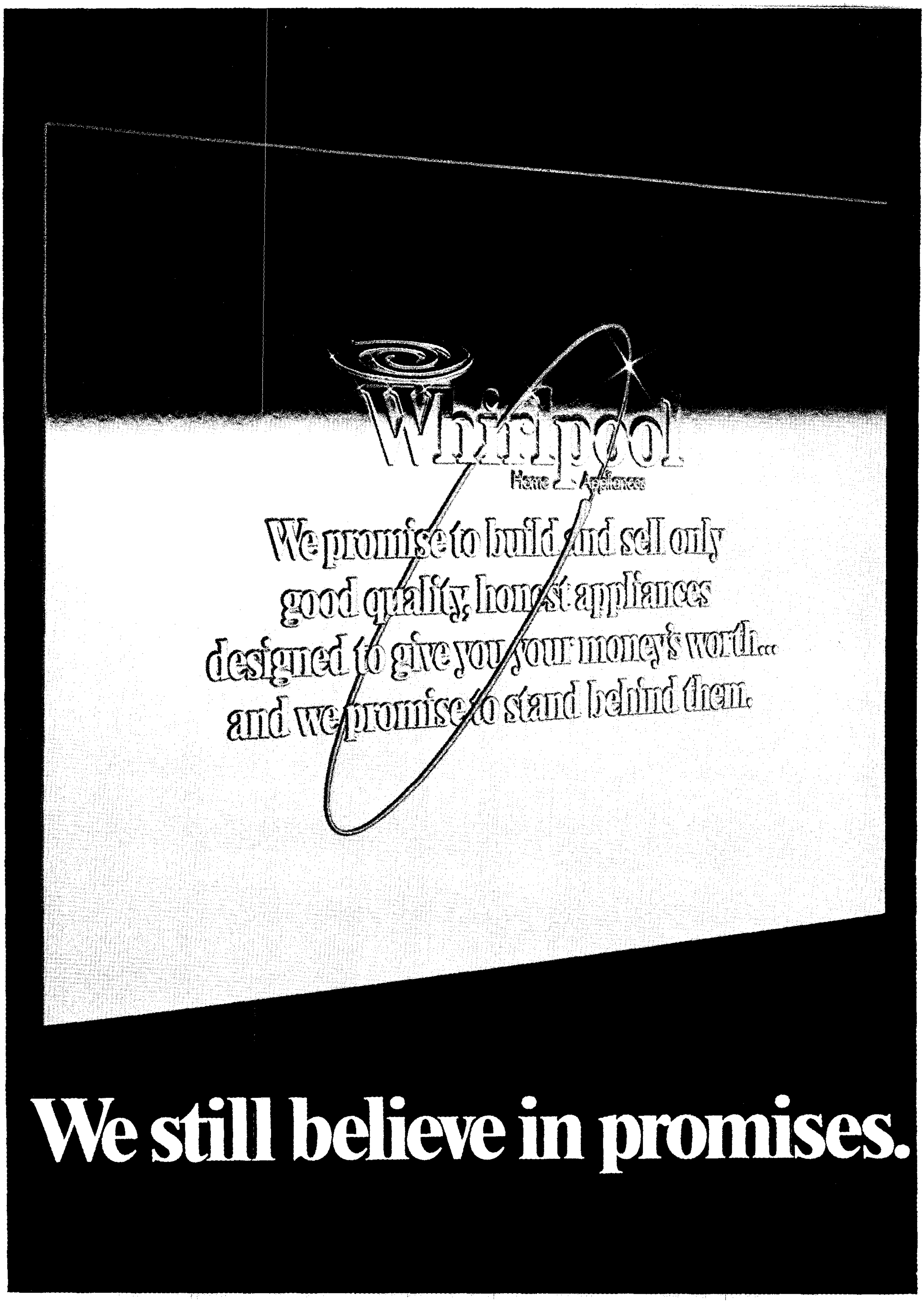
GIVE SOMEONE A GIFT THEY CAN USE 24 HOURS A DAY.

Like a brass or enamel boutique clock. A pocket-sized travel alarm. Or even a clock that tells the temperature and humidity.

Bulova has more clocks to choose from than anyone. And because they're made by one of the oldest names in timekeeping, you know they're as dependable as they are beautiful.

So whether it's for your mother, your father, a graduation or a wedding gift, give someone a Bulova clock. They'll love every minute of it.

Nobody ever has enough clocks. Except Bulova.


Whirlpool
Home Appliances

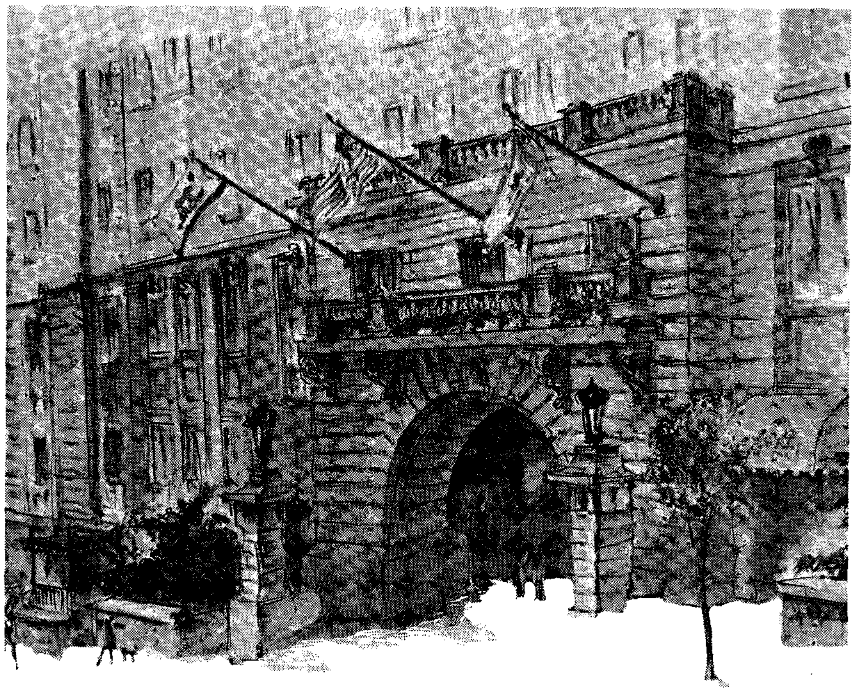
We promise to build and sell only good quality, honest appliances designed to give you your money's worth... and we promise to stand behind them.

We still believe in promises.

er. The State Department favored limiting both missile systems and their warheads. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency proposed reducing the number and the size of warheads. The only people who have steadily opposed breaking with the past and continue to favor limiting the vehicles that deliver nuclear weapons are the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "On this issue, the Chiefs are to the left of every agency in town," says an A.C.D.A. official. All this had to be resolved before the NATO summit conference in Bonn on June 10th.

As things turned out, the Chiefs won a battle. They successfully opposed the preferences of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and his advisers, who had been expected to prevail, and joined forces with the State Department, because its position most nearly resembled past approaches to SALT. In picking "the State-J.C.S. option," Reagan surprised many of those who were closely involved. He may have wanted to be sure of a strong endorsement for his position from the Chiefs. But in the current environment he must have also felt hard pressed to refashion his Administration's declaratory attitude toward arms control. In any case, he chose what must have seemed the most negotiable, or least non-negotiable, of the options put before him. The Russians would be certain to reject the Defense Department's approach, because it would affect their forces but not ours. Trying to reduce warheads instead of missile launchers, as the A.C.D.A. proposed, is more reasonable, but not, as many experts see it, an improvement over past practice; reducing launchers is a way of reducing warheads, too, but the reverse is not necessarily true, because most launchers contain missiles with multiple warheads. Also, warheads are easier to hide than launchers, and shifting the basis of the negotiations away from the latter to the former could make verifying an agreement more difficult. Just before Reagan made his decision, I asked Cyrus Vance what he thought of discarding the Nixon-Ford-Carter approach. "It will mix everything up if we move from launchers to these other forms of limitation," he said. "For one thing, it will be very difficult even to imagine verifying an agreement of the sort that some people now envisage"—meaning people around the President.

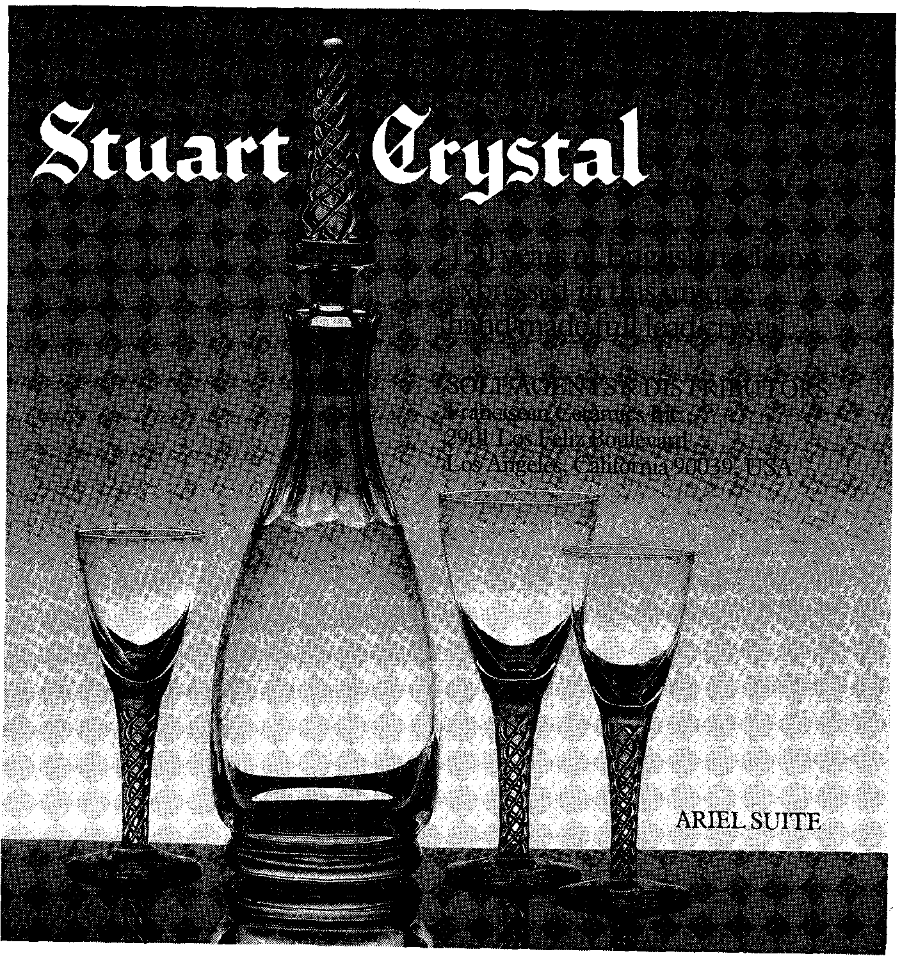
Actually, Reagan's proposal is far more ambitious in its sweep than anything his predecessors tried. It would



The
STANFORD COURT
Hôtel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Telex: 34-0899 Cable: STANCOURT• Member of Preferred Hotels Association.

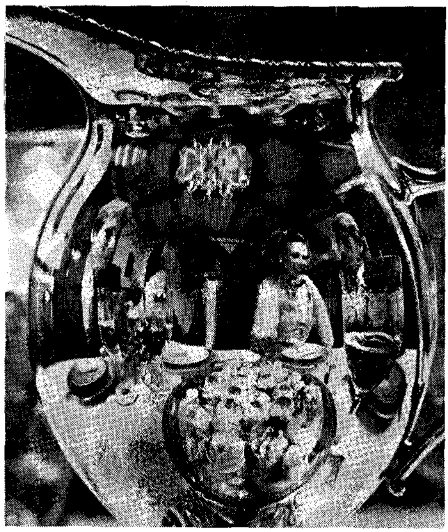


Stuart Crystal

150 years of English tradition
expressed in this unique
hand-made full lead crystal.

SOLE AGENTS & DISTRIBUTORS
Franciscan Ceramics Inc.
2901 Los Feliz Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90039, USA

ARIEL SUITE



Shine at your next party. Without polishing your silver.

3M has developed an amazing little piece of paper that will keep your silver from tarnishing for 6 months or more.

Put it near your silver in your cabinet, or any other confined area. It absorbs the air-borne sulfur that causes tarnish. And, unlike polish, it can not harm silver surfaces.

Order some today. And shine at your next party. Without the time and trouble of polishing.

To order, call toll free: 800-328-1449 or mail coupon to: DMS/3M, P. O. Box 959, Hicksville, NY 11802.

3M Hears You..

Call toll free: 800-328-1449 or mail coupon to: DMS/3M, P.O. Box 959, Hicksville, NY 11802. Please send me the following packages of 3M Silver Protector Strips (12 strips per package). I understand if I am not satisfied for any reason, I can return my order for a full refund.

☐ 25080—1 pkg. $5.50 ($4.50 + $1.00 S&H) $____

☐ 25098—2 pkgs. $9.75 ($8.50 + $1.25 S&H) $____

☐ 25106—3 pkgs. $13.00 ($11.50 + $1.50 S&H) $____

Applicable state sales taxes (all states except: AK, DE, MT, OR, NH) $____

TOTAL $____

Name

Address

City

State Zip

☐ Check or money order payable to 3M Silver Protector Strips (No cash please)

☐ American Express ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

Credit Card Acct. No. $10 minimum on charge orders

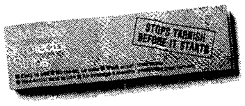
Expiration Date Mo.____ Yr ____

Signature 194

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer valid only in U.S.A.

3M Silver Protector Strips

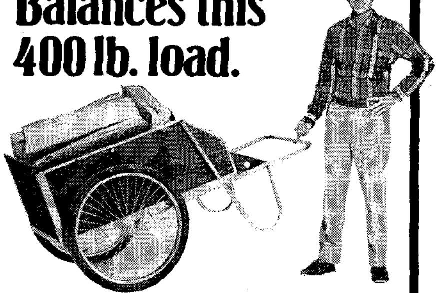
3M



oblige the parties to reduce missile warheads, of which each side has about seventy-five hundred, by a third. But the missiles that carry the warheads would have to be cut more drastically—to a ceiling of eight hundred and fifty. The Russians would have to reduce their missiles by nearly two-thirds—they have nearly twenty-four hundred of them, compared to seventeen hundred on the American side. This proposal is not a completed position but, rather, the silhouette of a position. It is much easier for the government to agree on the size of reductions than on a range of other issues, such as the limits on modernization of the forces—what to allow and what to ban. The Russians can be expected to insist on banning America's newest missile systems (the land-based MX and the submarine-based Trident II) as the price for any significant reductions of the most powerful and modern of their land-based missile systems—Washington's goal. Reagan and his defense advisers may be unwilling to accept any restraints on modernization, even though their proposal is aimed at forcing the Soviets to dismantle the major portion of their best weaponry. They feel strongly that America must rearm before it can accept meaningful limits on its arms.

The Administration says it may deploy the MX in new silos; doing that would violate the SALT agreements, which forbid building new silos, and the Russians are unlikely to accept any retreat from past agreements. How to verify compliance with the Reagan proposal and a fleshed-out new American position is certain to create an array of related issues. How to link START to the I.N.F. talks will be another problem. How to limit heavy bombers will probably be contentious; the United States has more and better bombers than the Soviet Union. Among other issues, none will be more difficult, or more revealing about the Administration's attitude toward arms control, than cruise-missile limits. Cruise missiles, unlike ballistic missiles, have wings, and never leave the earth's atmosphere. The Russians, who trail the United States in this technology, will insist on limiting ground-based and ship-based cruise missiles, as they have in the past. Unlike ballistic missiles, cruise missiles, when they are deployed on land or, particularly, on ships, are very difficult to count and otherwise keep track of. The Administration has said it will deploy several hundred nuclear-armed

ONE FINGER Balances this 400 lb. load.



The axle carries the weight-not you!

Our Cart's ingenious design allows you to carry ten times a wheelbarrow load — in one easy trip. You'll accomplish ten times as much...faster than ever! Why continue the struggle any longer? Send for FREE Literature today...on

THE INCREDIBLE Garden Way® Cart

or call Toll-Free 800-451-5088 Ext. 792

© 1982 Garden Way Inc

Yes! Please send FREE Garden Way Cart Literature today.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Garden Way Carts 01
Charlotte, VT 05445 Dept. A1892C

Superb Supper
(even on Sunday!)

- After-theatre Supper Buffet from 9:30 p.m., Mon.-Sat.
- Oak Room Supper with **Steve Ross** His Piano, His Songs from 9 p.m., Wed.-Sat.
- Sunday Supper with Steve Ross from 5:30 p.m.

HOTEL Algonquin

59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.-2 a.m.)
RESERVATIONS: Robert

Casuals

HANDMADE • HAND SEWN
SOFT SOLED
FOR UTMOST COMFORT

BROCHURE AVAILABLE

Belgian Shoes
60 E. 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

cruise missiles on submarines. The Navy also has plans to deploy hundreds, perhaps thousands, of conventionally armed cruise missiles, but these won't be distinguishable from the nuclear-armed versions. The Russians have indicated that if America does move in this direction, they will follow suit. At that point, with both sides deploying ultra-modern cruise missiles at sea, neither could be sure of what the other's exact capabilities were. And arms control, which is based on reliable estimates, would probably be dead.

Almost none of these issues were examined by the Administration before the President's speech at Eureka College. Now they are being worked on. The various methods of dealing with them—the options—will be shaped by people who, in most cases, agree with Reagan that America should negotiate from a position of greater strength. Those who feel this way most keenly —and have been the most skeptical of SALT—are a small group of officials in the Defense Department; on these issues they have great influence with Secretary Weinberger, who is close to the President and influential, despite his defeat on the issue of throw-weight. His associates in Defense know that negotiations must go forward. Their strategy—according to colleagues in other agencies, who describe it as "ask for the moon"—is to press for sweeping, one-sided American positions that would almost certainly not be negotiable with the Russians. But any Soviet response is supposed to vindicate the strategy. Soviet rejection of an American proposal would be proclaimed by Weinberger's people as meaning the Russians weren't interested in serious arms control, while Soviet agreement to negotiate along such lines would prove that past Administrations had fielded weak positions. The spoiling strategy may yet be tried but not vindicated. Each of the Administration's steps in the upcoming negotiations will probably be made public and exhaustively analyzed by other governments, the media, and the arms-control experts. The situation is a far cry from what it was as recently as last autumn and winter.

If the Reagan people misplay the rare opportunity they have, the effect on arms control could be damaging but would probably not be fatal. Although the arms-control process is obviously not eternal, it is a hardy one. Most experts are convinced that in an Administration that feels as this one

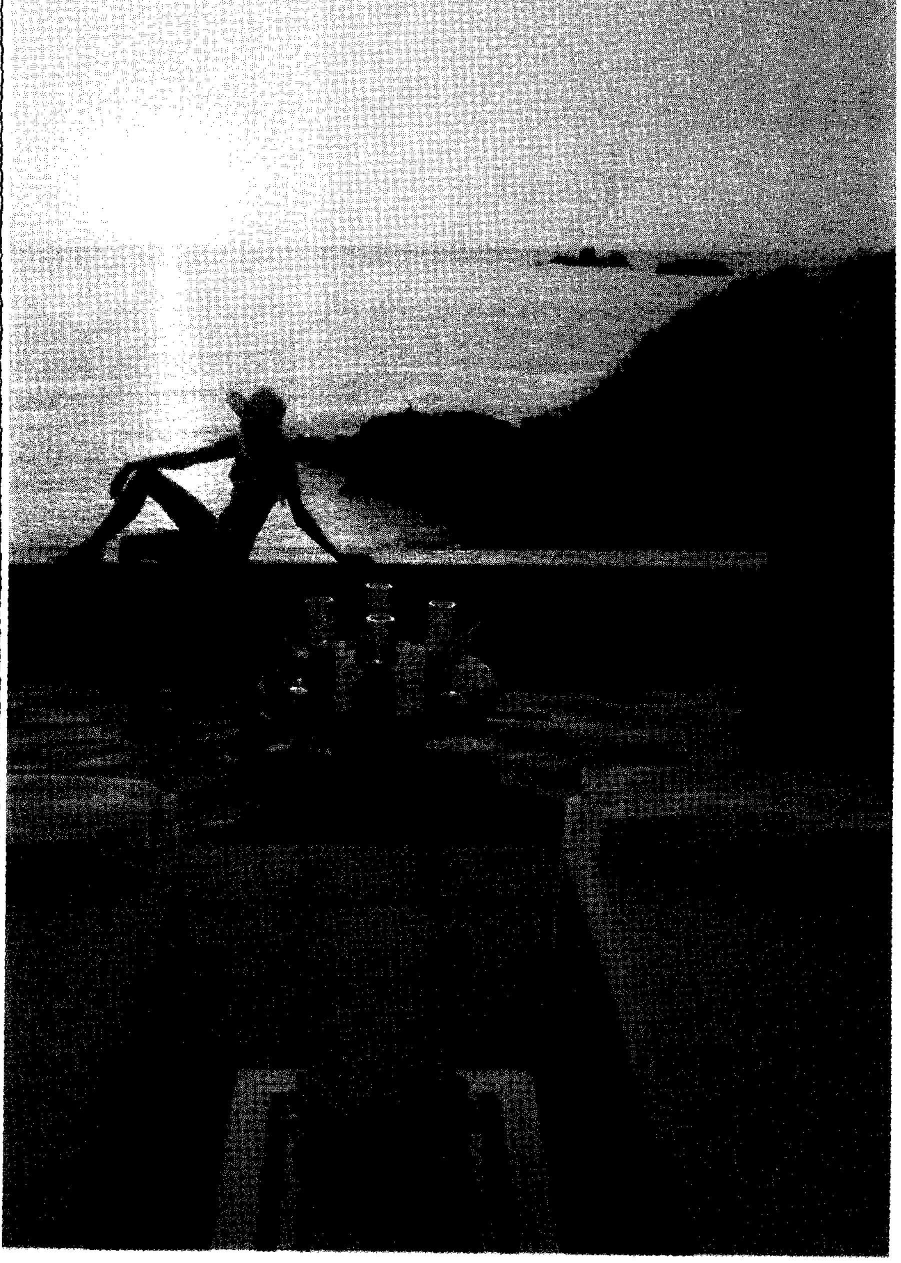
THE MOST EXOTIC HOTEL IN MEXICO. THE MOST ROMANTIC PLACE ON EARTH.

The Camino Real Ixtapa is the ultimate resort. Rising out of the jungle like a spectacular Mexican pyramid, it faces a secluded cove of the Pacific, near romantic Zihuatanejo. The terraced design gives every room a stunning view of the sweeping crescent beach.

Here, more than half of your living space is a lanai open to the warming sun and cooling breeze. Your privacy is so absolute, you'll feel worlds away. Yet you can also enjoy delicacies prepared by some of the world's great chefs. Join in the magic of a twilight fiesta. Or let yourself drift in any of four splendid pools.

For reservations for the most exotic and romantic vacation on earth, call your travel agent or 800-228-3000.

WESTIN HOTELS
CAMINO REAL
IXTAPA/ZIHUATANEJO



does the best hope actually lies in the SALT agreements already concluded. Both sides are not only observing the SALT I interim agreement (which expired years ago) but are also complying with the limits and restrictions of the unratified SALT II treaty. This is curious but reassuring. The Reagan people, although they are harshly critical of SALT II, continue to comply with its provisions presumably because they think that it is in the national interest to do so. America may have created a new international convention —the treaty that is signed and then faithfully observed even though it is not ratified. The process isn't quite as simple as it seems, however. In both Moscow and Washington, there are continuing pressures from the bureaucracy to cease complying with the SALT agreements. The larger danger of "breakout" might seem to lie on the Soviet side, because the agreements constrain their forces more than they do America's. However that may be, there is heavy pressure from various officials within the Defense Department to discontinue observing some parts of the agreements. (Weinberger, though, told me he knew of no plans along those lines, and Haig is saying that the Administration will comply as long as the Russians do.) Cyrus Vance says flatly, "Time is running out. There are pressures on both sides to take steps not permitted by the agreements. The Soviets, too, are worried about this."

THE chances are that a great many people don't know what to make of the country's sudden preoccupation with nuclear arms, or how to think about the issues and about the widely divergent opinions they hear. Those who haven't been swept up in the freeze movement may not understand exactly how it differs from SALT, which many experts are saying makes much more sense than a freeze. Other experienced people see the freeze idea as popular shorthand for SALT and its aims. I asked Henry Kissinger about the freeze, and he said, "In a sense, it is what we have tried to do in SALT all along. I have great difficulty in understanding the difference between the SALT process and the freeze proposal." He meant that in either case the idea is to discourage the modernization and expansion of nuclear forces. SALT II was a long step in that direction. Representative Les Aspin, a Democrat from Wisconsin who is an expert on security matters, thinks that the freeze

Look into the Christian Dior eyewear collection.

Exotic is Your Dior.

The dining favorite of Europe – Basket by Villeroy & Boch – In your travel abroad you have seen the Basket pattern enhancing the finest tabletops of the continent. Its success in America has been no less resounding. Now the dinnerware is joined by a full ensemble of porcelain and enamelled steel gourmetware. Write for complete folio of the table appointments found in distinguished world-class restaurants and the fashionable households of France, Belgium and Germany. Villeroy & Boch, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010, USA

Crystal Lugano
MORE THAN A LITTLE CONTINENTAL
Villeroy & Boch

proposal has been very useful in making people aware of the danger of the arms race, but he says, "We could do better if we ratified SALT II. SALT II, which is still pending before the Senate, wouldn't freeze the Soviet arsenal. It would reduce it." Among other things, the treaty would oblige the Russians to reduce their strategic delivery systems by about ten per cent. The combination of SALT II and a comprehensive test ban, on which agreement was in sight but which is hostage to SALT, would give even the most demanding of the freeze advocates most of what they seek. And, it is argued, the Russians might be more receptive to Reagan's approach if the treaty they negotiated over a period of six and a half years with three Presidents was formally adopted. Since Reagan's proposal would also require years of negotiation, if it is negotiable, a formalized SALT II treaty could act as a barrier, *ad interim*, to an arms race. Brezhnev, in his speech of May 18th, said, "It is necessary to preserve everything positive that was achieved earlier." With this predictable language, he aligned the Soviet Union with a number of figures in both American political parties—Kissinger is a Republican example—who say they can't understand why an agreement that both sides are observing can't be ratified; not to ratify it, some of them also say, will confirm Soviet doubts about the seriousness of the Administration's intentions. The Russians have the upper hand in this argument, and they will surely make the most of it. Yet the Reagan people, despite the awkwardness of their position, insist that SALT II is dead and won't be approved. Their strong feelings about the SALT experience were reflected in Weinberger's annual report to Congress for fiscal year 1983; it said, "Despite the [SALT] agreements we negotiated, the Soviet Union steadily increased its investment in nuclear strategic forces even though we reduced ours. Our land-based deterrent forces have become highly vulnerable even though one of our main purposes in SALT was to prevent such vulnerability. And Soviet nuclear offensive capabilities now exceed by far our most pessimistic forecasts of 15 years ago, when we estimated what might happen should our SALT efforts fail—as indeed they have." Still, the SALT II agreement, unblessed, may disrupt matters and continue to torment the Administration.

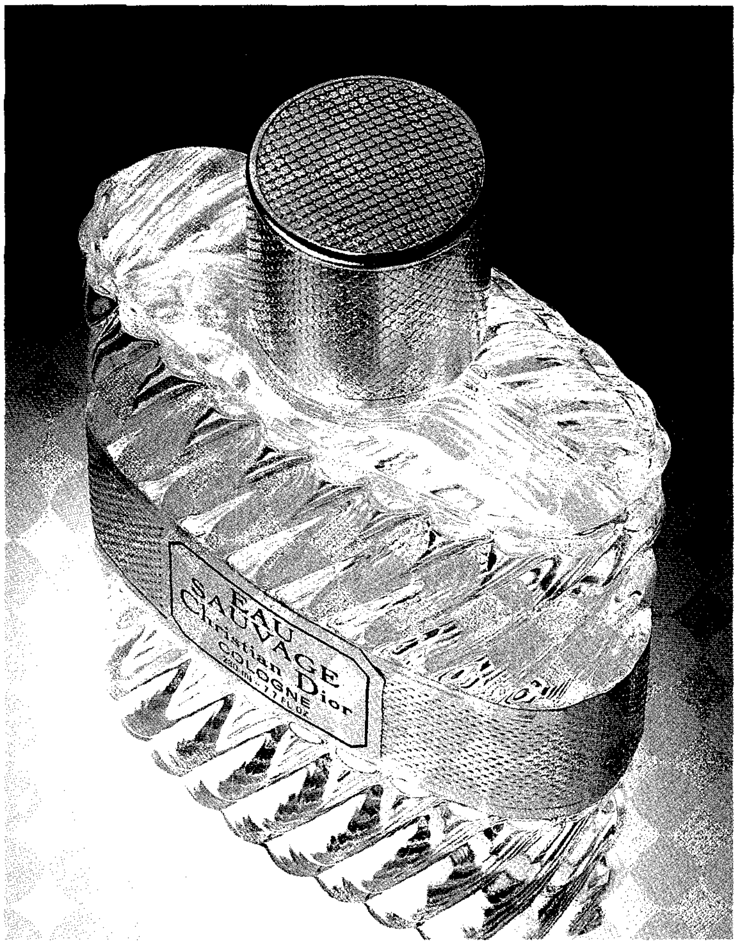
On the issue of which superpower,

ENTER THE PRIVATE WORLD OF LAS BRISAS.

Far from the world, your days and nights in Las Brisas are spent exactly as they should be.
Privately.
Secluded in your own casita. Cutting strokes in your private pool. Basking in the sun on your terrace.
Even outside the private domain of your casita, Las Brisas seems worlds away. The casitas and villas climb 1,200 feet from the beach to the crest of the hillside high above Acapulco Bay. Here, you can indulge in exquisite dining. Dancing. Tennis. And the only private beach club in Mexico, with sailing, skiing, and scuba diving.
Hundreds of thoughtful employees stand by at your beck and call. Efficient. Unobtrusive.
To bring your most private dreams to life, call your travel agent or 800-228-3000.

WESTIN HOTELS
las brisas

Christian Dior
POUR HOMME



EAU
SAUVAGE

Virile. Discreet.

Refreshing. Uncompromising.

A fragrance of masculine refinement.

Exclusively Dior.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

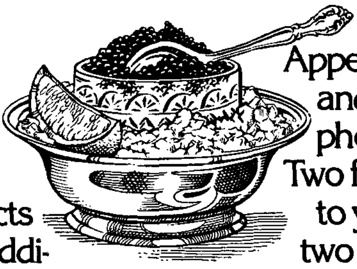
if either, has the better strategic position, the differences between the Reagan people and their critics appear to be unbridgeable. Not everyone in the Administration would say, as Reagan did, that the Soviet Union has achieved superiority. But everyone does say that the Russians have the momentum, and also an ability to threaten America in a way that America cannot match. In short, the buzz words are "momentum" and "vulnerability"—"window of vulnerability" being the fashionable phrase. According to Haig, who took up the momentum question in a speech on April 6th, Soviet efforts over the past ten years to build up nuclear forces "have far outstripped those of the West," and he said, "A freeze at current levels would perpetuate an unstable and unequal military balance. It would reward a decade of unilateral Soviet buildup and penalize the United States for a decade of unilateral restraint."

The idea that the United States rested on its oars in the nineteen-seventies strikes a number of other experts and authorities as odd. In that decade, both sides accumulated the largest aggregation of destructive power the world has ever seen. The Soviet Union created three new land-based missiles, a new submarine, and new submarine-launched missile systems. America created the Trident submarine, the Trident missile system, and a long-range cruise missile, with which its heavy bombers will soon be equipped. The Russians built more new systems, mainly because they were far behind technologically. On both sides, however, the stress was on expanding one's forces by equipping missile systems with multiple warheads—specifically, with MIRVs (the acronym for "multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles"). The United States actually deployed about five hundred more new missile warheads in the nineteen-seventies than the Russians did: the American total was about fifty-five hundred, the Soviet about five thousand. It is true that, as the Administration says, the Russians spent more on strategic weapons in the nineteen-seventies than America did. That was mainly because they built more entire new weapons systems, whereas America was mainly improving the systems it already had.

The term "window of vulnerability" popped up during the Senate's hearings on SALT II, in the summer of 1979. It describes a time fast ap-

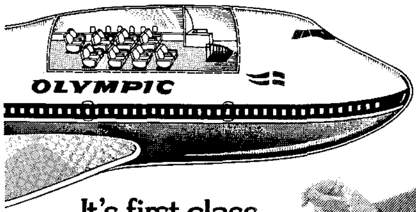
They're dancing in the aisles over Olympic First Class

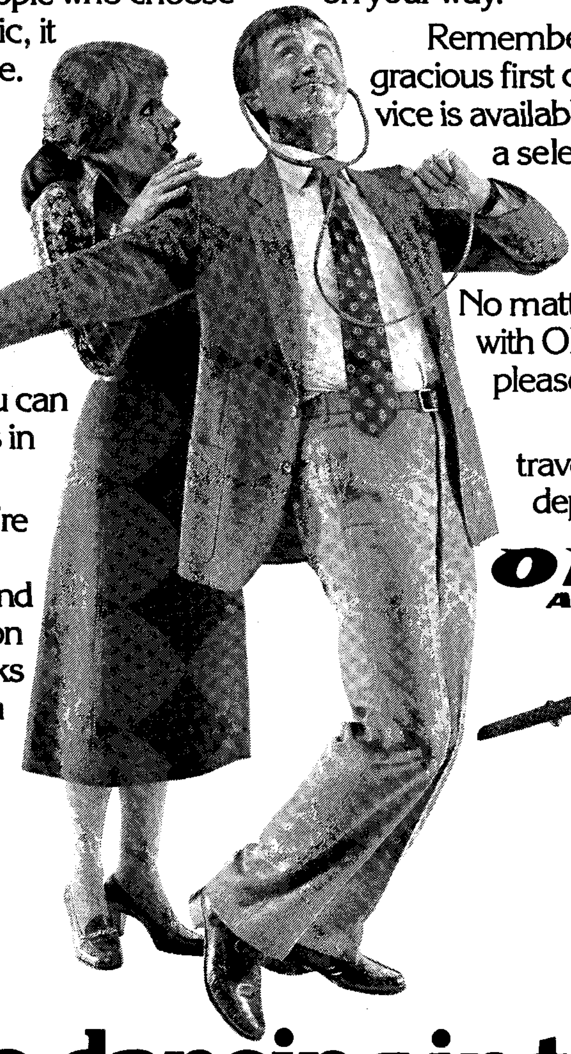
For $900 less



When you fly first class on an Olympic daily 747 widebody flight from New York to Athens, you get all the luxuries one expects in first class. And you enjoy an additional unexpected pleasure. You pay $450 less each way than you would on any other airline flying nonstop to Greece.

For the 16 privileged people who choose to travel first class on Olympic, it is truly a first class experience.

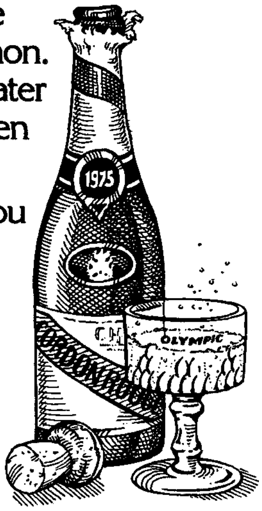




It's first class from start to finish.

Before you take off, you can sip complimentary cocktails in our exclusive V.I.P. lounge.

Once you take off, you're seated in a private upstairs cabin—far above the noise and the crowd. Dinner is served on gold rimmed china and drinks from fine crystal. And what a dinner it is…



French champagne and caviar. Appetizers of foie gras, smoked salmon and lobster. Entrées like pheasant and filet mignon. Two flight attendants to cater to your every whim. Even two private rest rooms.

And, of course, when you land you get preferential baggage handling to speed you on your way.

Remember, this gracious first class service is available only to a select few.

So make your reservations early. But we do have one small request.

No matter how pleased you are with Olympic First Class… please, no dancing in the aisles.

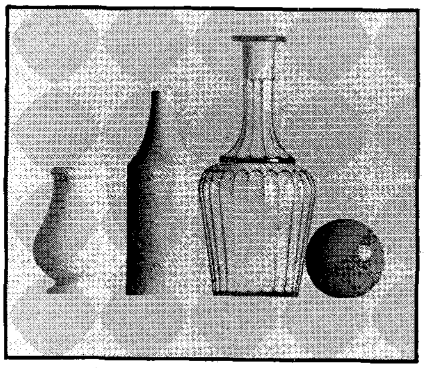
For reservations call your travel agent, corporate travel department or Olympic.

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

1957-1982
25

Please, no dancing in the aisles

What your home could have in common with the Met, the Tate, and the Louvre.



Francois Vidalens' *La Boule Verte*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 225.

Beautiful, original works by artists who are represented in the world's great museums and galleries can be yours for very reasonable prices.

We offer original etchings, lithographs and serigraphs signed by Calder, Chagall, Dali, Miró, Renoir, Vasarely and other important artists.

Francois Vidalens' delicate lithograph, *La Boule Verte*, is one of the many fine prints we've made available.

Our expert advice and full money-back guarantee are your assurances that the art you buy will have lasting value and beauty.

Send for our colorful, descriptive catalogue, without obligation.

Visit our new gallery located at 215 Lexington Avenue, Mon–Fri, 9–5 PM. Telephone: 212-685-9400 Ext: 35

© 1982 OPCG, LTD

Original print collectors group, Ltd.

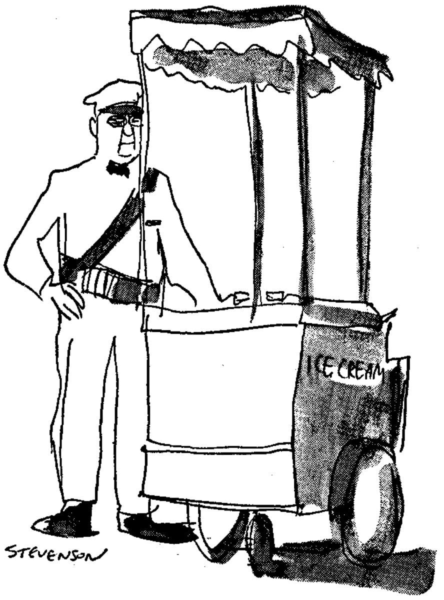
215 LEXINGTON AVE.,
DEPT. NY-81, NEW YORK 10016

PLEASE SEND ME YOUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

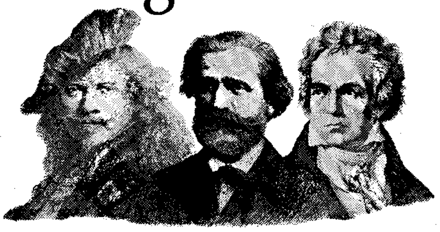
NAME ______________
PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS ______________
CITY ______________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

proaching when improved Soviet missile forces will, in theory, be capable of destroying America's silo-based missile forces. The problem is, as many have argued, that the President might be unwilling to retaliate against Soviet society with America's alert submarine and bomber forces, because to do so would invite the destruction of our cities. The argument goes on to suggest that because America lacks a similar ability to threaten Soviet missiles with a lightning first strike its leadership could be intimidated by Moscow during a crisis. Every Administration since Johnson's has wrestled with this problem. Steps were taken in SALT to contain it; the hope was that sequential agreements would destroy its credibility. And new missile systems—notably, the MX—are supposed to give this country a first-strike ability the equal of Russia's.

Coping with the window of vulnerability has been a frustrating experience for Reagan and his defense advisers. Closing it was their top priority, but—like others before them—they haven't hit on a way of deploying the MX missile that doesn't create more problems than it is supposed to solve. The MX may be bargained away in negotiations and never deployed. (That would suit the arms-control people, who deplore the prospect of two vulnerable missile forces deployed against each other in a "use them or lose them" situation. As they see it, any incentive that the Russians might have to strike preëmptively would be strengthened by the deployment of the MX, because it could threaten three-fourths of the total Soviet strategic power; by contrast, Soviet missiles could threaten about twenty-five per



Visit San Francisco this summer and see the giants.



Enjoy a dazzling festival
of Music, Theater, Opera,
Dance and Art.
For a complete calendar
of events call
(415) 861-ARTS.

SF SAN FRANCISCO SUMMER FESTIVAL
A city-wide celebration of the lively arts.
May 28 – August 15.

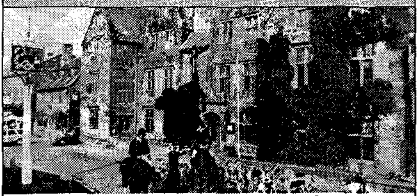
AMERICAN COUNTRY FURNITURE

CONNECTICUT CUPBOARD, circa 1780-1790

We have been finding and reproducing the best of Country Furniture for many years. Our furniture is made by individuals for individuals; for people who seek out furniture that is made to span the centuries. Send $2 for color catalog to:

SIMMS & THAYER CABINETMAKERS
P.O. Box 35N, 1037 Union St.
No. Marshfield, Mass. 02059
617-837-0271

THERE ARE ONLY 30 PRESTIGE HOTELS IN BRITAIN

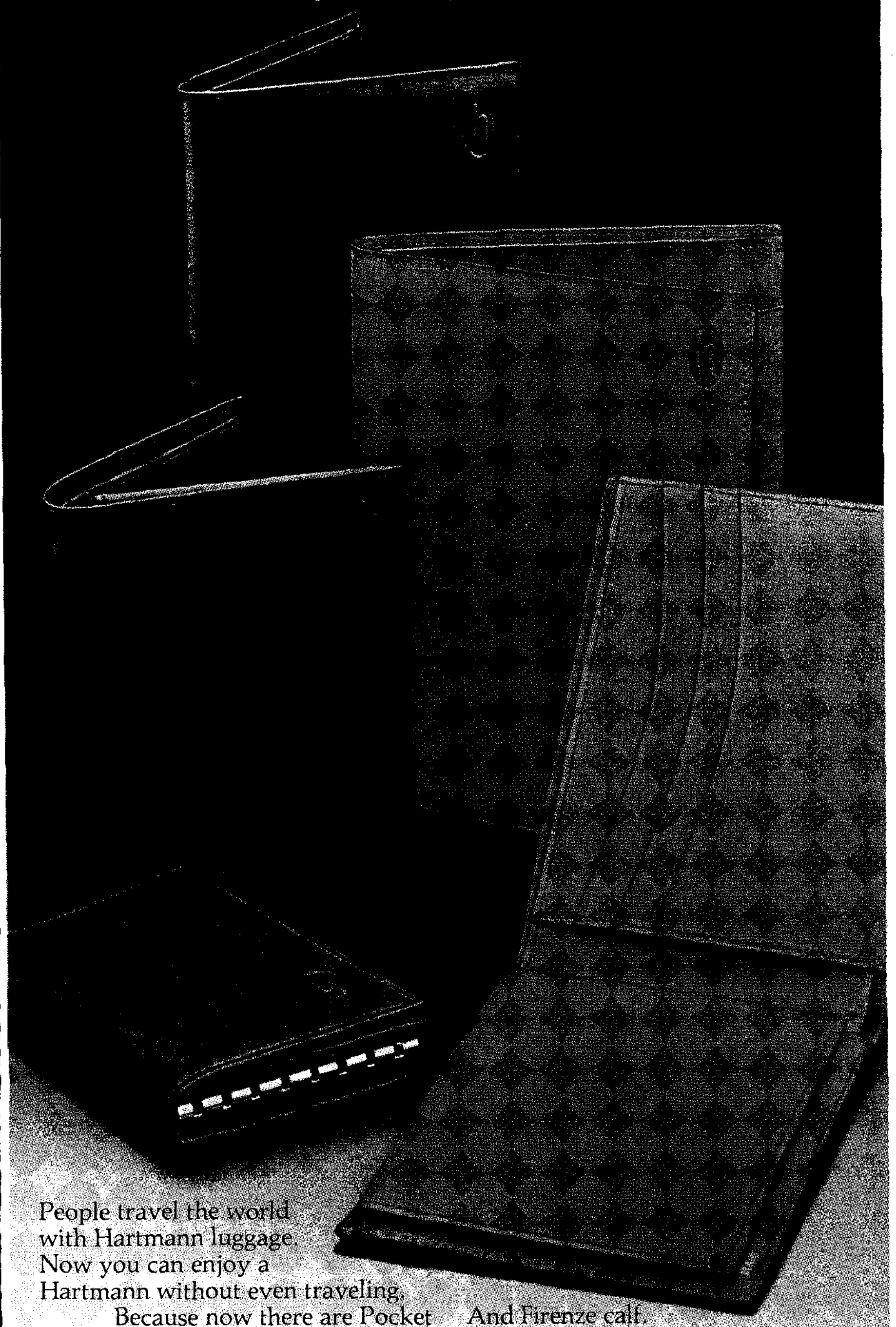


The Lygon Arms is One

In Broadway, near Stratford in the heart of the Cotswolds, the Lygon has been providing hospitality and luxurious comfort for the discerning traveller since the 16th Century. For brochures, information, reservations: Scott Calder Int'l. N.Y. (212) 535-9530 • (800) 223-5581.

cent of America's strength.) Moreover, shortly after the Reagan Administration took office the window began to be spoken of as more apparent than real. Numerous knowledgeable and experienced people had never actually taken the threat seriously, but they began expressing their doubts publicly and, in some cases, ridiculing it. The military editor of *Strategic Review*, a conservative and respected journal, wrote last summer, "Nothing has been put forward which technologically supports the belief that we (or the Soviets) could, with any degree of confidence, expect to hit one silo at ICBM range, let alone 1,000 of them distributed over an area equal to one-third of the United States." He meant, among other things, that missiles could not be aimed at enemy targets with the same degree of confidence that is felt when they are launched on a similar trajectory on the testing ranges. For various technical reasons, they would almost certainly be less accurate and less reliable. And, quite apart from the practical difficulties, there would, of course, be huge risks. The side attacked, if it saw the incoming missiles soon enough, might empty its silos in swift retribution; or, if it didn't do that, it could use its surviving weapons to destroy the attacker. Even in the unlikely event that a Soviet first strike succeeded, this country, according to experts, would still have several thousand nuclear weapons with which to attack most, and perhaps all, military targets of interest and Soviet cities as well.

Worrying about the vulnerability of one's own forces feeds sentiment within the government to make the opponent's forces equally vulnerable; when that sentiment takes hold, notions about isolating cities from the ravages of nuclear war acquire weight. Every recent Administration has stated that a President, if he were to be forced into nuclear war, should have the widest possible range of targeting options in order to limit destruction. The previous Administrations all took steps to make American forces more versatile. However, this one, in its rhetoric and in the emphasis it is giving to a "nuclear-war-fighting capability," has gone beyond its predecessors. For planning purposes, contemplating a limited nuclear war means figuring out how to survive and win it. So much has been said on this subject by Reagan's people that the President recently felt constrained on two occasions to say that nuclear war isn't



Now you can put a Hartmann in your pocket.

People travel the world with Hartmann luggage. Now you can enjoy a Hartmann without even traveling.

Because now there are Pocket Hartmanns.

And the same exquisite workmanship, detailing, and leather that have made Hartmann famous for fine leather luggage are making Hartmann world famous for fine leather wallets and many other personal pocket leathers.

The Pocket Hartmanns are made of the most luxurious leathers. Belting leather. Butter-soft calf. Crushable calf. Ultra-fine polished calf. And Firenze calf.

They are finely crafted by the most precious instrument in the world, the human hand.

And they are all made wafer thin because Hartmann believes wallets should be felt only when they're not in your pocket.

The Pocket Hartmanns. They may be little, but they make a big impression.

The Pocket Hartmanns

Du Pont TEFLON® soil & stain repeller

Hartmann pocket leathers available in belting leather, luxurious Ultrasuede® butter-soft calf, crushable calf, ultra-fine polished calf, and Firenze calf. Hartmann also makes a complete line of fine luggage and men's and women's attachés. Send for a list of your nearest Hartmann dealers. Dept. N-6A
© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087.

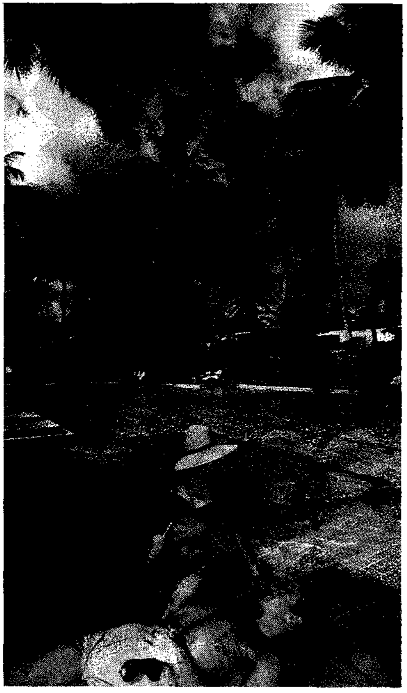
TWOGETHER
The Ultimate All Inclusive One Price Summer Holiday

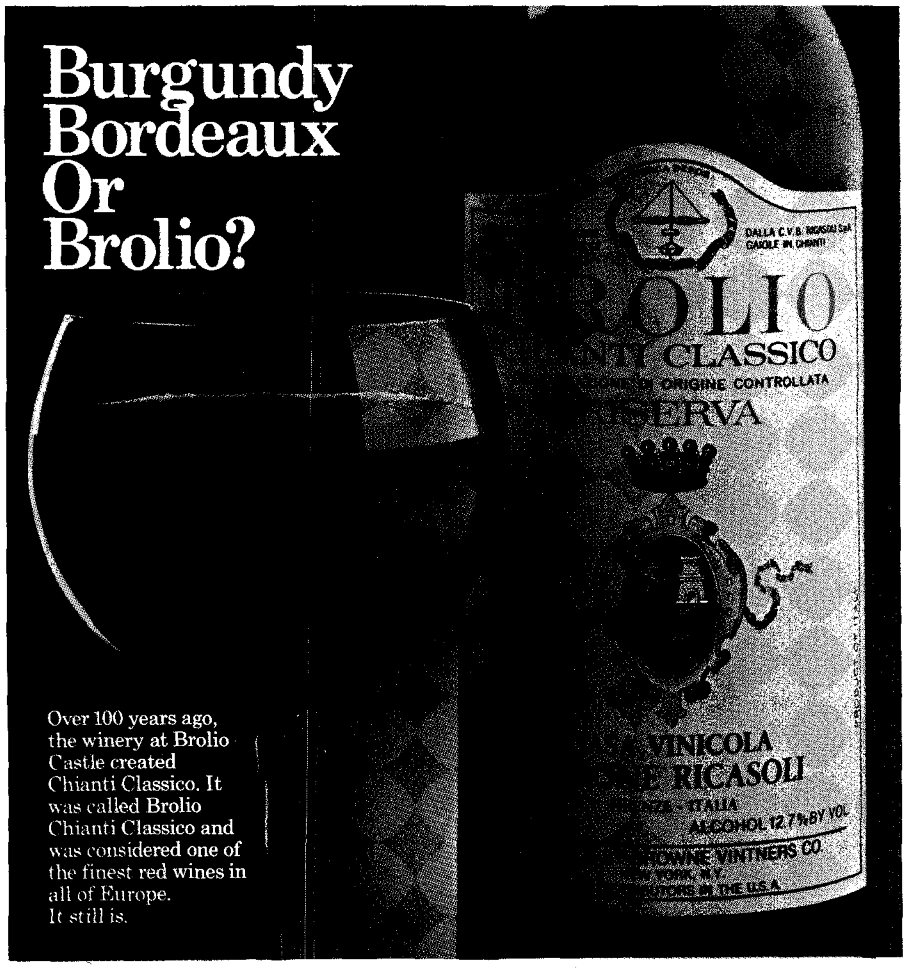
Beautiful accommodations • Breakfast, lunch & dinner every day, with wine at dinner • All sports–from golf on two 18-hole Robert Trent Jones championship golf courses to tennis to sailing • And much, much more–including taxes & gratuities! See your travel agent or Eastern Air Lines or call (800) 545-4000 for our 1982 brochure.
*per person, double occupancy (excluding airfare); effective April 15-Oct. 1, '82.

$599* 8 days/7 nights

EASTERN
America's favorite way to fly.

DORADO
BEACH HOTEL • DORADO • PUERTO RICO
A REGENT ® INTERNATIONAL RESORT





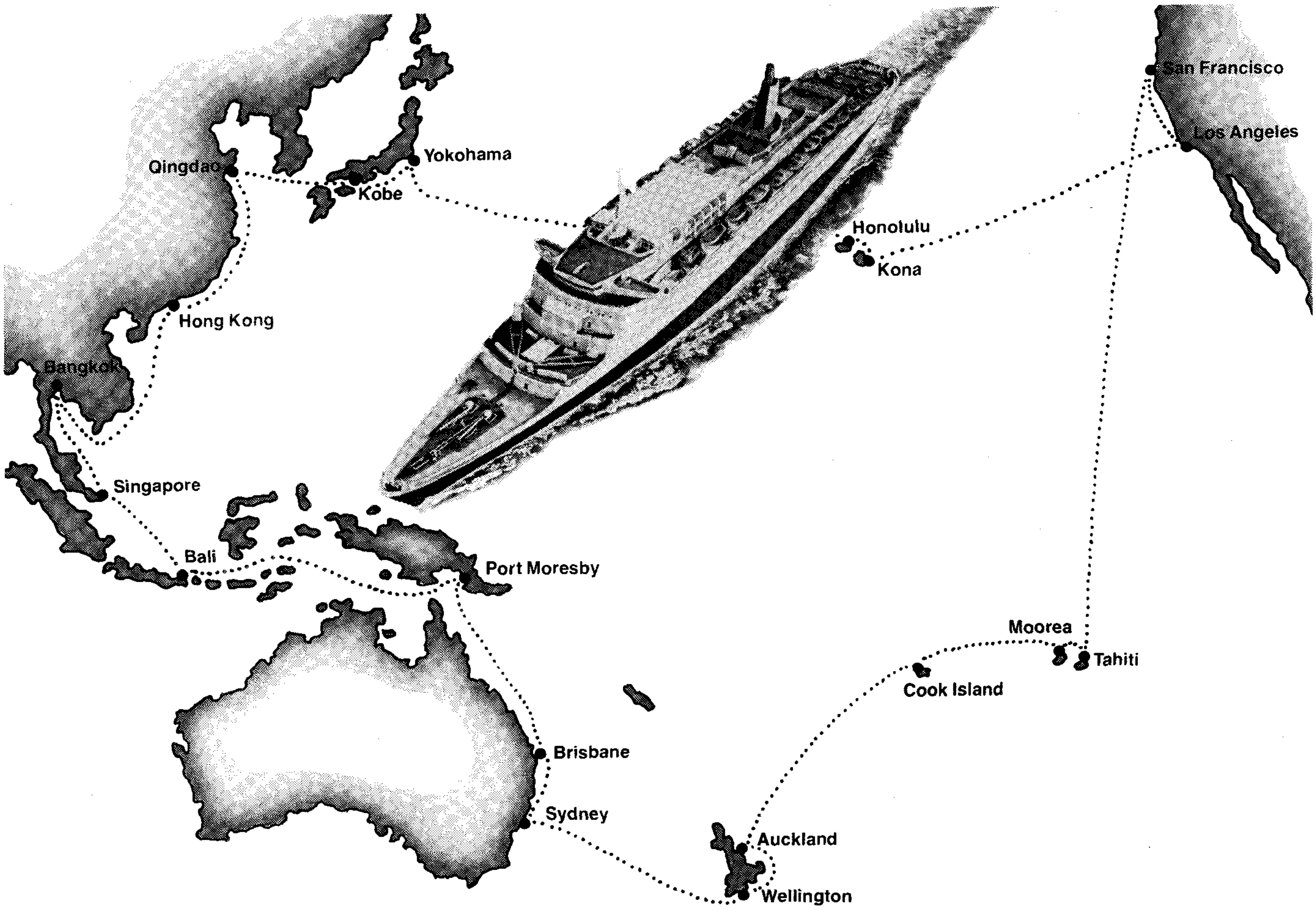
Burgundy
Bordeaux
Or
Brolio?

Over 100 years ago, the winery at Brolio Castle created Chianti Classico. It was called Brolio Chianti Classico and was considered one of the finest red wines in all of Europe.
It still is.

winnable. His Secretary of Defense and some other senior officials are surrounded by people who disagree. One of these, who appears in print more often than most, is Colin S. Gray, aged thirty-eight, who is a founding partner of the National Institute for Public Policy, a new think tank situated just outside Washington, in suburban Virginia. Most of Gray's time belongs to the Departments of Defense and State, and to the A.C.D.A.; he consults with them all on related subjects—notably, protracted-nuclear-warfare scenarios, NATO nuclear warfare, and arms control. He has also been selected for membership on the General Advisory Committee—a body of people outside the government who advise the President, the Secretary of State, and the director of the A.C.D.A. on arms-control matters and have independent access to them. In the summer of 1980, he wrote an article in *Foreign Policy*, with Keith Payne, called "Victory Is Possible." In it, they said, "Nuclear war is unlikely to be an essentially meaningless, terminal event. Instead it is likely to be waged to coerce the Soviet Union to give up some recent gain. Thus, a President must have the ability not merely to end a war but to end it favorably. . . . The United States should plan to defeat the Soviet state and to do so at a cost that would not prohibit U.S. recovery. . . . The United States should identify nuclear targeting options that . . . would destroy the Soviet state and enhance the likelihood of U.S. survival if fully implemented. . . . A combination of counterforce offensive targeting, civil defense, and ballistic-missile and air defense should hold U.S. casualties down to a level compatible with national survival and recovery."

A State Department official who deals with the defense planners says, "They work with what they call post-exchange recovery scenarios, and some of these cover periods as long as five years. A scenario may assume eighty million dead on either side. The question is, Who is in a position to recover more quickly? The war never really stops; it goes on intermittently. One side gradually builds back its communications and its bomber runways. The other side destroys them again, with weapons fired from submarines that have remained on station, and so forth."

The point is not that planning for extreme and improbable contingencies is going on; that kind of thing nor-



THE QE2 INVITES YOU ON THE FIRST VOYAGE OF PERSONAL ENRICHMENT TO THE PACIFIC AND ORIENT.

Join the one-and-only Queen Elizabeth 2 in Los Angeles on Jan. 31, 1983, for her 61-day Circle Pacific and Orient Odyssey—a major travel experience encompassing in-depth visits to 19 fascinating ports and on-board give-and-take with some of the most dynamic, successful people you could ever learn from.

China's Qingdao, 5 other new ports. With the speed of the last of the great superliners, the QE2 shows you more ports in less time, and gives you more time in port, and many overnight stays. One of her six maiden arrivals will be Qingdao (Tsingtao), in the People's Republic of China.

In just 61 sun-drenched days, you'll visit Tahiti, Moorea, Bali and other island paradises. Spend leisurely days and nights in Singapore, Bangkok (Pattaya) and Honolulu. Visit the Great Barrier Reef. And get to know New Zealand (Auckland, Wellington), Australia (Sydney, Brisbane) and Japan (Kobe, Yokohama). Rates: $12,950 to $65,000*

QE2 Life Enrichment: a new kind of adventure. Filling your days at sea with workshops and personal consultations, renowned authorities will counsel you on everything from fashion and finance to fitness and well-being.

Last year, QE2 passengers met with Dr. Christiaan Barnard, Vidal Sassoon, Dr. Joyce Brothers, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and others. What you take away will last your whole life long.

The Golden Door Spa at Sea. The world's most renowned spa, the Golden Door, will be on board with a full fitness program of exercises, lectures and nutrition.

Designed for world cruising. The QE2 is 963 feet of grandeur, 13 stories of nonstop excitement. Her style and comfort are legendary: large and lavish staterooms, four restaurants, five nightspots, a theater, a disco, a glamorous casino, a gym and jogging track—amid nearly an acre of open deck.

Free airfare, Trans-Canal savings. Fly free to and from California for your 61-day cruise or choose to begin or end the Odyssey in New York or Florida with one or two 14-day Trans-Canal cruises at 50 percent savings.

If your time is limited, join the Queen en route for as little as two weeks, on one of Cunard's independent segments or packages.

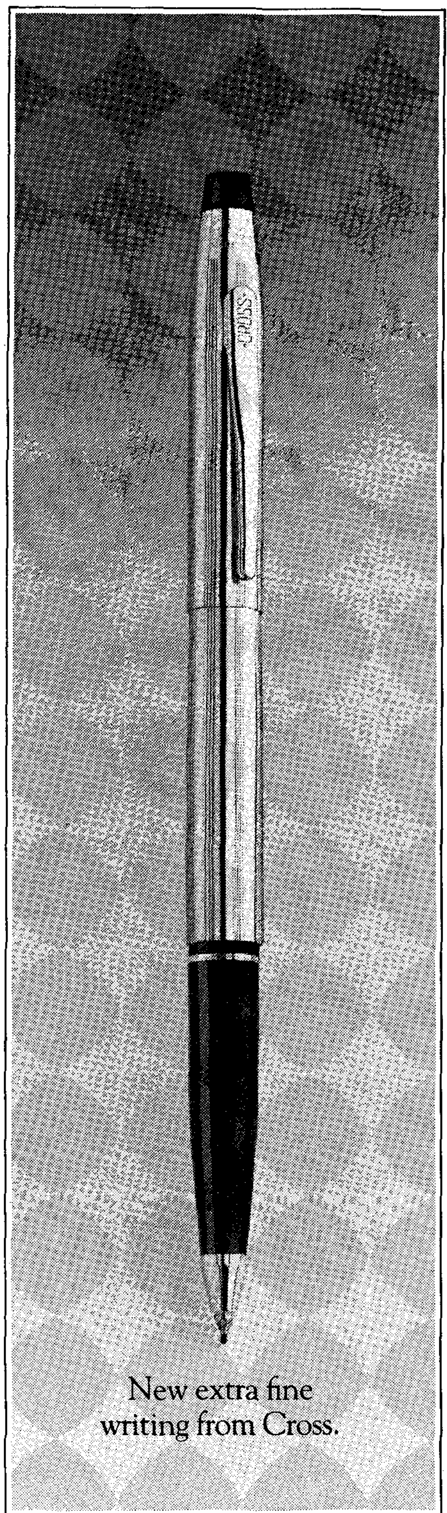
See your travel agent or contact Vaughn Rickard, Cunard, Dept. NY67, 555 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. Or phone him at (212) 661-7777.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, LIVE.

CUNARD

British Registry

*Rates are per person, double occupancy; minimum rate subject to availability.

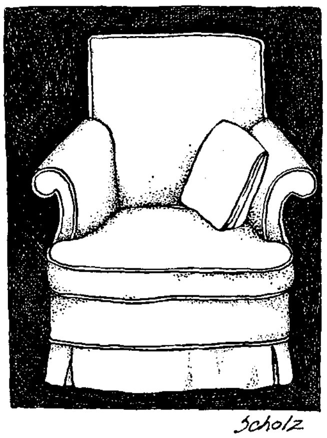

New extra fine writing from Cross.

NOW A DISTINCTIVE GIFT IS EVEN FINER.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846
Timeless Cross excellence in the Selectip Pen.
In your choice of medium, fine and new extra fine porous tips. Suggested prices from $16.50.
Now the finest name in writing is even finer.

mally does go on. The point is the heavy emphasis on the subject in this Administration. The idea that nuclear war can be wholly, or even largely, limited to strategic targets seems to a great many experienced people to be dangerous nonsense. For example, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, writing in the Washington *Post* last October, said, “One does not know whether to be amused or alarmed by some of the precious and pseudo-sophisticated talk going around about strategies for limiting damage in a nuclear war. It is suggested, for example, that counterforce strikes would send a signal to the other side that we would limit our strikes to military targets (in the hundreds) and that the other side would accommodate by leaving our cities alone. If the idea is to send signals, the best way to send a signal is to pick up the phone and talk to them. . . . Several hundred nuclear missiles aimed at ‘military’ targets, with their accompanying cones of deadly fallout and the fatal pollution of the earth’s atmosphere, cannot be distinguished from an all-out nuclear strike, except by playing with words unrelated to the real world.”

In the current planning for nuclear war, it is apparently a short step from excluding cities to defending city dwellers. There are many people in this Administration (there were also some in the last one) who think that the Soviet Union holds a big strategic advantage because of its civil-defense program. The ability to protect its citizens, like the ability to threaten American missile sites, they think, will encourage Soviet adventurism and intimidation, and could also enable the Russians to “win” a nuclear war. The Soviet civil-defense program is supposedly based on an orderly and systematic evacuation of masses of people from population centers. It isn’t clear, even to American officials who take all this seriously and think that we, too, should have such a program, exactly how the evacuees would fend for themselves. One of these officials is T. K. Jones, the Deputy Under-Secretary of Defense for Strategic and Theatre Nuclear Forces; he recently acquired notoriety by telling the Los Angeles *Times* what he had been telling audiences around the country about how to survive nuclear war. “Everybody’s going to make it if there are enough shovels to go around,” Jones said. The idea is “to dig a hole, and cover it with a couple of doors and then throw three feet of dirt on top. It’s the dirt that does it.” Over the years, Jones has written by the yard on this subject. He and a colleague warned in an article that appeared in a journal called *Orbis* in the fall of 1978 that “to overpower the Soviet population defenses would require a five- to tenfold increase in the U.S. strategic arsenal.”

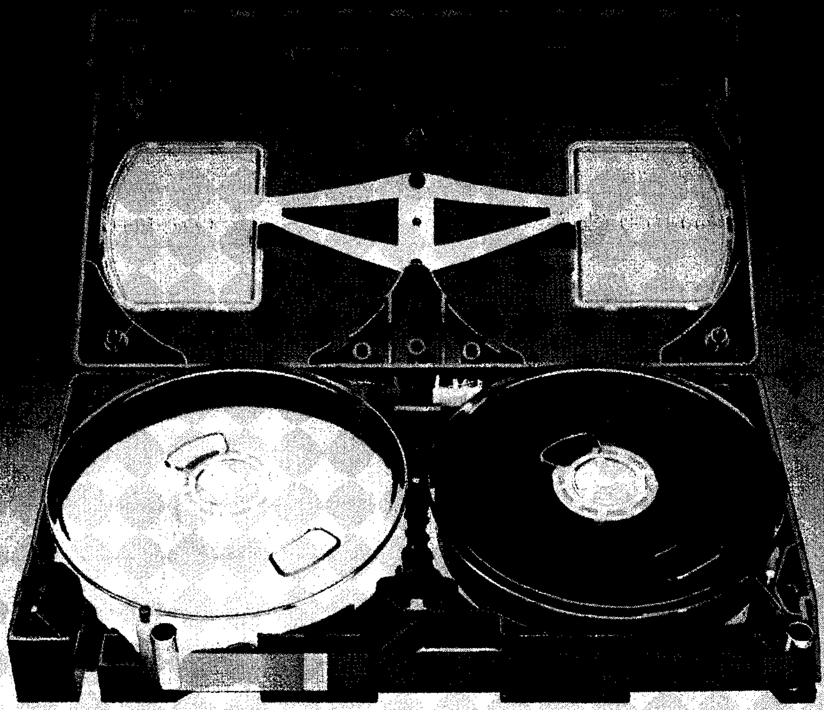


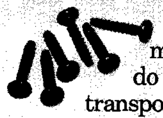
The Administration has asked for four billion two hundred million dollars over the next seven years to expand civil-defense programs. The people in charge of the programs say that the United States could survive a nuclear attack and recover within a relatively few years. Not many outside the programs support that view. Little is known—reliably—about Soviet civil defense, and the reason may be that there isn’t a great deal to it; that, at least, is the opinion of several people who have looked into it. There aren’t many people anymore who think that either side could do much about defending its society in a nuclear war—not when each side has several thousand nuclear weapons with which to attack the other. Some of the Administration’s critics see two of its concerns as contradictory. The missile silos are supposedly vulnerable because they could be attacked without warning. But civil defense based on mass evacuation—“crisis relocation” is bureaucracy’s term—assumes several days of warning time. The Administration seems confused about other military issues as well. Haig and Weinberger couldn’t agree on whether NATO’s contingency plans included firing a nuclear demonstration shot, and the President couldn’t supply the answer. In his most recent news conference—on May 13th—Reagan mistakenly said that submarine-launched missiles, unlike those in silos, could be intercepted, or recalled, if they were launched inadvertently. (He made four other misstatements on the nuclear issue in this news conference.) And several weeks before that, on April 14th, Weinberger surprised the entire defense and arms-control community by saying, "Soviet missiles are now more accurate than ours." Everyone was aware that Soviet missiles have more throw-weight, but America's had always been considered more accurate. And against hard military targets accuracy is the critical quality, not throw-weight: every twofold improvement in accuracy is equivalent to an eightfold increase in yield. Soviet missiles are much more accurate than they once were—enough so to make mathematically plausible the idea that they could threaten American missile silos. But no one thought that the accuracy gap had been altogether closed, and, as it turned out, it hasn't been. Two days after Weinberger's statement, other Pentagon officials, after being asked, said that none of the long-range Soviet missiles were as accurate as the most modern of America's Minuteman missiles.

On one point there is general agreement: no one, in or out of the Administration, would prefer to fight a nuclear war with Soviet weapons. After the President asserted that there was a margin of Soviet superiority, his deputy press secretary, Larry Speakes, was asked if the President would trade America's nuclear forces for the Soviet Union's. Speakes said, "That strikes me as highly unlikely." General David C. Jones, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, expressed the military opinion in his fiscal year 1980 annual report to Congress: "I would not swap our present military capability with that of the Soviet Union, nor would I want to trade the broader problems each country faces."

AS the freeze and related movements reached a peak a few weeks ago, the spring issue of *Foreign Affairs* appeared, with an article that widened the discussion and increased the Administration's annoyance over it. The article was written by four prominent former government officials—McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, and Gerard Smith. Each has had wide exposure to East-West security matters—Bundy as National Security Adviser to two Presidents, McNamara as Secretary of Defense to two, Kennan as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and Smith as chief negotiator during SALT I. In the article, they proposed reviewing a basic principle of America's military doctrine—its willingness to be the first to use nuclear weapons in order to

A video cassette mechanism needs to be more than a package for your tape.





Your video cassette mechanism needs to do more than store and transport your video tape. Because a lot can go wrong with your picture that has nothing to do with your tape.

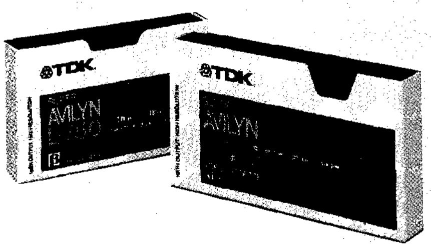
Our specially engineered cassette mechanism maintains proper tape tension, preventing jamming and snapped leaders so that your tape can have a longer life.

We also designed our mechanism for optimal tape-to-head contact to prevent skewing and jitters. And we use stainless steel pins to support the guide rollers which provide better alignment and tape-edge protection than the plastic pins used by some manufacturers.

TDK maintains tolerances up to 2½ times tighter than industry standards. We even build our video cassette shell halves to micron tolerances for an exact top and bottom match.

We do everything we can to make sure that TDK Super Avilyn video tape and the TDK super precision mechanism will combine to give you the best possible picture.

That's why our video cassette mechanism is every bit as impressive as our tape.



TDK®
The vision of the future.

©1982 TDK Electronics Corp.

defend against aggression in Europe. The article noted the presence in Europe of "thousands of aging short-range nuclear weapons" that "are hard to use effectively;" it argued against the notion that nuclear war could be limited to the battlefield; and it called for improving NATO's conventional forces, so that the alliance need not rely on nuclear weapons for its defense. Most NATO governments, however, have never been comfortable with the idea of relying solely on conventional forces. They argue that the Warsaw Pact's conventional forces are stronger than NATO's, and could best be deterred from attacking by the possibility that small nuclear weapons would be used against them defensively. There is a tendency in Europe to exaggerate the strength of the Warsaw Pact's forces and to underestimate that of NATO's. To do otherwise has seemed to mean accepting the possibility that Europe could once again become a battleground; reliance on nuclear weapons, because the possibility of using them seems so remote, tends to make warfare of any kind seem equally remote. But in the current environment there is growing fear in Europe that nuclear weapons might actually be used. So NATO's doctrine, not to mention its strategy, has become increasingly awkward.

The Gang of Four, as the authors of the article are being called in Washington, say that "the worldwide disaster of general nuclear war" requires "strengthened confidence in the adequacy of the conventional forces of the Alliance." It is clear, they say, that improvements can be made "within realistic budgetary constraints;" the real question, they say, is one of political will to take the step. I asked Representative Aspin what he thought about the military balance in Europe, which he has studied for many years, and he said, "According to C.I.A. estimates, NATO spends more on its forces than the [Warsaw] Pact does on its forces. The same numbers show the Russians outspending the U.S., but NATO does outspend the Pact. If NATO is behind, where is the money going? It has as many men under arms and some technological advantages." There are advantages on both sides; many analysts would say that the balance currently favors the Warsaw Pact, but probably not enough to matter much or to encourage aggression. Also, the doubtful reliability of the Soviet Union's Eastern

RHK207CV

*"With a view of
Hong Kong like this,
I don't know why
they bother
to have curtains."*

In Hong Kong, there is a hotel for perfectionists. Who expect their hotel to have remarkable service, famous restaurants, and a view of the city from their own room. The Regent of Hong Kong lives up to all this. And more.

the Regent
HONG KONG
A REGENT® INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

HONG KONG. BANGKOK. KUALA LUMPUR. MANILA. COLOMBO. FIJI. SYDNEY. ALBUQUERQUE. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. PUERTO RICO. MAUI. MONTREAL.
HONG KONG 3-7211211, TELEX HX37134; U.S.A. TOLL FREE 800-545-4000 OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

CARRIED BY THE MOST EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS

AND THE FINEST STORES-EVERYWHERE

New York B. Altman & Co., Bloomingdale's, Crouch & Fitzgerald, R. H. Macy **White Plains** Victoria Luggage **Nanuet** National Luggage **Hartford** G. Fox **New London** London Luggage **Hanover** Leather Galleries **Redbank** Surray Luggage **Cherry Hill** Deacon's Luggage **Washington, D.C.** Camalier & Buckley **Miami** Burdine's **Naples** North Shore Luggage

Du Pont TEFLON®
soil & stain repeller

Lark
LUGGAGE COMPANY, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

ROLLS ROYCE
RR
The
I banged up the car again
crystal.

The glasses shown here are museum pieces. Shouldn't you acquire some of them for your permanent collection?

On the left, Romantica, designed in 1959 by Tapio Wirkkala. Available in three sizes, priced from $7.50. On the right, Aarne, designed in 1948 by Göran Hongell. Available in seven sizes, priced from $7.00.

For colorful booklets about entertaining with iittala crystal, and the name of your nearest iittala dealer, send 50¢ to iittala, Dept. 12, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Phone (212) 689-7430. In Canada, write to iittala, Dept. 0, 10217 Cote de Liesse Road, Dorval, Quebec H9P 1A3. Phone (514) 631-1845.

iittala i finland

From Our Museum Gallery Collection.

KEEP A COOL HEAD

100% cotton terry cloth beats summer heat 2 ways: Use it to wipe your perspiring brow or douse it in water, wring it out and wear to keep cool on hot days. **Colors:** Navy Blue, Powder Blue, White, Yellow. **Sizes:** S(6¾-6⅞), M(7-7⅛), L(7¼-7⅜), XL(7½-7⅝), XXL(7¾-7⅞). **$7.75** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Here is my check or money order for $________
(Add sales tax for shipment into CA, CO, D.C., IL, MI, PA, WA).
RUSH my **#2002 Terry Cloth Toweling Hat.**
Color ________ Size ________
Name ________
Address ________
City ________
State ________ Zip ________
☐ **Send me your FREE outdoor catalog.**

Eddie Bauer®
Dept. ANE, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

Sizes 1-6 $18⁰⁰ Hand Smocked Sun Dress by Milnors

white polycotton dress with pink/blue smocking or pink dress with green/pink smocking – your choice plus $2.25 shipping/handling

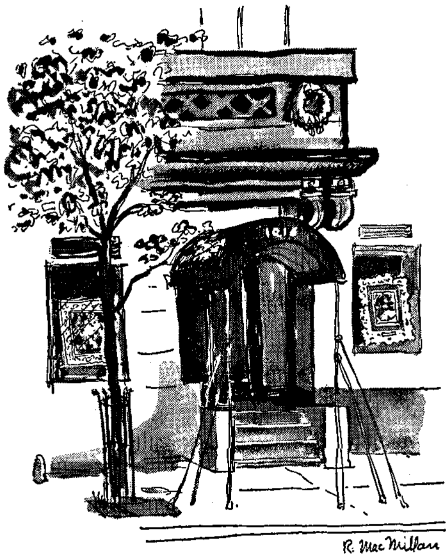
Send check or money order to: P.O. Box 15770
New Orleans • Louisiana • 70175
or charge on Visa/Mastercard
include # and expiration date.

THE ULTIMATE CAVIAR SAMPLER
4 OUTSTANDING VARIETIES
1 oz. Caspian Kamchatka
1 oz. American Sturgeon
2 oz. American Golden
2 oz. Alaska Salmon
$29⁹⁵ Delivered in U.S.
Catalog of great Foods
CASE OF 12 JARS (3 of each) $90.00 Delivered
Call Toll Free 800 221-1020
WITHIN NEW YORK STATE: 212 759-7410
Caviarteria Inc. CAVIAR CENTER U.S.A.
29 East 60th Street, N.Y. 10022 DPT. 80

European allies blurs the picture considerably.

Critics of the article point out that for more than thirty years NATO doctrine has helped to prevent a war in Europe. I asked a few other former senior officials what they thought about moving to a doctrine of "no first use," as it's called. Henry Kissinger said, "I originally favored the idea, or the doctrine, of limited nuclear war as a form of deterrence. But even after twenty-five years of experience with the idea nobody has ever produced a model of limited nuclear war I could support or which made any sense. I've always attacked the reliance on uncertainty in the idea, and yet I wouldn't want to oblige the Soviets by removing all uncertainty. As for the no-first-use proposal, I agree with the argument that we should rely more than we have on conventional forces. But I disagree with the doctrinal side of the proposal—with the declaratory willingness to lose a conventional war in areas like Europe by foreclosing the nuclear options that might avoid losing it. We don't want to encourage the notion that we invite defeat or are so afraid of nuclear war that the Soviets, with impunity, can engage in nuclear blackmail. How to reduce our reliance on nuclear weapons without altogether detaching ourselves from them is our big problem."

Cyrus Vance said, "I agree in principle with the idea of no first use, but feel we should adopt it only after negotiations that have created parity in conventional forces in Europe. At that point, we can withdraw the battlefield nuclear weapons, which are the most dangerous. The real danger is that if NATO forces were being overrun a very rapid decision on whether to go nuclear would have to be made. Once



RETURN TO THE ERA OF THE CATTLEMAN®
5 E. 45th St., NY, (212) 661-1200 From Lunch to Late Supper

Great American Wines! Sip a superb, prize-winning American wine from our uncommon wine list, then dine on a luscious prime steak amid true splendor. Enjoy exciting food, regional specialties and fine, fresh seasonal fruits and vegetables. Open 7 days.

Free Parking at Meyer's Garage, 46th St. between Madison & Fifth, with dinner 5-12 pm except Sunday

©THE CATTLEMAN INC 1982

M & W
MOZDZEN & WESCOTT LTD.
The ultimate in contract and residential interior design.
For appointment call:
516 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10036 (212)840-3036
664 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60611 (312)372-1100

FATHER'S DAY BALLOON IN-A-BOX
WE SHIP ANYWHERE IN USA.
Helium filled, beribboned "pop-up" balloon saying "Happy Father's Day." "I Love You." —any message. Stays up weeks.
Visit our store, write or phone. (212) 838-5115
Also balloons for: Birthdays Get well, etc.
R.D. Grimm Mkting., Dept. 152
865 First Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017
Free Brochure

SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
RIVER GUIDES OF MAINE & LABRADOR
3-10 day trips on the wild and remote rivers of eastern and northern Maine (incl. St. John and Machias Rivers). Instruction by professional Maine Guides in all aspects of canoeing technique and living comfortably in the northwoods. The finest fishing, food and company. Small parties, reservations May thru October. 3-week youth program. Major Labrador/Quebec expedition on spectacular Moise River in September. Brochure.
S.C.C.E., Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)

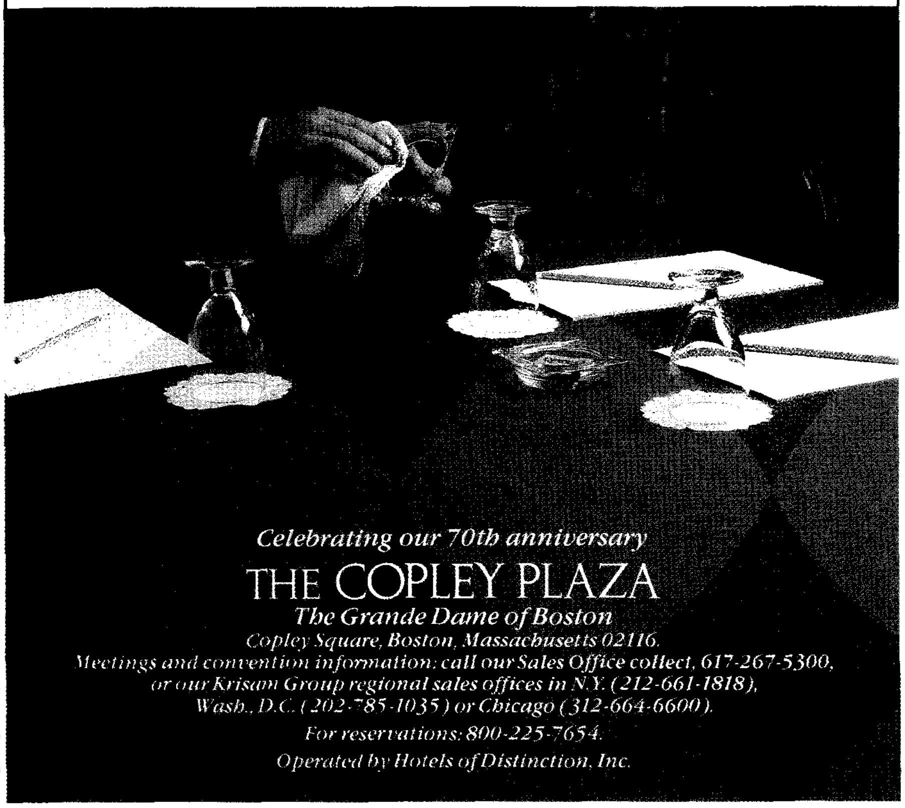
you make that decision, the spiral of escalation starts." Vance added, "We are stronger conventionally than we concede, although there is some disparity. I agree with the view that the Europeans tend to exaggerate the weakness of the conventional balance, because of their reluctance to yield the nuclear option. To do that would from their point of view make war—conventional war—less remote and thereby create the prospect of Europe becoming a battleground."

Kissinger agrees with Vance on the danger of the battlefield weapons, and thinks that they should be reduced in number. George Ball, a former Under-Secretary of State, has probably had as much involvement with Europe's security and its politics as any other living American. "I'm very glad my four friends have pushed this into the public domain, and I wish it had happened sooner," he said. "We must move away from the self-deception that a battlefield nuclear weapon might be used to avoid NATO forces' being overrun. Using it would create the very strong possibility of a general nuclear war. It lacks credibility and doesn't make any sense. And as long as we are in this posture we won't make the efforts required to strengthen our conventional forces. Clinging to this doctrine means—or seems to mean—that we regard these weapons as war-fighting weapons. They aren't. We can go only so long indulging in fantasies." Ball said that "the nuclear issue is being taken away from the priesthood," and went on, "People are asserting themselves, and the non-experts may have a lot better judgment on this than a bunch of mandarins."

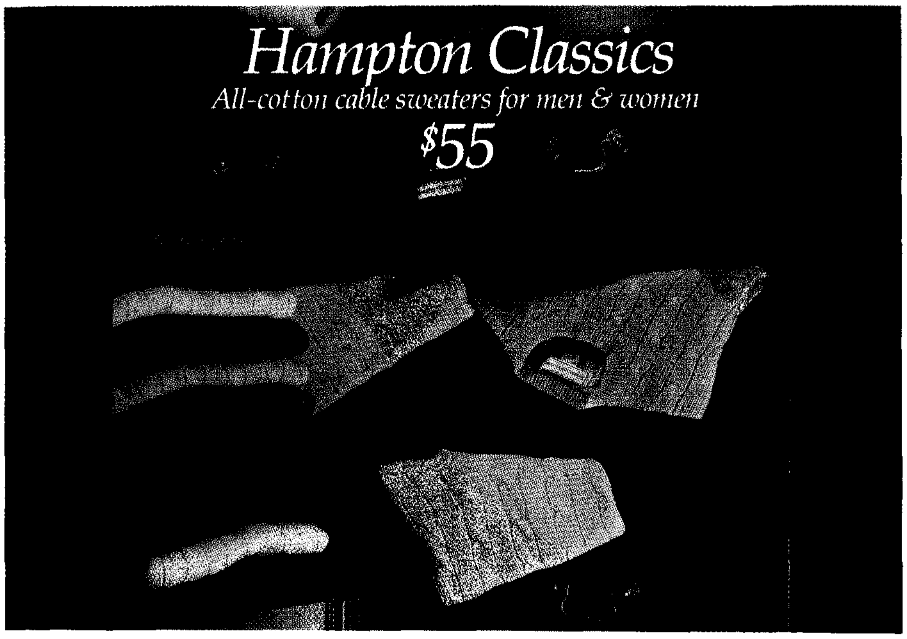
Haig's speech on April 6th was described in the press as "preëmptive," because its aim was to neutralize the *Foreign Affairs* article, which appeared later in the same week. He was harshly critical of no first use. "Those in the West who advocate the adoption of a 'no first use' policy seldom go on to propose that the United States reintroduce the draft, triple the size of its armed forces, and put its economy on a wartime footing," he said. "Yet in the absence of such steps a pledge of no first use effectively leaves the West nothing with which to counterbalance the Soviet . . . advantages." He said that the idea was "tantamount to making Europe safe for conventional aggression."

Paul Warnke has expressed the opposite opinion, saying, "To announce that the West is not capable of mount-

To meet in Boston is to meet at The Copley Plaza.



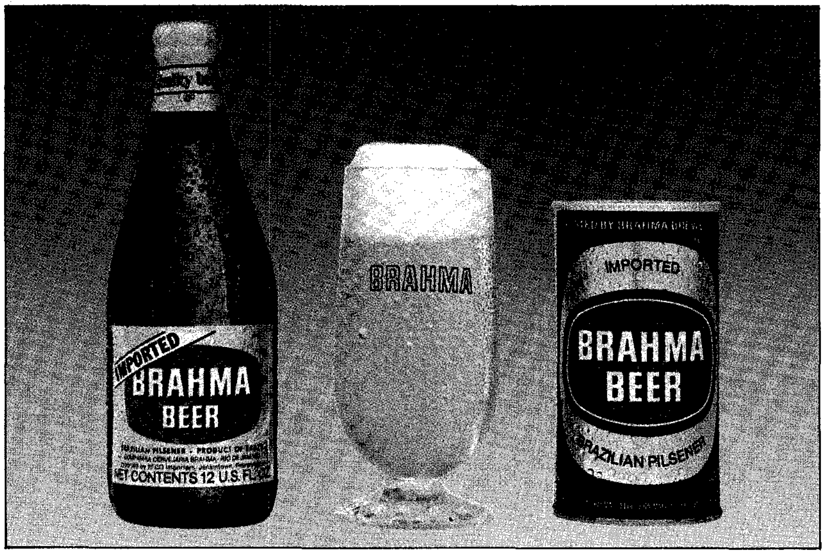
Celebrating our 70th anniversary
THE COPLEY PLAZA
The Grande Dame of Boston
Copley Square, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.
Meetings and convention information: call our Sales Office collect, 617-267-5300, or our Krisam Group regional sales offices in N.Y. (212-661-1818), Wash., D.C. (202-785-1035) or Chicago (312-664-6600).
For reservations: 800-225-7654.
Operated by Hotels of Distinction, Inc.



Hampton Classics
All-cotton cable sweaters for men & women
$55

Mail orders: Latham House East Hampton, New York, 11937.
Mens ☐/Womens ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL ☐ Crew Neck ☐ V-Neck ☐
Colors: *Pink* ☐ *Yellow* ☐ *Blueberry* ☐ *Black* ☐ *Raw white* ☐ *Lt. grey* ☐ *Lt. orange* ☐ *Navy* ☐ *Fuchsia* ☐ *Khaki* ☐ *Sky blue* ☐ *Jade* ☐ *Red* ☐
Payment: Check ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐
Card #__________ Expiration date __________
Add $2 for shipping & handling. NY delivery add 7¼% sales tax
Name __________
Address __________
City __________ State______ Zip______
Latham House
Southampton NY / Sag Harbor NY / East Hampton NY / 1329 Third Ave., NY NY

Taste the real taste of beer.



Brahma Beer

Ask for it! There's nothing like it! Brahma is Pilsener beer, brewed in Brazil, land of the tropical thirsts.

Let Latin America's No. 1 seller satisfy you perfectly, too! Great with meals. Brahma's made for you!

Imported by:
EFCO Importers
Benjamin Fox Pavilion - suite 723 A
P.O. Box 741, Jenkintown
Pennsylvania 19046
or TEL 215-885-8597

BRAHMA
Quality Products

an·droid

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. It's where the words live.

America's best-selling dictionary brings new life to words. And new words to life. Definitions for over 150,000 entries, including 22,000 new ones, are so clear and precise that "android" becomes a household word and "black hole" no longer scares you. We're constantly redefining "dictionary." An excellent gift for just $13.95. Merriam-Webster® Dictionaries, Springfield, MA 01101.

FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER®

© G. & C. MERRIAM 1982

ing a conventional defense is in fact to invite conventional attack. . . . If our only deterrent to Soviet aggression is the threat to save Western civilization by destroying it, we have only ourselves to blame and should not be surprised when we are not believed."

The revisionists are really arguing that a defensive alliance should be able to defend itself and should be convinced that it can—that nuclear weapons don't represent usable military power but merely deter other nuclear weapons. It isn't a new debate, only a more public one. In varying degrees, the four authors of the article were pushing in the same direction two decades ago. At the other pole lies an argument that NATO should make its doctrine more credible instead of retreating from it. It is alleged that this could be done by miniaturizing and otherwise improving battlefield nuclear weapons—the jargon term is "mini-nukes"—and using them sooner rather than later, with that decision transferred from the President to field commanders. In theory, the mini-nukes could be confined to the battlefield and shouldn't cause escalation. Colin Gray, for example, worries (doubtless with reason) that "the bulk of NATO's tactical nuclear inventory will be destroyed preëmptively," and he continues, "Only nuclear weapons can blunt and repel an armored blitzkrieg. Only if the response is preprogrammed (with weapons deployed and authority to use them pre-delegated) can we be sure that weapons will be used in time. . . . A tactical nuclear-war-fighting posture (featuring heavy and very early battlefield use) will guarantee that the Warsaw Pact can register no cheap, politically exploitable territorial gains."

Over the years, numerous military officers in the Pentagon have been made uncomfortable by the glib manner in which some of their civilian colleagues discuss plans for using nuclear weapons in combat situations. The civilian planners have studied and plotted the abstractions underlying the deployment and conceivable use of nuclear weapons; they have made a calling of nuclear strategy. Their uniformed colleagues, by and large, are less familiar with the ins and outs of the calling, but they have a better feel for combat situations; they are very conscious of the lack of predictability, let alone control, in many such situations. And, by and large, they tend to be uncomfortable with the notion that nuclear warfare can be controlled. Re-

"Speak softly and carry a big stick."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt wasn't talking about Western Union's Personal Opinion Telegram. But he could have been.

It's the fastest, most impressive way to speak your mind on any important issue. With the impact of a "big stick."

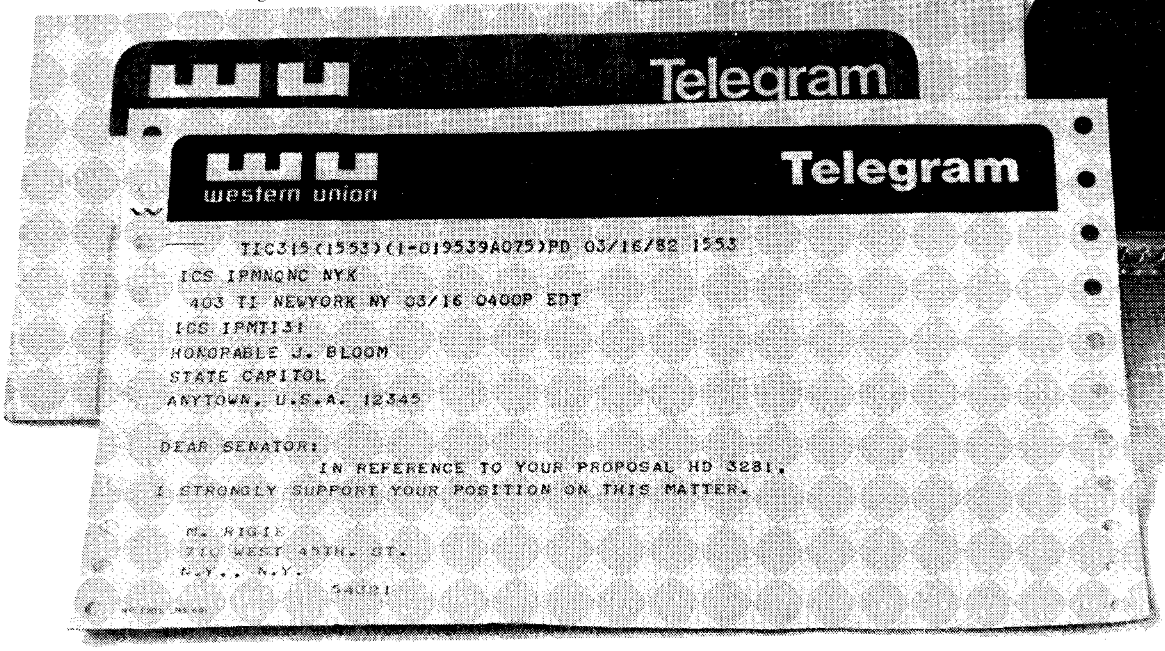
For just $4.25,* your thoughts will reach state or Federal officials. Fast. And we offer a special rate when you send messages to every member of the House or Senate.

Give your opinion clout. Call Western Union today. (The number's in the telephone directory.)

And send for our informative booklet, "Speak and Be Heard." It's yours free. Write to Rusi Patell, Dept. NY, The Western Union Telegraph Company, One Lake Street, Upper Saddle River, NJ 07458.

*Rate based on a 20-word message.

BETTMANN ARCHIVES


Telegram
western union
Telegram

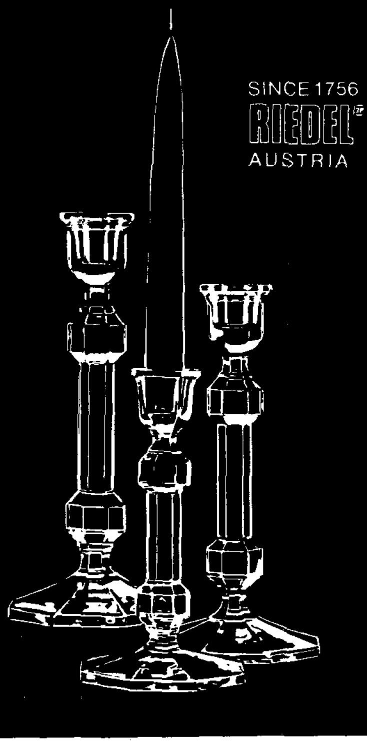
TIC319(1553)(1-019539A075)PD 03/16/82 1553
ICS IPMNQNC NYK
403 TI NEWYORK NY 03/16 0400P EDT
ICS IPMTI31
HONORABLE J. BLOOM
STATE CAPITOL
ANYTOWN, U.S.A. 12345

DEAR SENATOR:
IN REFERENCE TO YOUR PROPOSAL HD 3281.
I STRONGLY SUPPORT YOUR POSITION ON THIS MATTER.

M. HIGIE
710 WEST 45TH. ST.
N.Y., N.Y.
54321

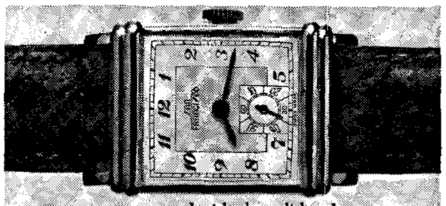
Personal Opinion Telegram

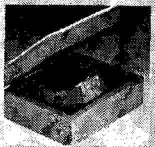
Call Western Union, day or night.



Candlelight is magic. Magic is the title of this lead crystal candlestick collection. All part of a dazzling ensemble calculated to bewitch and enchant. Write for the complete folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

SINCE 1756
RIEDEL®
AUSTRIA





Inside the solid mahogany box is a watch that meets all requirements for elegance and refinement. A 10 karat gold-filled case. A luxurious pigskin strap in sizes for ladies and gentlemen. And a shockproof, 17 jewel Swiss movement. $390.00

Price includes shipping. New York residents add 8% sales tax. Visa, MC, or Amex. Include card number and expiration date.

SAN FRANCISCO
975 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021
212-472-8740

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT®

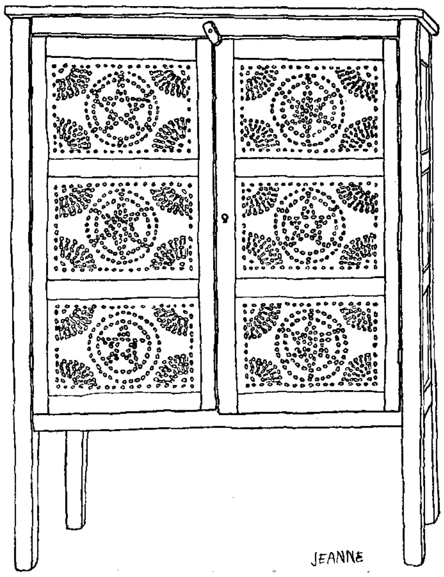
THE POINT

Breakfasts on sun-drenched terraces. Campfire picnics in the healing woods. Serious food and imported wines. A 1940 Chris-Craft, 23' Pearson, croquet, badminton and golf. Civilized relaxation in this former Rockefeller home in the Adirondacks with 8 rooms available to paying guests. Color brochure available.

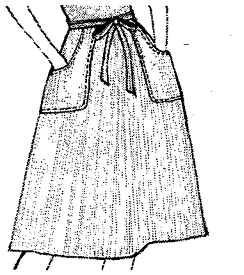
THE POINT, SARANAC LAKE, NY 12983 (518)891-5674

cently, a friend who worked in the Pentagon years ago told me about a senior staff meeting he attended during the tenure of Elliot Richardson as Secretary of Defense; the time was late April of 1973—the day, as it happened, when President Nixon asked Richardson to leave Defense and take over the Justice Department. The discussion at the meeting centered on NATO's defense doctrine. The case for the doctrine—notably, the idea that nuclear conflict could be limited to the battlefield—was argued vigorously by Dr. John Foster, who was then Director of Defense Research and Engineering. These meetings, my friend says, were normally routine affairs, in which the principals rarely said anything fundamental. This one became an exception. At one point during Dr. Foster's remarks, the late General Creighton Abrams, then the Army's Chief of Staff, interrupted with an expletive, followed, my friend said, by the statement "One mushroom cloud will be reported as one hundred, and that will probably be the end of the world." At that point, the discussion meandered off onto other topics.

It may not be a good time for a debate on no first use. European governments are beset by economic difficulties and, in some cases, by the political burden of having agreed to have the new American missiles deployed on their territory. Strictly speaking, the four authors have called for a reappraisal of, not necessarily a change in, NATO doctrine, and that, if it happens, will be a process lasting several years. Their proposal puts many European political figures in an awkward position. Still, there may never be a "good" time to amend NATO's doctrine. Tinkering with it is politically



JEANNE



Multi-Stripe Wrap Around for that Smart & Blithe Look This Summer

This babycord wrap-around skirt is comfortable because it wraps in back and ties in front with a jaunty bow. Babycord is a cousin to seersucker with a firmer woven texture of slightly raised pinstripes. Permanent press fabric of 65% poly & 35% cotton always looks neat and smooth. Attractive multi-stripe pattern of yellow, blue, pink, and green on a white background. Matching tops is made easy. SIZES: S(6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16), XL(18). $29.50 *postpaid.*

Yours for the asking: 96-page catalog of more than 400 useful quality items.

3% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont

MAIL ORDERS TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-F, WESTON, Vermont 05161
OR PHONE 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT

Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT

Home of three championship golf courses, the P.G.A. Sheraton in Palm Beach Gardens is also one of America's most beautiful hotels.

And Elson's, of course, is in on the ground floor.

The most elegant hotels in America have something in common...an Elson's shop, just off the lobby.

Elson's

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

PURE SILK SHIRTS FOR SUMMER
RED, BEIGE OR NAVY—S, M, L, XL
FOR FATHERS $150.
BY
Alexander Shields
(212) 832-1616
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58TH ST.

Stolichnaya

The Vodka

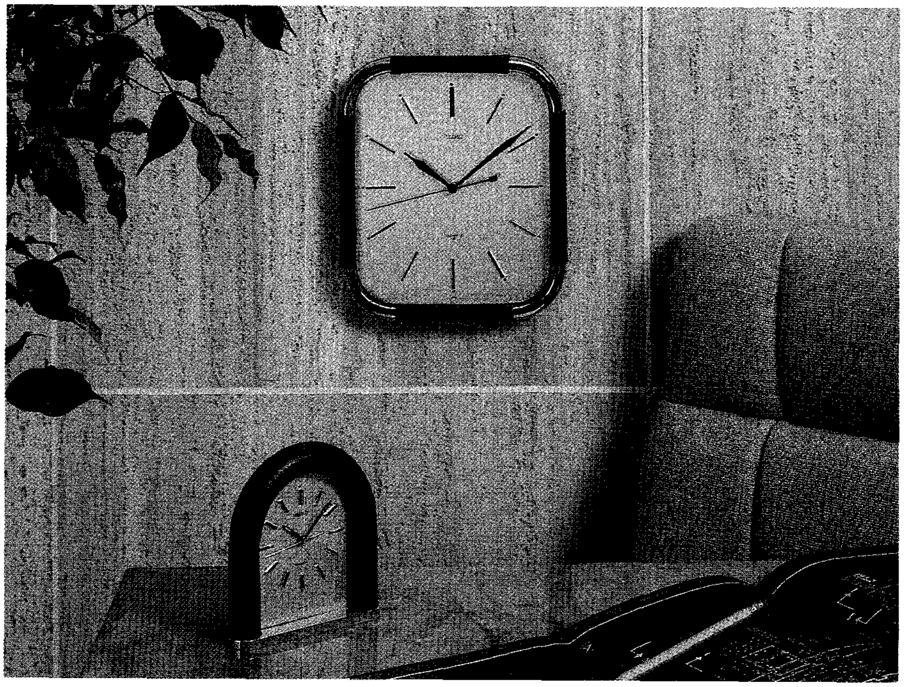
Genuine Russian vodka
STOLICHNAYA
IMPORTED FROM THE USSR
Stolichnaya vodka
80 PROOF
MOSCOW
CHILL BEFORE DRINKING
RUSSIAN VODKA
Столичная

STOLICHNAYA VODKA. 80 and 100 proof, distilled from grain.
Imported by Monsieur Henri Wines, Ltd., White Plains, New York.

hazardous at any time, and pressure to spend more on conventional forces would be especially troublesome. But pressure from the anti-nuclear-arms groups may foster debate and influence its course.

IN the nuclear era, with all its unknowns and uncertainties, it has never been easy at a given moment for the government to develop sensible security policies based on moderate judgment and judicious assessments of the threat. Judgment may be skewed by trendy ideas, assessments by ignorance. In the immediate post-Sputnik years—1957 to 1961—Washington exaggerated Soviet capabilities, asserting that there was an alarming missile gap, which turned out to be nonexistent. From 1961 to 1965, it underestimated Soviet strategic-force planning. Over the next five years, the government misread the direction of the Soviet strategic program and overreacted to the infant Chinese program. In 1972, Congress approved the SALT I agreements overwhelmingly but instructed the government to reach a comprehensive SALT II treaty—one that established a more reliable and enduring approximation of parity. The Ford and Carter Administrations felt that they had reached such an agreement (or nearly so, in the case of Ford), but support for SALT in the Senate had declined. Many people who have followed the ups and downs of SALT II are sure that Ford could have pushed a treaty through the ratification process but chose instead, in an election year, to shelve SALT and campaign against Reagan for the support of their party's right wing. Carter tried and failed to kindle public support for his plans to end the nuclear arms race. Like Ford, he found his efforts in SALT held back by the linkage argument. Within the Carter Administration, there was strong sentiment both for and against linkage. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's National Security Adviser, was for linkage, while Secretary of State Vance argued against allowing the inevitable dips and rises in relations with the Soviet Union to impede the progress of SALT. "I was continuously fighting the battle of linkage," Vance recalls. It was, of course, Soviet behavior, notably the invasion of Afghanistan, that blocked SALT II.

The country didn't seem strongly for or strongly against the SALT II treaty, or even especially concerned with nuclear issues. It is concerned with them now. Ford and Carter, if



Man tailored

His office or hers, your home or theirs—Seiko Quartz Clocks make an impression. Especially when the look of leather is contrasted with champagne dials. The crisp, clean-cut, ultra-thin new wall clock is framed in brown leatherette and metal. The table clock is framed in an arc of brown leatherette, has stick markers and an alarm. Both are cordless, battery-powered with world-famous Seiko accuracy. See the entire collection of Seiko Quartz Clocks, priced from $45 to $395 at better gift, department and jewelry stores.

SEIKO

SONG OF THE BOBWHITE

Sensitively portrayed by Bepi Tay for Kaiser Porcelain. Limited to 1,500 handpainted pieces, 11½"high, including base. At fine gift and jewelry stores.

KAISER
PORCELAIN
Bavaria
West Germany
Since 1872

Distributed exclusively by Ebeling & Reuss•An Alco Standard Company
1041 West Valley Road•Box 189N•Devon, PA 19333
Importers of Fine China, Glassware, and Giftware since 1886.

To get your copy of The Kaiser Porcelain Catalog, send $5 to the above address.

they can believe what they are hearing, must be particularly struck by the outcry against nuclear arms; and they must regret that it wasn't made in time to have helped with SALT II. Now there is speculation about how much flexibility Reagan will have in START—how far he feels he can retreat from well-publicized positions. He can probably count on having as much flexibility as the negotiations require. His latitude in East-West matters is greater than that of any recent predecessor—even greater, perhaps, than Nixon's was in 1972, when he went to China and then to Moscow, where he concluded the SALT I agreements. Reagan's speech on May 9th made no connection between START and Soviet behavior, even though his Administration has stressed linkage. Since the beginning of his Presidency, Reagan has had a choice, and it is now squarely before him: He can honor his deep skepticism about making arms-control agreements with an adversary power he distrusts and thinks is stronger militarily. Or he can align his policy with his obvious political interests—which would seem to argue for building on the speech of May 9th by adopting the mainstream assumptions about East-West stability and arms control that governed the policies of his predecessors in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. The newly fashionable view in Washington is that Reagan will choose the second alternative. If so, linkage is out—for the time being, at least—and negotiation is in. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

•

OUR 30 YEARS ANNIVERSARY

30 Years Is A Tremendous Time For A Man Of My Age, But Nothing Compared To A Restaurant Of *Cette Importance!*

In spite of myself, in spite of all the cheapies who squeezed a little profit out of me. Sometimes I need a thousand knives to free myself of them . . . I still carry on with my shadow.

And now I have a golden opportunity to be thankful to all my good acquaintances and extend them a SUCCULENT FEAST! This excellent meal shall be topped with a smooth LABBAT'S BEER! The Beer that carries the flavor of the Northwest Territories, the Mountains of the Rockies, the personality of the Commonwealth of Canada. The chill of the clear streams of Saskatchewan, the Kiss of the golden hops mixed with the sour mash . . . you must remember, the fragile taste of your mother's milk, so beautifully sweet and sour. That pure nectar is not spoiled by any pollutions, so help me all the Gods!—*Adv. in the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

Can't you leave our mother out of this?

Rampage...new realms conquered. Only at Sakowitz. The man's fragrance. A blend of citrus, herbs and florals, in a frosted five ounce bottle. Rampage I, the cologne, 22.50. Rampage II, the after-shave, 18.50. Cosmetics.

COLOGNE
RAMPAGE
I
5 FL. OZ.
AFTER SHAVE
RAMPAGE
II
5 FL. OZ.
RAMP

SAKOWITZ

Houston Dallas Amarillo
Midland Scottsdale

To order, call toll-free: 1-800-231-2332. Houston area residents, call 759-1111, ext. 1552. Other Texas residents, call toll-free: 1-800-392-2071. Charge to your Sakowitz account, Visa, American Express or MasterCard.

The Regency Hotel

The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100
See your travel agent or call us toll-free: 800-223-0888.
(From New York State toll-free: 800-522-5455. In New York City only: 212-841-1111).

U.S. JOURNAL: GREENWICH VILLAGE

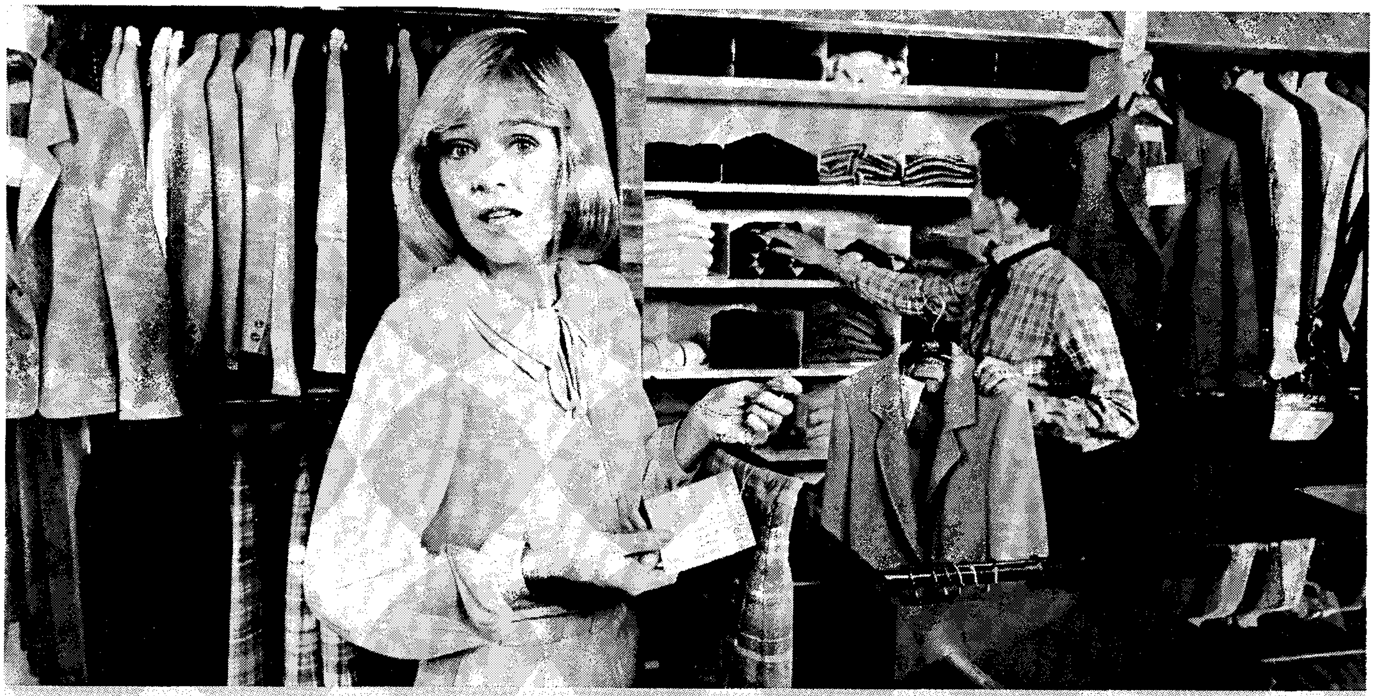
THOUGHTS ON THE SHAPE OF NEIGHBORHOOD HISTORY

A COUPLE of months ago, it occurred to me that a place in Greenwich Village called the Cornelia Street Café seemed to be going about its business under the assumption that the Village is still the Village. On Monday evenings, young people carrying guitars troop into the Cornelia Street Café to listen to one another sing songs they have written during the previous week. On Tuesday mornings, there is an informal play-reading. On a weekday afternoon, it is not unusual for someone to linger for hours at a small table intently studying a paperback on film criticism. The café, in other words, has the atmosphere that still comes to the minds of most Americans when they hear Greenwich Village mentioned—the Village of thirties bohemians like Maxwell Bodenheim drunkenly reading poetry in the park, or the Village of speakeasies and jazz joints and experimental theatre, or the Village that attracted aspiring actors and writers from the Midwest in "Wonderful Town," or the Village that the advertisements for a now defunct tourist restaurant named Albert's always described, in the days when "gay" still meant lighthearted, as "the gay bohemian Left Bank of New York." I suppose that, without having given the matter much thought, I had taken it for granted that the Bodenheims of this era can probably be found somewhere in the vicinity of Mendocino County, California, and that aspiring actors and actresses who now come to New York probably live on Avenue A or in a not quite converted loft building in Brooklyn.

I don't mean that I no longer find the Village appealing. I live there. I have lived there ever since I came to New York—after having grown up a few states deeper into the Midwest than the "Wonderful Town" characters, who were sometimes led by life in New York to wonder why they had ever left Ohio. Like a lot of Villagers, though, I knew that the high-school students from West Springfield, Massachusetts, who showed up in the Village last week, having finally persuaded their school authorities that it was all right to "observe people who live outside the norm," were in for a letdown. I have always believed that my attachment to the Village has to do with what it shares with the Midwest, rather than with what Midwesterners would consider arty or bohemian. Compared to uptown Manhattan, it has always seemed less formal, more neighborly, less densely populated, built closer to human scale, and less dominated by the sort of building that requires walking past a doorman and into an elevator in order to go home—an act that Midwesterners tend to find considerably more unnatural than drunken poetry-reading in the park.

I knew, of course, that in fetching my children from elementary-school birthday parties over the past decade I often seemed to be in an artist's loft or an actor's apartment—a phenomenon I associated with the fact that the school district happens to encompass SoHo, a neighborhood that has lately become too expensive for most artists who do not moonlight as investment bankers, and Westbeth, a former telephone-company building on the western edge of the Village that was converted, with some foundation help, into housing for people in the arts precisely so that they could remain in the Village in the sort of non-bohemian stability that permits elementary-school birthday parties. I was aware, of course, that there are plenty of cafés and bars and night spots and Off Broadway theatres left in the Village. I could hardly be unaware of the fact that people in the suburbs still have a picture in their minds that provokes the suggestion "Let's go down to the Village": on Saturday nights, the streets become congealed into a condition I think of as Jerseyated. I suppose I had assumed, though, that the sort of thing that goes on at the Cornelia Street Café was part of the Village's history—like the residencies of Thomas Paine and Aaron Burr (Burr is our George Washington: he seems to have slept every-

"McGuire, what's with you? Everybody else here seems to have a perfectly clear idea of what 'cost effectiveness' means."



"Life insurance? What's the use—inflation makes it worthless."

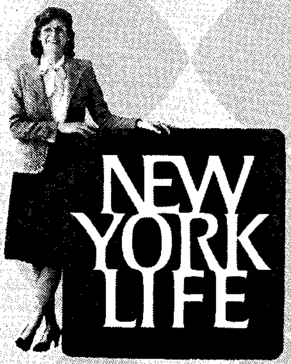
It's discouraging, isn't it? Seems like you no sooner buy one life insurance policy to protect your family than inflation flares up. And you have to buy another policy just to keep even.

Now, as a New York Life Agent, I can't do anything about inflation. But I do have something to soften its impact on you: a cost-of-living option.

All you have to do is sign up for it when you buy a New York Life whole life policy. Then, unless you tell us not to, we'll automatically increase the face value of your policy any year the Consumer Price Index rises—as long as the increase in your policy amounts to at least $500.

Because it's all automatic, we save on paperwork. And pass the savings on to you in the form of lower premium costs for the new insurance.

So your life insurance keeps its value. And you have a little more to spend on other good things in life. Ask me, your New York Life Agent.



"Ask me."

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOTEL
DE CRILLON
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,
PARIS

FOR INFORMATION
AND RESERVATIONS
(800) 223-1230
IN NEW YORK STATE:
(212) 751-8915 COLLECT.
The Leading Hotels
of the World

7 miles at sea an island of pleasure
Martha's Vineyard
A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf and tennis nearby. Famous Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. Color TV in every room. Season April to October.
For Color Brochure or Reservations
Telephone (617) 627-4321
Harborside Inn
EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539
Master Card • Visa • American Express

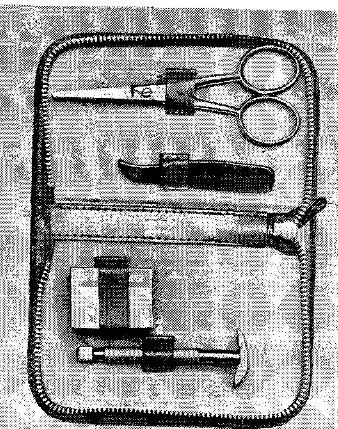
Jasper's
Kansas City's Most Prized Restaurant
405 W. 75th STREET
★★★★ Award Mobil 1982 Travel Guide
HOLIDAY AWARD Eleven Times

NANTUCKET NEEDLEPLAY
with ERICA WILSON!
A week of stitching July 18-23
...Send for information today.
ERICA WILSON NEEDLE WORKS
717 Madison Ave, Dept. NY, New York 10021

where), or the wars over teen-agers' turf fought in the twenties by the Irish and the Italians, or the conversations among fifties barflies about Existentialism. The presence of young folksong writers at a café suggests the possibility that the history of the Village is cyclical rather than linear—that it is a place with a constantly replenished supply of aspiring actors from Ohio rather than a place that once moved through an aspiring-actor period. There is no doubt, of course, that the White Horse Tavern, where young men gathered twenty-five years ago to talk about what Brendan Behan was like and what sort of novels they would someday write themselves, still exists. In the cyclical view, its customers include a new crowd of young men with literary ambitions. In the linear view, the young writers with Behan anecdotes are still carrying on the same conversation, except that now they're all fifty-two years old.

When I stopped to think about it, I realized that there must be as many aspiring actors and actresses around the Village as there ever were—although I assume the inflation in rents all over Manhattan has forced most of them to retreat at night to the sort of neighborhood they wouldn't want their Midwestern parents to see. I am regularly asked directions to Bank Street by young people so obviously snatched from the cast of "Wonderful Town" that I feel free to give them specific directions to the HB acting studio: on Bank near Washington. In a Village bar or café or coffeehouse, it is assumed that the waitress is actually an actress. Several years ago, when a neighbor of mine was interviewing people who wanted to wait on tables in a Village saloon he was opening—interviewing, in other words, a succession of actors and actresses—I always imagined him thinking, But this is not a play about a bar; it's a bar. A lot of people doing carpentry and renovation work in Manhattan—in the Village or uptown—are actors or artists. (I have never met a struggling writer doing such work, which supports my belief that writers as a group operate at a low level of manual dexterity.) The other night, I met an artist who told me that he used to work on a renovation crew made up entirely of artists, with the work divided in a manner that paralleled the workers' artistic specialties—so that the sculptors, for instance, handled the plumbing. It has occurred to me that certain aspects of Manhattan's economy may depend on the presence

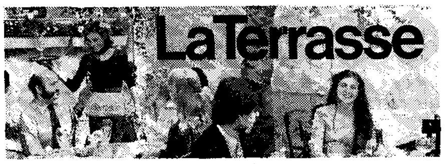
Mustache magic.



The Hoffritz Mustache Kit
This is the neatest way we know to keep a mustache trim and proud. A 4" scissors, a tortoise-tone comb, a pack of 10 blades and a chrome razor—all in one brown leather travel kit with a beige lining. (41076) $35.
© Hoffritz for Cutlery, Inc. 1982
A touch of HOFFRITZ®
$2 Shipping & handling. Add area sales tax. AE/MC/Visa/Diners. Hoffritz, Dept. 700ZZ, 515 W. 24 St., NYC 10011. (212) 243-6140.

May and June are tranquil months
Welcome Spring on the island of Martha's Vineyard
Send $2 for Full Vacation Kit, Maps, Pictorial Guide. Information on accommodations, services & reservations.
M.V. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Vineyard Haven 105, Mass. 02568

IDAHO WHITEWATER
Raft Idaho's SALMON RIVER. Six day trips on the West's best river. No experience necessary. $695.
Outdoor Adventures/3109 Fillmore St.
San Francisco, CA 94123 (415) 346-8700
OUTDOOR ADVENTURES



La Terrasse
Delightful French food with classical piano.
3432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. 387-3778

"Business Week's editorial focus and our advertising objectives go together very well."

JOHN YOUNG
President / CEO
Hewlett-Packard

Powerful, direct-influence medium. Broad, top-level management reach. Exclusive computer/high-tech coverage every week. ABC-leading circulation. Award-winning editorial environment. Targeted high-tech purchasing audience.

There are many reasons Business Week is the overwhelming leader in computer advertising among top general, news and business publications.

And recently, in a TV commercial for Business Week, Hewlett-Packard's John Young spoke openly, without a script, about his company's 10-year-plus relationship with Business Week.

If you're looking for the most powerful advertising vehicle you can get for your computer advertising dollars, Mr. Young's comments just might interest you:

"As Hewlett-Packard moved from being one of the world's leaders in electronic instrumentation into office computers, we needed to address the management and professional business community."

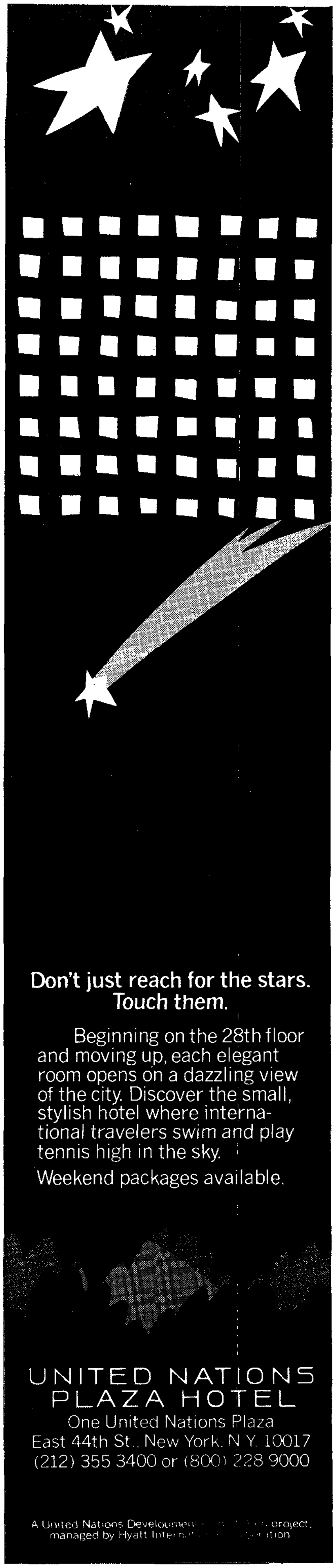
"Based on our measurement program, we've seen that our recognition has grown significantly over the years, and we can correlate this directly with our advertising program in Business Week."

"Business Week is the mainstay of our print advertising campaign."

Maybe it's time you looked into one of the world's most powerful advertising vehicles. Call your Business Week representative for a complete computer-customer profile.

BusinessWeek
The world's leading business magazine.

©1982 McGraw-Hill, Inc.


Don't just reach for the stars.
Touch them.

Beginning on the 28th floor and moving up, each elegant room opens on a dazzling view of the city. Discover the small, stylish hotel where international travelers swim and play tennis high in the sky.

Weekend packages available.

UNITED NATIONS
PLAZA HOTEL
One United Nations Plaza
East 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 355 3400 or (800) 228 9000

A United Nations Development [illegible] project,
managed by Hyatt Intern[illegible]ation

of people who can't make a living as actors or artists, the way certain aspects of a border town's economy depend on the presence of illegal aliens.

I THINK of college towns as places that are almost purely cyclical—unchanging sets for rhythmically changing casts. Entry neighborhoods—the lower East Side, for instance, where every tour guide points out the Orthodox synagogues that have been converted into Puerto Rican Pentecostal churches—are also places where history seems to run in cycles. A neighborhood's longevity in playing the same role for different people depends partly, of course, on real-estate prices—although it has become apparent that real-estate prices themselves can be cyclical. An aspiring actor from Ohio who went back to his home town for a visit fifteen or twenty years ago and found his parents in despair over indications that their pleasant, tree-shaded, close-to-downtown, middle-class neighborhood was "changing" might go back today and find that "young professionals" consider the old neighborhood—now being reclaimed steadily from the changers—as desirable for middle-class living as it ever was.

The Village has one stabilizing factor that is not found in the neighborhoods of Ohio cities—rent control. Although Greenwich Village has blocks full of carefully maintained nineteenth-century brownstones, and even some streets lined with fancy high-rise apartment buildings that could as easily be on the upper East Side, it also has a large supply of four- and five-story walkup apartment buildings. In fact, most of the buildings on Cornelia Street—which runs just one block, from Bleecker to West Fourth Street—are the sort of turn-of-the-century four- and five-floor walkup buildings known in New York as old-law tenements; the Greenwich Village Historic District, which was established some years ago to protect the Village's early-nineteenth-century housing stock, jogs around Cornelia. A lot of the apartments in old-law tenements—as well as some apartments in cut-up brownstones, and even in ritzy-looking elevator buildings—are still subject to the law governing rent limitations and occupancy rights which New York instituted in response to the housing crisis brought on by the Second World War. The horror stories heard in New York about unscrupulous landlords clearing buildings of

WASHINGTON
WHITE HOUSE
In America's other Washington, there's a world of unforgettable vacation experiences waiting. Give us a toll-free call and we'll send you a free color brochure. Then give us a week and we'll show you the time of your life.
1-800-541-WASH.

WASHINGTON ~~D.C.~~ The State
See America's Other Washington.

University of Rochester
Twelfth Annual
Writers Workshop
July 11-17, 1982

Intensive week includes daily classes with writing faculty, individual counseling on recent manuscript, lectures, discussions, evening readings. Final day is devoted to editing and publishing.

Joel Agee—fiction
Mary Lee Settle—fiction
William Meredith—poetry
Linda Gregg—poetry
Charles Monaghan—non-fiction
Elizabeth Frost Knappman—editing-publishing
Patricia Berens—editing-publishing
L. J. Davis—program director

Guest lecturers: Malcolm Cowley, Jane Cooper, Lynne Sharon Schwartz, Thomas Gavin, Richard Harteis.

For brochure, applications, write:
Writers Workshop, 110 Administration Bldg.
University of Rochester
Rochester, New York 14627

London Summer Seminar July 18–28
Professors of theater, art and architecture, and history lead you off the beaten track.
Please write for 1982 brochure.

BRATER TOURS
1507 Wells St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
(313) 995-2407

LA RÉCOLTE
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., N.Y. 212-421-4389.

low-paying tenants through various forms of harassment do not ordinarily come from the Village, where there is probably a tenant on every floor who knows more about the rent-control laws than the landlords' lawyers do. Almost all the buildings in the Village that have been converted in recent years into flashy new apartments for Manhattan's version of "young professionals"—there is one on Cornelia Street—are buildings that were formerly commercial or industrial rather than residential. The rent-control laws are not as strict as they once were—it is no longer true, for instance, that a landlord can raise the rent only when there is a change of tenants—but because of rent control and the Village's mix of housing, it is still possible for an aspiring actor to live around the corner, or even down the street, from an enormously successful movie star, whose career and quarters encompass the aspiring actor's aspirations. Not long ago, I met a folksinger who gives guitar lessons and helps organize an "open mike" night for folksinging behind a falafel joint on MacDougal Street and writes folk songs and continues to live in a rent-controlled apartment across from the falafel joint. For him, it seems clear, the Village is still the Village.

THE folk-song writers at the Cornelia Street Café told me that at a certain hour on Monday evenings an elderly Italian lady who lives upstairs begins beating on the floor of her apartment with a hammer. I took that report as an argument for the cyclical view of history, since music in the Village has traditionally had a sort of bonus rhythm section provided by elderly Italian ladies upstairs. I suspect that thirties jazz bands played to the beat of Italian ladies hammering for quiet. I know that in the fifties beatnik poets in MacDougal Street coffeehouses—coffeehouses on the ground floor of old-law tenements—must have been accompanied by hammering; it may have even improved their metre. Several years later, when MacDougal had become established as the honky-tonk entertainment strip for tourists, complaints about the noise level erupted into a controversy over what became known as The Mess on MacDougal. The constantly replenished supply of elderly Italian ladies is easily explained, even by those with a bias toward the linear view of history: every elderly Italian lady had one daughter who remained home to care

Tour Europe and save thousands* on this fine work of art.

Now you can arrange to drive your new Audi on the uncrowded roads of the land where it was built. And save enough money to help pay for your trip to take delivery of your new automobile at our factory in Wolfsburg.

Simply visit your local Porsche Audi dealer where you can select the Audi of your choice. The 5000 Turbo, the 5000S, the Coupe, or the 4000 Gas or Diesel.

After your tour, simply return your Audi to our Emden shipping point. Then, we'll deliver it to a U.S. port free of charge.

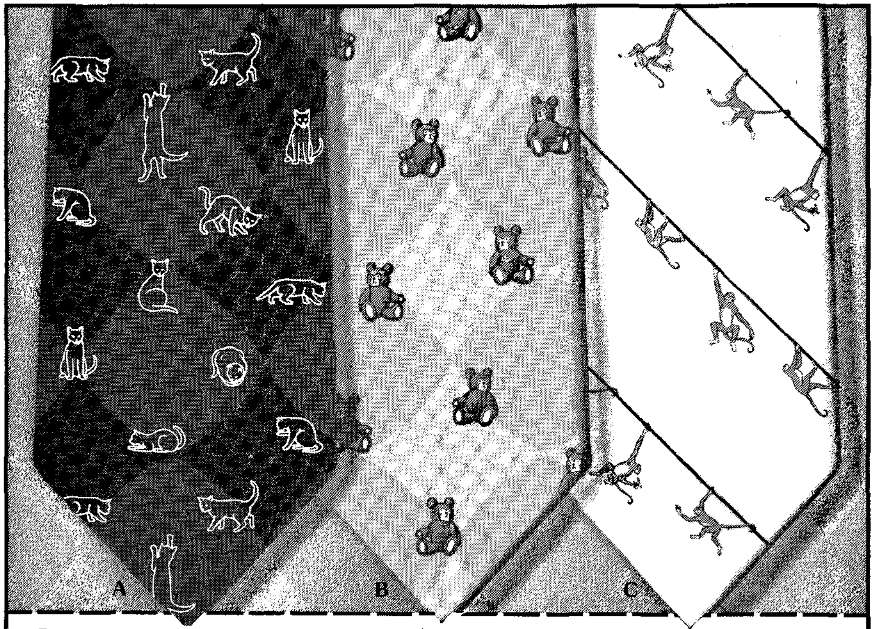
And you'll save thousands on our finest European art.

For more information on the Porsche Audi Delivery in Europe Program, see your Porsche Audi dealer or call toll free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois call (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE+AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price of vehicles P.O.E. United States, as compared to delivery in Europe prices.



BURTON Ltd 475 Fifth Ave. (Suite 203) New York, NY 10016 Tel: (212) 685-3760
50 Main St., E. Hampton, NY 11937 Tel: (516) 324-5577

(A) "Our Max"® 9 positions of our cat and yours $16.50 (B) "Our Teddy"® Traditional teddies in colorful splendor $18.50. (C) Introducing... "MonkeyShine"® Monkeys swinging and playing on a stripe $22.50. Our exclusive MAX, TEDDY and MONKEYS are woven on fine English Silk, in blue, red, green or brown. Ties may be purchased in our stores or by mail.

Name ____ Qty. Color Choices
Address ____ "Our Max" $16.50 ea. ____ 1st ____ 2nd ____
City ____ "Our Teddy" $18.50 ea. ____
State ____ Zip ____ "MonkeyShine" $22.50 ea. ____
Please add $2. postage and handling, plus N.Y.S. tax, if applicable. Check, Master, Visa or Amex Cards accepted. Card No. ____ Expires ____

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Our Classic British Officer's Short-Sleeve Flight Shirt $29

Our handsome short-sleeve British Officer's flight shirt can be depended upon for comfort and good looks. In cool wash-n-wear cotton/Dacron poplin with epaulets and two button-flap breast pockets. White, tan, navy or blue. S (14-14½), M (15-15½), L (16-16½), XL (17-17½). ☐ Please send catalogue. Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt.Kirk, Ltd. A1F072
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shirt (46170A): Size____ Col.______ Qty.____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #____________ Expir._______
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name____________________
Address___________________
________________ Zip_______

THE LONDON TARA
The best hotel value in London.
One of London's largest, most modern hotels with bath, shower and color TV in every room. Central Kensington location with all of London's attractions within easy reach. Plus restaurants, cocktail lounges and shops. And with double occupancy under $90,* it's the best hotel value in London. For reservations, call 800-223-6537. N.Y. State 800-631-7917. N.Y.C. 557-1110.

*Based on current conversion rates

France . . .

. . . the Quiet Way

Join waterways expert John Liley aboard the luxury hotel barge "Secunda" for an unforgettable week cruising the canals of Burgundy. Cordon Bleu cuisine, fine wines, personal service. $1095.00 pp/dbl ex. Paris. For a free color brochure contact: McGregor Tours, 33 Lewis St., Greenwich, CT 06830. (203) 622-0055, Toll Free (800) 243-5330.

for her; now that daughter is an elderly Italian lady.

In the Italian part of the Village—east of Seventh Avenue, below Washington Square—there has always been some tension between Italian residents and the visitors attracted in one way or another by the Village's reputation for bohemianism. In the late fifties, there was some violence when day-trippers paired up as racially mixed couples—the men were called A-Trainers, because they had come down from Harlem on the A train; the young women were known as Bronx Bagel Babies, on the theory that they were with the A-Trainers in order to assert their independence from protective Jewish families in the other boroughs—and wandered into conservative Italian streets. The Italians tended to get along much better with the bohemians themselves. Julio Zito, whose family has run an Italian bakery on Bleecker Street, just around the corner from the Cornelia Street Café, since 1924, once summed up Maxwell Bodenheim for me with a description that I suspect might do for any number of Village bohemians: "He was always drunk, but he knew what he was doing."

Cornelia has been thought of as an Italian street since the beginning of the century, when Italians from the area around Naples began settling into what had been a mainly black block. In those days, the space occupied by the Cornelia Street Café was a bakery. In the basement, there is still a huge old brick oven of the sort that served as a communal oven for Italian housewives, who would prepare their bread with a symbol carved into the dough, so that everyone could recover her own loaves after baking. Cornelia Street, though, is also the street where James Agee is said to have written "A Death in the Family" and where Marlon Brando is said to have lived as a struggling actor. The Caffè Cino, a pioneer in Off Off Broadway theatre, occupied the storefront next door to the Cornelia Street Café. For years, a restaurant catering to homosexuals ran quietly on the ground floor of a tenement across the street. Cornelia Street still seems Italian, partly because of the Italian bakeries and butcher shops and pork stores in the area—most of which have survived by the chance of their proprietors' owning their own buildings, since there is no commercial rent control—but the names next to the mailboxes in the vestibules of the old-law tenements are no longer predominantly Italian, as they still tend to

LOVED THE WORLD OVER
Three Nuns
CURLY-CUT PIPE TOBACCO

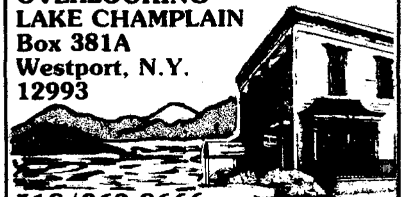
THREE NUNS HAS BEEN BLENDED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1892. It's an unusual curly cut tobacco spun with natural dark perique leaf with the center of each disc dark. In addition to perique, it contains a select blend of the world's finest pipe tobaccos which are carefully blended to produce a tobacco which smokes longer and cooler with a deeply rich and satisfying taste.

It is available in the U.S. at fine tobacco shops everywhere in 50gr., 100gr. and 200gr. vacuum sealed tins.

GIVE YOURSELF A TREAT . . . TRY 3 NUNS TOBACCO.
IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND
Exclusive U.S. Distributor
JAMES B. RUSSELL INC.
Englewood, New Jersey 07631

THE INN ON THE LIBRARY LAWN
A beautiful Inn with comfortable rooms and pleasant atmosphere.
- Golf & Tennis packages avail.
- Lakefront Cottage Rentals

OVERLOOKING
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Box 381A
Westport, N.Y.
12993



518/962-8666

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

be in the south Village, a few blocks away. I suppose there may come a time when folksingers in the Cornelia Street Café or actors in some reincarnation of the Cino do not keep an ear cocked late in the evening for the sound of hammering. Would the Village still be the Village?

IT may be that the Village is still the Village because people assume that it is. A place like the Cornelia Street Café is jammed on weekends with people looking for Village atmosphere—which, I suppose, makes it possible for it to operate as the sort of place where someone might linger for hours on a weekday afternoon reading a paperback. Even as a place to live, the Village must attract a lot of people who are drawn to the "gay bohemian Left Bank of New York"—and who therefore make it somewhat that way by their presence. But what about the original Village bohemians—the people like Max Eastman, who came to the Village around the time of the First World War? What attracted them? I got an answer to that from a New York University history professor named Tom Bender, who happens to be working on an intellectual history of New York—and who lives near N.Y.U., in the Village. The original bohemians, he told me, were mainly people who came from small, peaceful towns, and they settled in the Village partly because compared to the rest of Manhattan it had the sort of informality and neighborliness they were used to at home. In other words, it reminded them of the Midwest.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*Adv. in the New Haven Register*]

KILL 2 BIRDS WITH ONE STONE
learn how to
SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU BUY MEAT
and
LET THE BIBLE CHANGE YOUR LIFE

As an EXTRA BONUS to those attending these Bible study classes A BUTCHER will give a 30 minute talk on WAYS TO SAVE MONEY ON MEAT and for another 30 minutes A BIBLE TEACHER will show you HOW TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

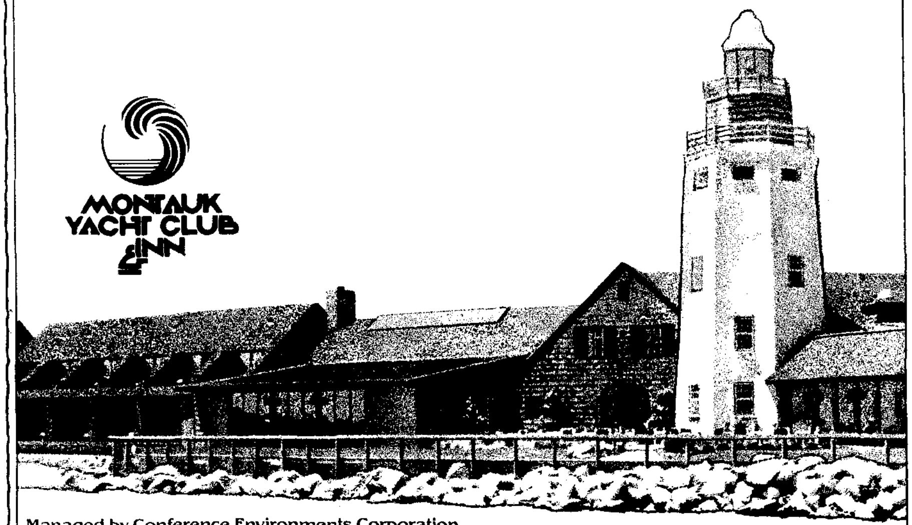
•

"We have a basic philosophical disagreement," O'Neill told reporters after contentious bargaining with Reagan over a small, rectangular table in the ornate President's Room not far from the Senate floor.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Those two will argue about anything.

"There'd be no point keeping the Ferrari if there weren't a place like this to drive it to."

The nearby Montauk Yacht Club & Inn.
It vindicates the invention of the motorcar.



Managed by Conference Environments Corporation.
Tennis, golf, biking, sailing complimentary. Executive Conference Facilities Available.
The Montauk Yacht Club & Inn, Star Island/Montauk, New York 11954 (212) 895-6446, (516) 668-3100

Destination
AUSTRALIA
499

AUSTRALIA FOR 20¢.

You can prove to yourself the great bargain Australia can be, by browsing through our free 64-page "Destination Australia" guide. It has dozens of travel bargains and package tours your travel agent can arrange for you. Explore the vast Outback. Visit awesome Ayers Rock and see the Great Barrier Reef. Tour our countryside as well as our exciting cities.

Our guide has lots of useful tips, suggestions and travel information. Just send us the coupon (that will cost you 20¢), and we'll send you all the lowdown on Down Under.

AUSTRALIA. CIVILIZED ADVENTURE.

See your travel agent or mail this coupon for your FREE "Destination Australia."

Australian Tourist Commission
Distribution Center P.O. Box A-1
Dept.153A-116, Addison, IL 60101

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______

THE THEATRE

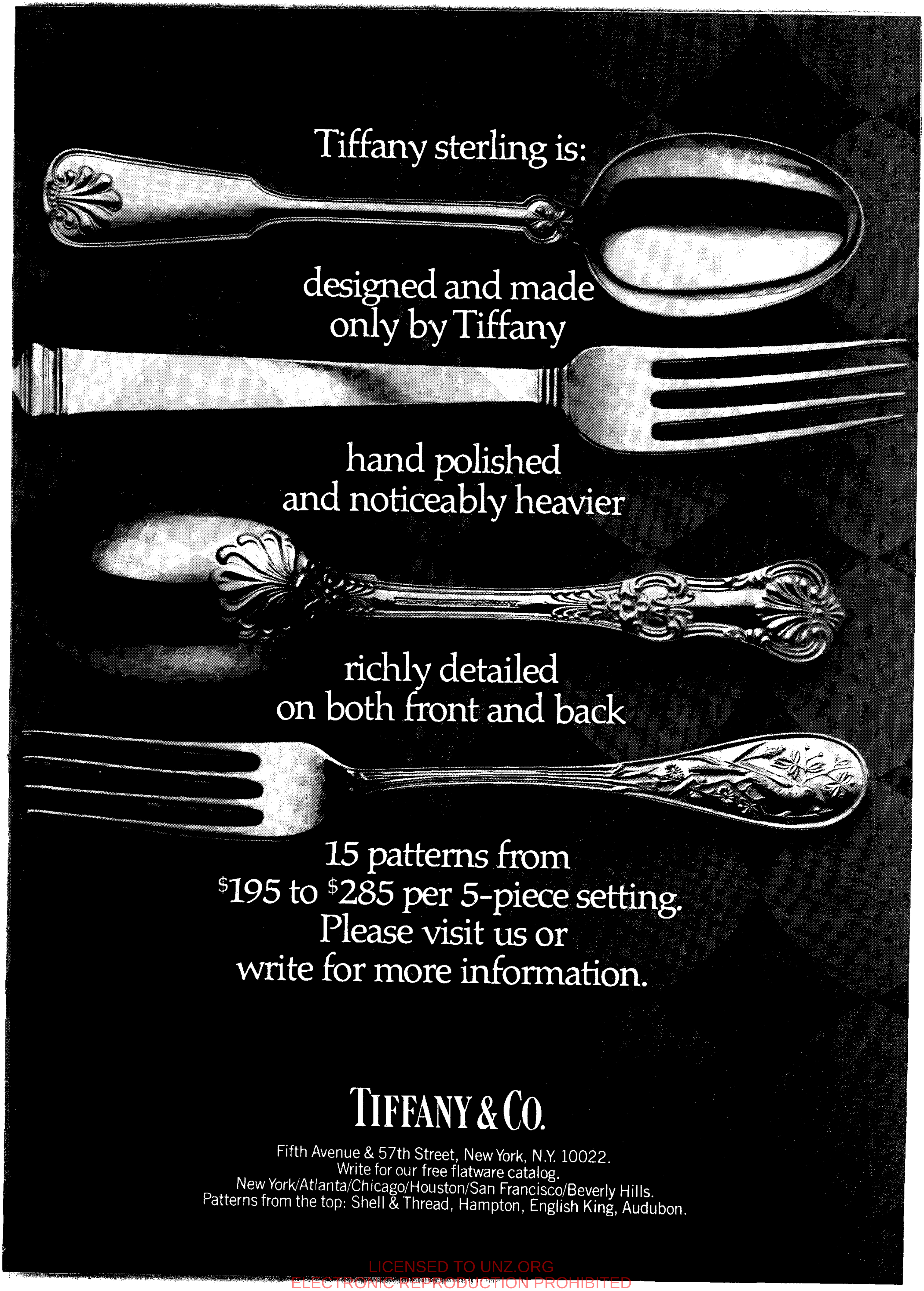
Growing Up

IT has been the ambitious dream of many an author throughout history to begin a piece of writing with a sentence—"Call me Ishmael," "For a long time I used to go to bed early"—so irresistible that his readers couldn't fail to proceed to the next sentence and then to the next and the next, pitching headlong as far into the piece as the author's literary ingenuity was able to entice them. This dream came true last week for Christopher Durang, at the opening of his delightful little farce "Beyond Therapy," at the Brooks Atkinson: the audience laughed at the very first line of the play, then at the second, and then at the third; I can bear witness to the fact that I wasn't alone in continuing to laugh with something like the regularity of a metronome through most of the rest of the play. Mr. Durang's earlier dramatic works have served to establish that he is one of the funniest playwrights alive; "Beyond Therapy" stakes new claims on our attention. Some of my colleagues have complained that the play is lacking in content; to my mind, one of the most valuable attributes of farce is its ability to breathe freely in the thinnest possible air—to purge itself of the gross multiplicities of everyday life and to tell a story (perhaps even a story with a moral) not by a relentless heaping up of realistic incidents but by an adroitly manipulated absence of incidents. What makes the first act of "Private Lives" one of the most brilliant feats of writing in all English comedy is the symmetry of its action; its content couldn't be made to fill a teacup. Our satisfaction with "Beyond Therapy" springs in large measure from the working out of a symmetrical process of inquiry on the part of a distraught young man and an equally distraught young woman; and the situation that they are distraught about—roughly, the difficulty they find in growing up and forming permanent relationships with their contemporaries—is the excuse for the play rather than the occasion for it. Farce requires only excuses; it is tragedy that requires occasions.

FOURSCORE AND—
WHEEEE-OOOOT!
EXCUSE ME.... FOURSCORE AND SEVEN —— HEY! CAN YOU FOLKS IN THE BACK HEAR ME? GOOD.... FOURSCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO —— HEY! IS THIS THING ON? OH. O.K. HERE WE GO.... FOURSCORE...
LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG (A MODERN REËNACTMENT)
ZIEGLER

John Lithgow plays with characteristic charm the role of the young man, Bruce. A lawyer in his thirties, in uneasy possession of a male lover, he has arranged to meet a girl on a blind date in a restaurant; it turns out that neither embodies the other's fantasies concerning an ideal companion, and each retreats in despair to his or her psychoanalyst. Bruce's analyst (Kate McGregor-Stewart) is herself as nutty as a fruitcake; the girl's analyst (Peter Michael Goetz) is, from time to time, her importunate and radically inadequate lover. The action of the play consists of a series of brief scenes, in the course of which many harsh home truths are uttered; at the final curtain, not necessarily a happy one, the young couple is singing "Someone to Watch Over Me." Bruce's male lover is well played by Jack Gilpin, and David Pierce has a small role as a nearly always invisible waiter. Andrew Jackness has provided several slick-looking New York City interiors, well lit by Paul Gallo, and Jennifer Von Mayrhauser has designed the costumes. The lively direction is by John Madden.

"DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP?" is a musical, newly come to the Alvin, whose title poses one



Tiffany sterling is:

designed and made
only by Tiffany

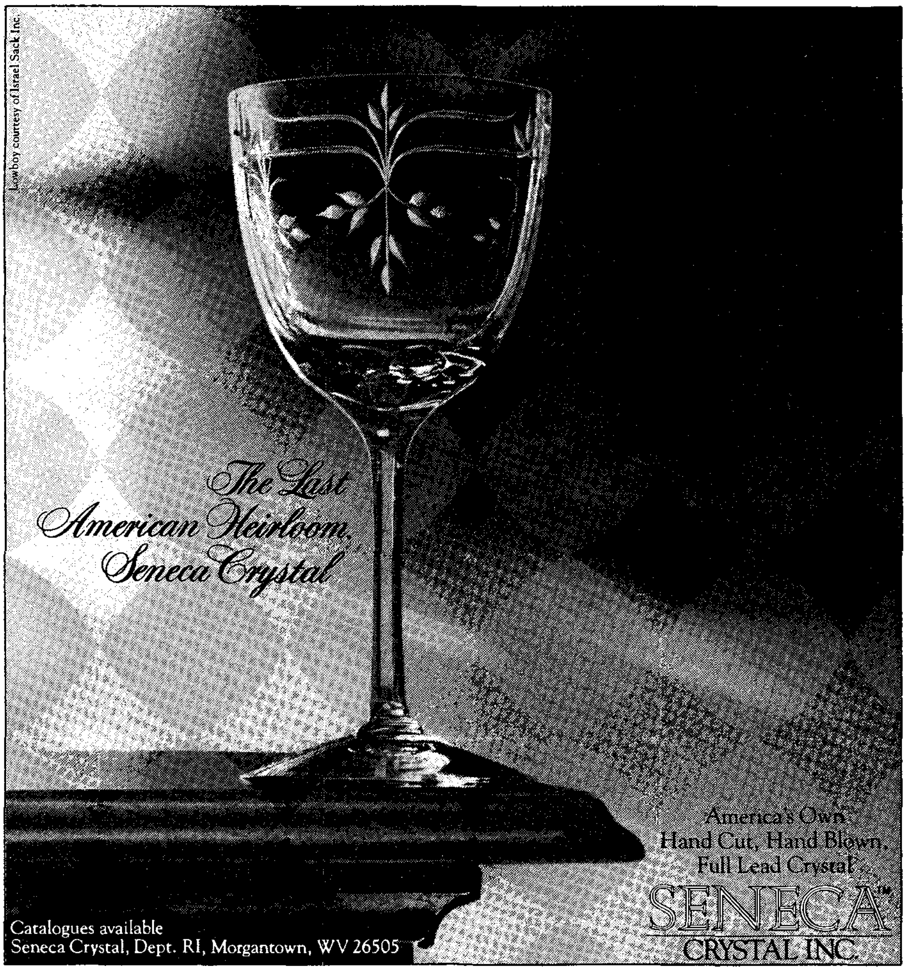
hand polished
and noticeably heavier

richly detailed
on both front and back

15 patterns from
$195 to $285 per 5-piece setting.
Please visit us or
write for more information.

TIFFANY & CO.

Fifth Avenue & 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Write for our free flatware catalog.
New York/Atlanta/Chicago/Houston/San Francisco/Beverly Hills.
Patterns from the top: Shell & Thread, Hampton, English King, Audubon.


Lowboy courtesy of Israel Sack Inc.
The Last American Heirloom, Seneca Crystal
America's Own
Hand Cut, Hand Blown,
Full Lead Crystal
SENECA™
CRYSTAL INC.
Catalogues available
Seneca Crystal, Dept. RI, Morgantown, WV 26505

Don't merely visit New York's landmarks this summer. Stay in one.

75th Anniversary Package. 20% Reduction on all Rooms. It's The Plaza's 75th anniversary, and we're celebrating with a special 20% reduction on all rooms from singles to suites. Our anniversary package is available from June 28 to September 6, 1982. And there's no more beautiful time to pay us a visit. We're recognized internationally as one of the world's great hotels, with cuisine to match in five renowned restaurants. And we're located in the center of everything that makes New York one of the world's great cities. Join us now in our landmark year. We promise you a landmark holiday.

No charge for children 18 and under staying in medium or deluxe rooms with parents.

Nothing unimportant ever happens at The Plaza.

WESTIN HOTELS
The Plaza

Telephone: (212) 759-3000 For reservations call toll-free: 800-228-3000 or contact your travel agent.
J. Philip Hughes, Managing Director Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York, NY 10019

of the least pressing questions of this or any other time. It alludes to a purported prohibition in Catholic parochial schools of black patent-leather shoes, for reasons of sartorial impropriety strongly hinted at in the "up" of the title; whether such a prohibition has ever existed I have no way of knowing, but the crude travesty of Catholic behavior presented here doesn't incline me to have much confidence in its authenticity. The book of the musical, by John R. Powers, is taken from a novel he wrote, and the music and lyrics are by James Quinn and Alaric Jans. The large cast is headed by Russ Thacker, the musical numbers have been staged with commendable energy by Thommie Walsh, and the direction is by Mike Nussbaum. James Maronek designed the settings, Nancy Potts designed the costumes, and Marilyn Rennagel designed the lighting. Nuns singing "It's the Nuns" and members of the eighth grade of St. Bastion's School singing "How Far Is Too Far?" are not manifestations of dramatic art likely to engage my interest for long, and at the end of the exceptionally distended first act I stole away into the dark, granting myself a merciful dispensation from my duties.

—Brendan Gill

•

The GAO urges the Pentagon to set a clear schedule for deploring laser satellites as soon as feasible.—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

Fat chance.

•

These new workers will be following a baby boom generation moving through the labor force like a chicken through a python, a generation that Briggs says has suffered a lot of disillusionment.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

We've never *been* through a python, but we can see where it might be disillusioning.

•

Yesterday at 3:02 p.m. a neighbor told police that he or she had scared off a burglar attempting to break into a Bay Road house, police said.

The neighbor was walking down Hulst Road, police said, when he or she saw a person described as small, roughly 5-feet, 5-inches tall, wearing light colored clothes and a light colored watch cap at the door of a house.

The neighbor could not tell whether the burglar was male or female, police said.
—*Amherst (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette.*

In fact, he or she seemed a *little* doubtful about himself. Or herself.

"I traded the corporate life for the simple life–and a Hawk home in Vermont."

Gary Gaskill

Gary had a job with a future: a future of commuting, travel to dull places, fat salary checks and no time to enjoy them.

He and his wife rebelled. One day they left the West Coast for the Green Mountains of Vermont. The Gaskills knew Vermont had plenty of fresh air, fishing and skiing, but they didn't know if there was a job for an executive with Gary's background.

The future took care of itself. In central Vermont's ski country, Gary found Hawk and our communities of private vacation homes. We welcomed Gary into Hawk management.

Hawk is, first of all, magnificent mountain land. Each Hawk home is custom sited and built to give its owner a rare view and a very private retreat in this natural paradise. The Hawk home that Gary now owns, for example, almost disappears among the trees, yet he can see eight miles over rolling mountains to Killington.

Our newest Hawk community is called Salt Ash and is located in the mountains of Plymouth, Vermont. A walk down a mountain there's swimming, fishing and boating at Lake Amhurst. The Killington Gondola base station is fifteen minutes north by car.

We have our own tennis courts (where Gary plays in the mornings before work). The Black River, famous for trout, runs right past the old renovated farmhouse that is our Salt Ash headquarters. And there's golfing and antiquing down the road in both directions.

The Hawk home itself is a marvel of quality and craftsmanship. We make everything picture perfect and solid as a rock, from the massive fieldstone fireplace to the heavy beams in the cathedral ceiling.

Although Hawk is rustic and secluded, it is professionally managed. Under our Property Management Program, we will, if you ask us, rent out your home in your absence. We send you monthly financial statements.

Many Hawk owners look to their homes for possible tax savings and appreciation. And live for the moment when they can retire to Hawk. Like Gary, all of us look to Hawk for a simple lifestyle that will please us forever.

Hawk has been a way of life for nearly two decades now. For more information call us toll-free or mail the coupon below.

HAWK

Mail this coupon today or call toll-free 800-451-4109.

From Vermont and Canada call 802-746-8911.
TWX 710-227-0657.

Hawk, Box NY-7, Route 100
Pittsfield, Vermont 05762

Please send me your color brochure, sample plans and information on available sites.

Name (Please print)

Address

City State or Province Zip

Area Code, Phone No.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property.

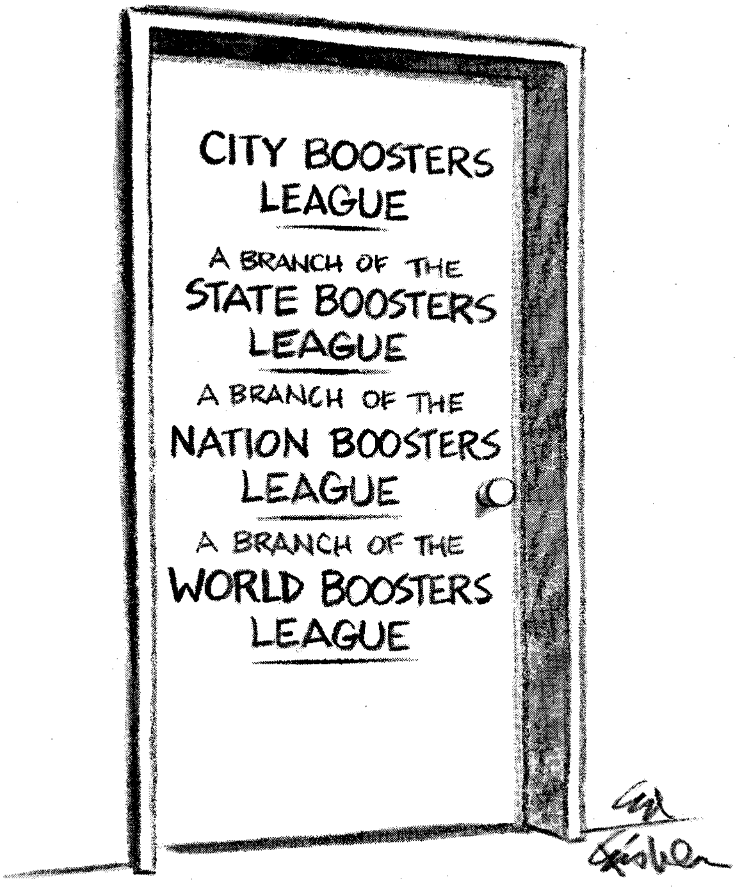
JAZZ

Dizzy Gillespie and Bill Coleman

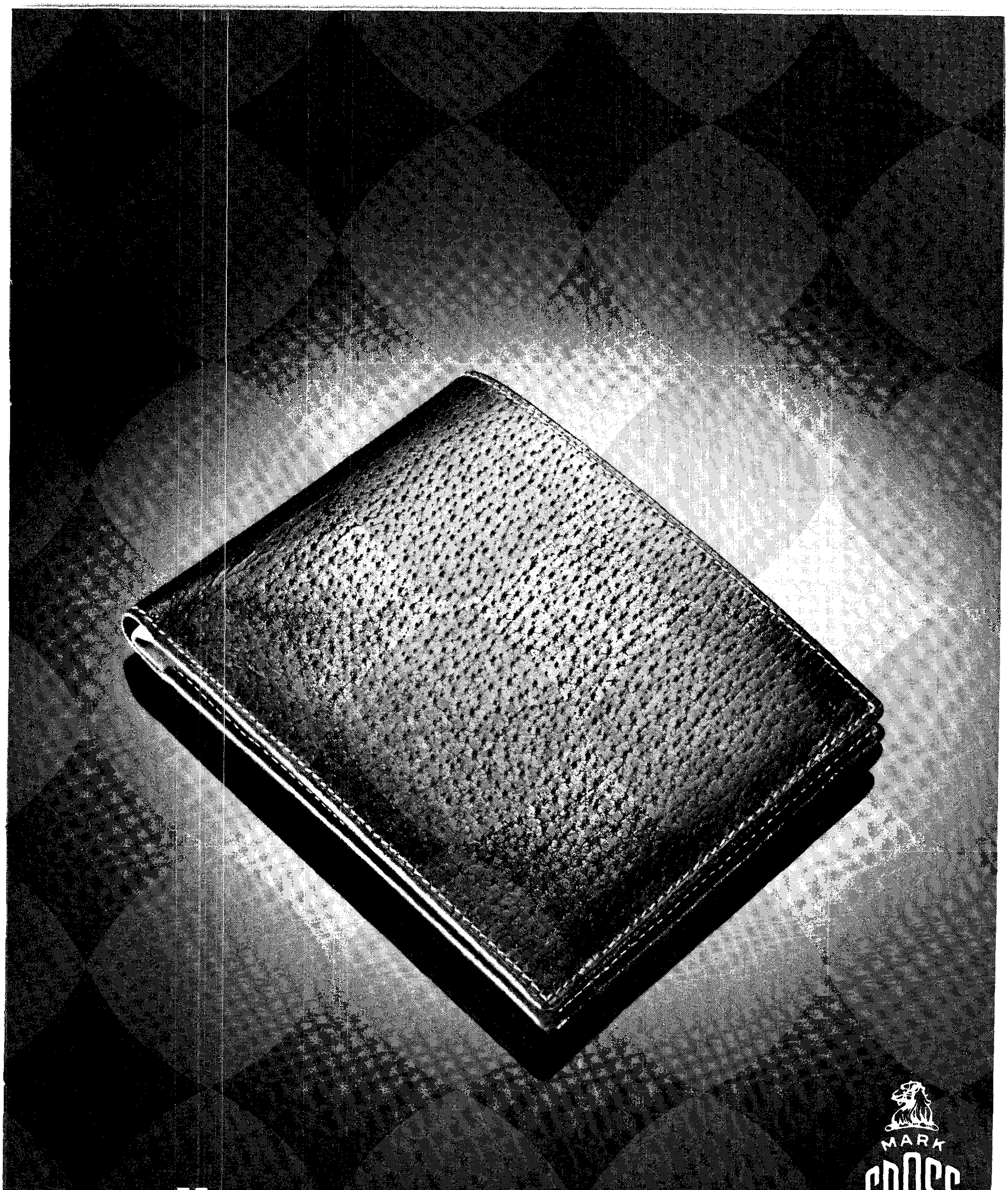
EXCERPTS from three concerts given by Dizzy Gillespie and the Mitchell-Ruff Duo (Dwike Mitchell on piano, Willie Ruff on bass and horn) during the past decade or so have been released by Book-of-the-Month Records as "Dizzy Gillespie—Live." The concerts were held at Dartmouth in 1970, at Yale in 1974, and at Town Hall in 1980. (Only the Dartmouth selections have been issued before, and the record has long been out of print.) The album reveals that Gillespie, who will be sixty-five years old this fall, can still play with jubilance and fire. He pictured himself as an iron man in his recent autobiography, and he appears to be right.

When Gillespie came forward, in the mid-forties, his style was an intricate and explosive composite of Roy Eldridge, Charlie Parker, Charlie Shavers, and Art Tatum. It was wild and dense and rococo. Each solo surged and billowed, and each, with its avalanche of notes, got where it was going as fast as possible. Gillespie *ran*. He had a sharp, confident tone that shone like the sun when he let loose one of his blaring, annunciatory whole notes, and that poured like quicksilver through his falling arpeggios. In his spare time, he liked to spell out on the piano the new augmented chords—for the benefit of himself and other musicians—and he would then build his solos out of them, using combinations of notes that only Charlie Parker had dared before. He liked to knock down the bar lines, in the manner of Art Tatum, and let his phrases tumble on for six or eight measures. He liked to shock. In a chorus of medium-tempo blues, he might begin with a high-register blast, followed by a resounding silence. He would then play a snatch of the melody in a soft, jiggling, vibratoless half time, and slide into a descending double-time arpeggio, pause, and work out a climbing, zigzag figure. More silence, followed by a high two-note yell, a run, and a low, slow closing whole note. All Gillespie's solos offered twin delights—hair-raising melodic flights and masterly rhythmic inventions. Half-time passages slipped into on-the-beat figures, which gave way to double time, which dropped to half time, which then sped up to full time. His solos swung hard, and it did not matter if in his haste he split notes, missed them, or allowed his tone to shriek.

Gillespie's playing has slowed to a fast walk. His trademarks—staccato, undulating connective phrases; upper-register excursions; serpentine runs; fat, blinding opening notes—are intact, but he surrounds them with new effects. He uses more silence (sometimes three or four beats go by between phrases), and his playing is gentler and quieter; he no longer has to shout for attention, the way he did in the forties. His phrasing is simpler. Quarter notes do for eighth or sixteenth notes, and he registers them firmly in the air before moving on. Much of Gillespie's playing used to be almost subliminal; now it is fully visible. He reverts to the melody more than he once did, perhaps to make sure he is on course. He also, curiously enough, reverts to two trumpet players who have never been associated with him—Red Allen and Rex Stewart. He must have listened to them when he was coming up in the late thirties, and perhaps it has taken this long for what he heard to surface. He uses generous, richly spaced, low-register Allen notes, and even reproduces the fluttering tremolo that Allen opens his solo with on "A Sheridan Square." He has also adopted Stewart's famous half-valved notes—an effect that is achieved by pressing a trumpet valve partway down and blowing a note that is slightly below the one sounded when the valve is released. It is a pleasing effect: the first note, squeezed and thin, becomes rounded as the valve rises. It is like passing through a low doorway into a high-ceilinged room. Aging brass players take a long time to warm up, and when Gillespie is sufficiently heated he can get off passages of great brilliance and éclat. He is, after so many years, still king.



The Book-of-the-Month album has twenty-one numbers. Four are by Mitchell and Ruff, one is a Mitchell piano solo, one is a funny, buck-dancing Gillespie solo on the Jew's harp, one is a Gillespie-Ruff duet, and the rest are by the three men. Both Mitchell, who is fifty-two, and Ruff, who is two years younger, have had musical training, and they are not the sort of chamber-jazz musicians Gillespie generally plays with. Ruff is a good Charlie Mingus bassist and a virtuoso horn player, and Mitchell is a florid, occasionally impassioned Art Tatum admirer who favors the loud pedal. They work well with Gillespie, partly out of admiration and partly because they stay out of his way. (Ruff plays horn with Gillespie on just three numbers, and the duets are tentative.) Gillespie, also unencumbered by a drummer, is free to fly, and he does. He produces half a dozen careful, muted choruses at the beginning of "Blues People," which is



Here today, here tomorrow.™

MARK
CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1845

645 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

New York, 645 Fifth Avenue Atlanta Bal Harbour Boston Chicago Colorado Springs Costa Mesa Detroit
Houston Palm Beach Pebble Beach San Francisco Troy, Michigan Washington, D.C.

© 1982 Mark Cross, Inc.

The American Express Card welcomed.

As a guest
of The Lombardy Hotel
you know that it is
quite possible to live
in quiet elegance
in the fashionable heart
of busy, hurrying
New York.

The Lombardy

For our brochure, please telephone
Mrs. Brick ~ 212 753-8600

111 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Just off Park Avenue

PRETTY & PERKY
Seersucker
Bubble Dress
Fresh white triple dot clusters on deep navy or pink wild roses on lilac, 100% cotton. Dress has banded square neck, super side pockets, self tie belt, shirred smocky shape to below knee. Choose navy or pink. Gently machine wash.
Sizes P-S-M-L
$44.95 ppd.
Write
for
color
catalog
J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N67
Stockbridge Rd.
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

Oliver's
is conducive
Conducive for lunch, cocktails
and for dinner.
141 E. 57th ST., N.Y.C. 753-9180

Flowers? Again?
Call Balloon Bouquets instead.
balloon bouquets®
1-800-424-2323
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)
"Now being delivered to
boardrooms, offices and
front doors all over the country."
HOUSE & GARDEN
VISA • MC
AM EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time," and returns at the close for five open-horn choruses, complete with a breakneck upper-register passage. He does the verse of "My Man" ad-lib, gracing the melody with added notes and new harmonies, and then jumps into a sparkling medium-tempo solo that at first suggests Charlie Shavers. "Lover Man" is taken out of tempo all the way through, and is an intense and winding melodic study. (Many bebop trumpet players never mastered the art of playing slow melody; perhaps they listened only to Gillespie's rocketry.) More than half the album is given over to the 1980 Town Hall concert. There is a serene, ad-lib Gillespie rendition of "I Remember Clifford," and on his own "Ow!," based on the chords of "I Got Rhythm," he delivers a dazzling open-horn solo that crowds the listener to the ropes. On "Conception," the three men, starting off without any theme or tempo, wander around in their shirtsleeves. Ruff plays horn, and he and Gillespie solo well and do some easy counterpoint; all three reach the finish line more or less together. A very slow version of "Mood Indigo" threatens to fall apart even before it gets going but is rescued midway through the first chorus when Gillespie, improvising on the second theme, goes into a sudden, breathtaking, left-hand open-horn descending passage. It fools with time. It is intense and casual and lyrical and surprising. It swings, and is altogether beautiful. The recording can be ordered from Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012.

IT is not too late to celebrate the elusive and magical trumpeter Bill Coleman, who died late last summer, at the age of seventy-seven. He lived with his Swiss wife in a small farmhouse in the village of Cadeillan, in southwestern France. Born near Paris, Kentucky, he spent almost half his life in France, where, he said, no one ever called him "nigger." He first went abroad in 1933, with Lucky Millinder, and he went back again and again, until the Second World War drove him home. He was in constant demand here, and he worked with Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Fats Waller, John Kirby, Andy Kirk, Noble Sissle, and Sy Oliver. Between 1942 and 1944, he settled in New York, where he either led or appeared in trios with the pianists Ellis Larkins and Mary Lou Williams. He also

the most beautiful tours of Italy ever created

Italia Adagio

Join us in June for the thrilling Siena Palio and the glorious drives through the fields of golden sunflowers, or enjoy the splendid Indian summer of September and October when the vines are heavy with grapes.

Designed and directed by the American painter, Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence. For the discerning traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, the charm of castle hotels, and the fine Italian art of exuberant dining!
Rome, Tarquinia, Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Gubbio, Urbino, Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Siena, San Gimignano, Florence and environs (five days), Venice, Padua, Asolo, Maser, Verona, Sirmione on Lake Garda.
Limited space still available on June 19, Sept. 9, Oct. 7, 1982.
23 Days - Land Arrangements $2590. Air fare extra.
Detailed brochure available from:
Italia Adagio
162C Whaley Street
Freeport, New York 11520
(516) 868-7825

Classic Elegance

Basin Harbor is a resort
you simply cannot find anywhere else.
Enjoy golf, tennis, sailing, swimming.
Cottages and main lodge offer
unique country charm.
Basin Harbor, Box 8A, Vergennes,
Vermont 05491 or call 802-475-2311.

BASIN HARBOR
A classic resort
on Lake Champlain
Vermont

Since 1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203-767-1812
FINE FOOD • SPIRITS

THE GOLFER'S COUNTRY INN
Old World Ambience, fine continental cuisine, 500 acres of woodlands, "Golf at the Door" on a links-style, 9-hole course. Since 1913. 80 miles NYC. For reservations or brochure, write/call:
Cliff Park Inn and Golf Course
Milford, Pa. 18337 • (717) 296-6491

turned up in Wilson's great sextet at Café Society Uptown (Emmett Berry, Edmond Hall, Benny Morton, Johnny Williams, Sid Catlett), and at the Sunday-afternoon jam sessions at Jimmy Ryan's. In 1948, the war over and his racial patience exhausted, he went back to France for good.

Coleman's early recordings, made here and in France in the thirties with Fats Waller and Django Reinhardt and Dickie Wells, were always hard to come by, and the same is true of the scattered sessions he did in the forties, with Wells and Lester Young, with Mary Lou Williams, and with Nat Cole and Coleman Hawkins. (One of the Wells-Young sessions has been reissued on Commodore under Young's name, and the Mary Lou Williams sides are on a Folkways album under her name.) So little of Coleman exists here that it might not be an exaggeration to say that scarcely two or three hundred people in America knew who he was when he died. But those admirers champion him, for he was one of the great jazz trumpeters.

Like most players of his generation, he listened to Louis Armstrong. He also listened to the spacious, sunset-toned Joe Smith, and to the heretical Jabbo Smith, who came to New York when Coleman did, in the late twenties. Coleman's playing, like Coleman himself, was never still. He preferred the middle registers, and he moved constantly from one end of them to the other. He played with a tense, dancing lyricism, but he played with such delicacy that he gave the impression of shying away from his notes. He came at them from slightly below or above, sounded them, and was gone, his vibrato barely stirring the air. Few jazz improvisers know how to construct sequential solos, but Coleman's had a rare logic. He never lost the melodic thread he was weaving, and when he finished a solo there was nothing extraneous, nothing missing. It rested complete in the mind.

Coleman did well enough in France. He generally worked as much as he needed to, and he recorded frequently. He was made a Chevalier de l'Ordre National du Mérite, and he dictated his memoirs to his wife, who, failing to find an English or American publisher, translated them into French and had them published. He played almost to the time he died, and his playing didn't change much. It slowed down, it flattened out. Would that he had not been driven away. He was always missed.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

When most people think of oil, they usually think of Arabs or Texans. Well, now they can think of West Africans too. Nearly a dozen West African countries have developed oil and gas resources.

Handshaking is an important social grace, so do remember to shake hands whenever you're being introduced.

Say Africa and some people picture mud huts and watering holes. Well, be assured that some of the finest hotels in the world are in West Africa. Air-conditioned rooms, swimming pools, friendly bars and fine restaurants.

Abidjan, Ivory Coast is the "Manhattan of Africa". It has real skyscrapers. The Hotel Ivoire is like a glass-enclosed Rockefeller Center.

Drums of oil & drum talk.

West Africa is the part of Africa that's closest to the U.S.A. Just seven luxurious hours away on Air Afrique.

Drum talk—or "bush telegraph" as it is commonly called—is really a secret language that only the initiated can understand. Wanna learn?

Why wait? Isn't it time you discovered West Africa? Just call your Travel Agent or your nearest Air Afrique/Air France office today. Hurry.

Africa begins with Air Afrique.
And it's just seven hours to the New Sun...
West Africa.

STEAMBOATIN'
IT'S STILL THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL.

Delta Queen®
Mississippi Queen®

Cruises from 2 to 14 nights.

DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT CO.
DELTA QUEEN
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

FREE FULL-COLOR BROCHURES
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
Distribution Department, Box NR20 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
Please send me your deluxe, full-color brochures.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

THE ART WORLD

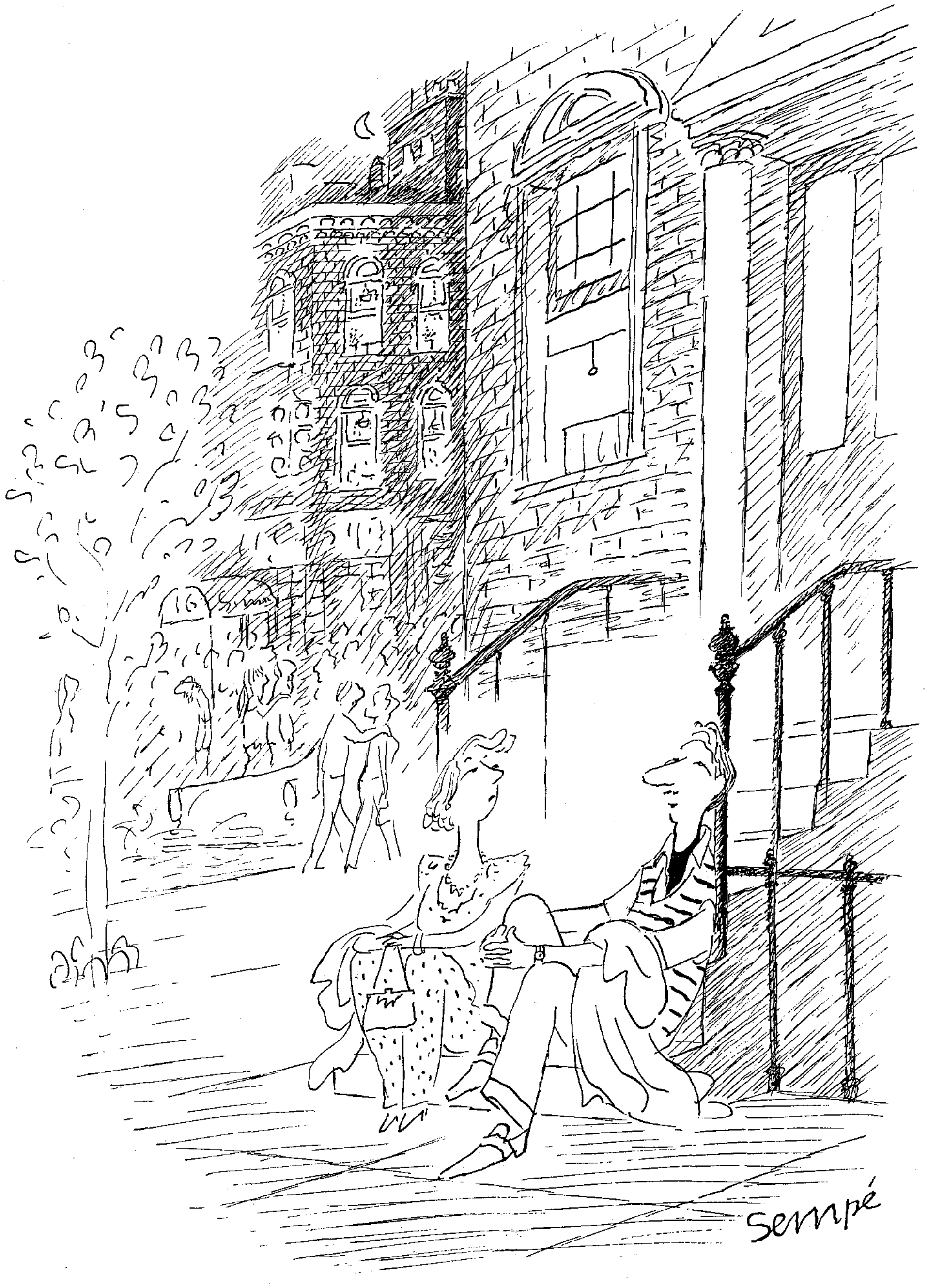
Seminar

THE evening had taken on in advance the aura of an event. Eight artists in the flush of current renown, brought together in the West Twenty-third Street loft studio of Julian Schnabel, the hottest young artist on two continents, were going to discuss their work before an invited audience. Six of the eight were associated with the latest modes of figurative painting—Schnabel, David Salle, Susan Rothenberg, Ross Bleckner, and two Italians currently spending some time here, Sandro Chia and Francesco Clemente. The addition of Brice Marden, a rigorously non-figurative painter, and Joel Shapiro, a sculptor known for small-scale objects that lie somewhere between Minimal abstraction and post-Minimal metaphor, promised to generate controversy. The audience was seeded with potential sharp questioners from the academic world—philosophers, psychologists, art historians. Surely an evening for extreme positions to be taken and attacked, an occasion to get a fix on the new zeitgeist.

More than two hundred people showed up for it, including the requisite female person in full punk regalia—carrot hair and beet lipstick, tattooed cheeks, and a child's stuffed dog in arms. We sat on folding chairs in a large room whose walls were lined with Schnabel's stentorian canvases, their broken-plate-encrusted surfaces covered with tarps. At the far end of the room, a long platform had been set up, with chairs and microphones, and, behind it, a screen for slide projections. The action began soon after eight (almost on time), with an introductory statement by Dolores Neumann, the New York collector who conceived and organized the symposium, and brief introductions of the participating artists by Hubert Neumann, her husband, who also served as moderator. From that point on, it was all downhill.

By the time three artists had shown their slides and made their comments, the audience had become incurably restless. Mechanical problems played a part in this. The slide projector was too far back from the screen at first; the overhead lights kept having to be turned on while the operator wrestled it closer. The sound system was barely adequate. Unless a speaker talked directly into a microphone, he could not be heard, and the speakers kept forgetting. Chia and Clemente, who speak English gamely but unreliably, seemed particularly averse to microphones. About half the audience chairs were empty before the last artist spoke and the general discussion began. The gathering sense of ennui was then confirmed by an hour or so of desultory, meandering talk, spurred by such onerous questions from the floor as "How do you start a painting?" and "Do you feel a moral responsibility as an artist?" and by such sibylline replies as Clemente's when he was asked whether he felt close to the American artist's sensibility: "In Italy I go hungry; in New York I go hungry."

My own question, unasked, was: What went wrong here? The artists on the platform were taking their responsibility with great seriousness. No levity up there, no loose or unseemly behavior. They spoke conscientiously and intelligently, as far as we



"The woman I dream of probably doesn't exist. The kind of man you need, however, is mass-produced."

THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW TIMES YOU'LL NEED A VIDEOTAPE THIS GOOD.

SONY
Dynamicron
L-750HG
HIGH GRADE VIDEO CASSETTE
VIDEO RECORDING AND PLAYBACK
Beta
β

Why would Sony introduce a tape as terrific as our Dynamicron High Grade and then say you'll rarely need it?

Because while *regular* Dynamicron is an excellent tape, there are times when you may want something even better. Like when you're making a home movie of a special occasion and want a master tape to make many duplicates. Or when picture and sound quality is critical. Or if you want (and can afford) to always use the very best.

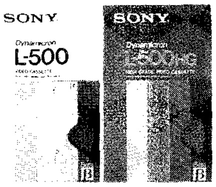
Sony Dynamicron HG has even better picture and better audio quality than our superb regular Dynamicron. It's got higher picture resolution at each recording speed, so you can tape at the Beta III speed and get a picture that's the same quality as recording regular Dynamicron on Beta II.

Dynamicron High Grade not only begins with a better picture, but the better picture lasts longer.

Of course, regular Sony Dynamicron produces rich, vivid color. With every line crisp and even the most delicate shadings precise. Use after use after use.

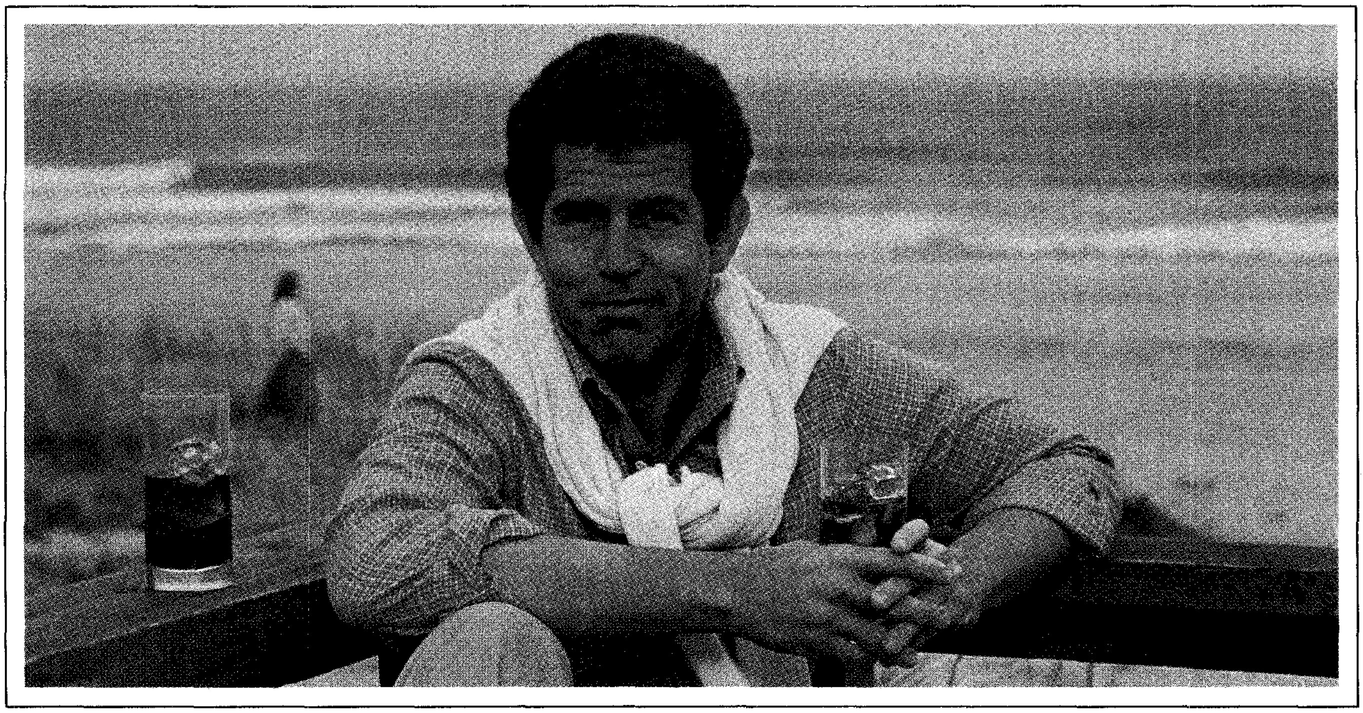
So a tape that's even better, like Dynamicron High Grade, really is news. But it's no surprise. Because Sony pioneered Beta tapes *and* the machines that play them. We set the standards of quality and dependability the world over.

So the next time you need a superior Beta tape, get Sony Dynamicron. And when you need a *superior* superior Beta tape, get Sony Dynamicron High Grade. It's a fine distinction.



SONY
Dynamicron™

© 1982 Sony Tape Sales Co., a Div. of Sony Corp. of America. Sony and Dynamicron are trademarks of Sony Corp.



Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

INTERVIEWER: I can see why!

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

INTERVIEWER: How was it?

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?

ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

If it's your first time, mix Campari® with orange juice. Then venture on to soda or tonic. © 1982—Imported by Campari U.S.A. New York, N.Y. 48 proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)

ITALY
CAMPARI
CAMPARI
Aperitivo

CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.

could hear them. Chia said that his fanciful paintings, in which pneumatic human figures loom in colorful urban or rural settings, were all related to personal experience. Marden equated painting with poetry—I didn't catch just how. Salle said that all his images were "as literal as they are not." Schnabel, who tends to talk as well as paint in somewhat bombastic terms, read us a quotation from Antonin Artaud's "The Theatre and Its Double" and a short poem by a Peruvian poet named César Vallejo, and then he quoted something he had written himself, in which he said that "painting is a bouquet of mistakes." Nothing really the matter with any of this, except that the audience was bored. Here were these red-hot artists, with their steamy new imagery—figurative imagery in lurid color, images seething with emotional content—and their rapidly escalating international reputations and prices. (Nobody on that platform goes hungry, certainly not Clemente.) Here was the podium from which abstract art, that long dream of purity, might be driven once again into the desert. But instead the artists were talking amiably, if inaudibly, of objects and images, experience and mistakes.

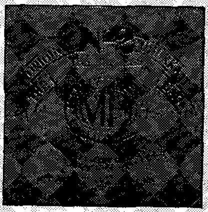
What was wrong, of course, was our expectations. A lot of supposedly knowledgeable people had been suckered into the current trap of paying attention to the artist instead of to the work. In the heroic nineteen-fifties in New York, the Abstract Expressionists used to meet at The Club and the Cedar Tavern, because they needed each other's abrasive company and reassurance. They had to talk things out to see where they were going, and, aside from a very few friends and invited outsiders, nobody else paid any attention to them. Today, even very young artists are treated like movie stars. They are pressed into performing before a public that may or may not know anything about their work. In this context, it is interesting that so many younger artists of the last decade have become actual performers—have crossed over into the world of rock music or stage appearances. Laurie Anderson, the most prominent of these new performance artists, has actually pulled off a hit single, "O Superman," which to date has sold more than five hundred thousand copies worldwide. For the non-performing artist, however, a media event that is primarily verbal (that slide projector is *always* too far back) can be only an embarrass-

San Diego's Golf/Tennis Holiday Unlimited
7 Days/6 Nights — $518.00
Per Person — Double Occupancy
Unlimited Golf! Unlimited Tennis!
Unlimited choice from the gourmet menus of two marvelous restaurants for breakfast and dinner! Deluxe accommodations with private patio! Elegant resort with excellent new facilities and renovations! Complimentary transportation to and from San Diego Airport! Extra nights available • $84.00 per person.

Rancho Bernardo Inn
And Country Club
17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, San Diego, California 92128
Telephone: (714) 487-1611, Toll Free: 1-800-542-6096
Outside California: 1-800-854-1065

T. ANTHONY Ltd.

The Ghurkas are headquartered at 58th and Park.



Impeccably functional luggage originally developed for the British Military in India. The entire regiment (32 styles, each piece numbered, embossed, registered) is now available at T. Anthony in New York. Shown here: No. 2, The Express—carry on size, $260.

480 Park Avenue (corner 58 St.) New York, NY 10022 (212)750-9797
We honor American Express, Visa and Mastercard.
New Catalog, by mail, $2.

Original French Country Espadrilles
Only $10.00

The French have been in love with these simple shoes for more than 200 years. They're the perfect all-purpose casuals. Solid rope soles provide maximum comfort. Canvas uppers conform to foot shape. Sizes run snug, order accordingly.

BIGA The Originals from France

MDA, Inc.
PO Box 130
34 Troy Street
Auburn, Maine 04210
(207) 783-1461

Please send _____ pair @ $10.00 ea. plus $2.00 ea. postage/handling for a total of $______.
☐ Check enclosed. Charge my ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX
Card #______________ Exp. Date________
Signature ______________________

Quantity	M or F	Size	Color 1st choice	2nd Choice

Available In: Women's — Red, Turquoise, Khaki, Navy, Cream, Pink, Burgundy, White, Fuchsia, Yellow, Blue Jean, Black, Light Blue, Tobacco. Whole sizes: 6-10.
Available In: Men's — Tobacco, White, Navy, Burgundy, Cream, Black. Whole sizes: 7-13.

01-5009

Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City______________State______Zip________
Please allow three weeks for delivery.

NOT ALL DADS ARE CREATED EQUAL

And the Squire's gourmet cashews aren't either. We import only the largest Brazilian cashews, then hand roast them in our exclusive nut oil. JUNE 20 IS DAD'S DAY — give him the most delicious gift in the world. Packed in a handsome decorator tin. Shipped within 24 hours after we receive your order. We guarantee he will be delighted or we will gladly refund your money. 20 ounces; $15.95 + $1.95 UPS.

Credit Card Holders call toll-free to order and also reserve your holiday brochure of the Squire's other nut selections. Write or call today! 1-800-523-6163 (In PA 1-215-493-8668 collect)

The Squire's Choice
The Squire's Choice
35 South Main Street
Yardley, PA 19067

NATURAL COSMETICS AND BODY CARE PRODUCTS
Free Catalog!

From Weleda, creators of finest quality soaps, lotions, shampoos, skin conditioners. Made with biodynamically-grown plants; absolutely free of animal fats and synthetic preservatives.
Write Weleda, Inc., P.O.Box 769-NY
Spring Valley, NY 10977

ment. The artists on the platform at Julian Schnabel's were not really talking to each other, which is why nothing much got said.

One salutory exchange did take place, over the question whether or not the pendulum in contemporary art was shifting from abstraction to recognizable imagery. The artists all seemed to agree that the question itself was meaningless, art being per se both figurative and abstract. "I don't know of any art that interests me that doesn't have some sort of figurative reference," said Shapiro. His own sculpture combined representative imagery and abstract structure, he added, "and the interesting thing is to bounce back and forth" between the two. Schnabel said of Marden's pure abstractions that he felt they "moved on to something beyond themselves," something that was not necessarily abstract. "The painting is an image of itself, at least," Chia noted. The important image, according to Salle, was "the image of the painting—it is the act of looking at the painting, at a certain time and in a certain place."

The artists were entirely right, I think, in seeing the abstract-figurative question as an artificial one. There has been much talk of late about a "return to the figure" in art. The Whitney Museum's current show "Focus on the Figure: Twenty Years" (through June 13th) presents an illuminating contrast between the cool, ironic figure painting of the sixties (Pop Art and Photo-Realism) and the cruder, more emotional imagery of the last five years. The galleries are full of representational art, some of it as meticulously rendered as the every-blade-of-grass landscapes in a nineteenth-century Paris Salon. In the eclectic atmosphere of the moment, realism in all its familiar and comforting aspects often seems to be making a spectacular comeback. On the other hand, Helen Frankenthaler, Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, and other artists of the older generation continue to show abstract work of exceptional quality and vigor, and who is to say that theirs is not the important work of the eighties? The show of new work by Willem de Kooning at the Xavier Fourcade gallery in April was closer to pure abstraction than this artist usually goes, and it was a revelation. De Kooning had scraped his surfaces down to a lustrous smoothness. The turgidities of the famous style were mostly absent, and the color—outrageous reds and greens brought under

At home, near the White House

The Jefferson Hotel

16th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

For a very special weekend...
$200 per couple includes:
- 2 nights accommodations (Friday arrival)
- Welcome Cheese Tray & Wine
- Continental Breakfast Saturday and Sunday Brunch
- Complimentary Limousine service for 2 hours

Tax & Service not included.

The Jefferson is a small, elegant hotel, just four blocks from the White House. The atmosphere is European, the ambiance intimate and the service impeccable.

one of The Leading Hotels of the World®

For reservations please call:
(202) 347-2200
or
(800) 223-1230 toll free
(212) 751-8915 collect

HRI

Dromoland Castle

IRELAND'S FINEST

And Dromoland's charming Clare Inn offer very attractive packages with unmatched comfort and luxury.
Both of these hotels are situated in the heart of **SHANNONSIDE,** just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.

BROCHURES AND RESERVATIONS
Mc Donough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare. Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854.
U.S. RESERVATIONS Mc Donough Hotels, P.O. Box 1825, Parkersburg, WV26101. Telex: 86-9412, TOLL FREE 800 624-1921.

THE HALF MOON CLUB

HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Home of All American Sports Tennis Clinics in Jamaica.
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.

GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH
See Your Travel Agent or Call
RR 800-223-6510 • JRS 800-327-5767

magic control—sang out with a clarity that pierced the eye.

Artists of de Kooning's generation do not often appear on panels or perform in public. They tend to be suspicious of words applied to works of art, particularly in this time when the critical function shows every sign of terminal inanity. Years ago, however, de Kooning did make a statement about abstract art. It was at a Museum of Modern Art symposium in 1951 on "What Abstract Art Means to Me," and this is how he ended it:

> If I *do* paint abstract art, that's what abstract art means to me. I frankly do not understand the question. About twenty-four years ago, I knew a man in Hoboken, a German who used to visit us in the Dutch Seamen's Home. As far as he could remember, he was always hungry in Europe. He found a place in Hoboken where bread was sold a few days old. . . . He bought big stacks of it for very little money, and let it get good and hard and then he crumpled it and spread it on the floor in his flat and walked on it as on a soft carpet. I lost sight of him, but found out many years later that one of the other fellows met him again around Eighty-sixth Street. He had become some sort of Jugend Bund leader and took boys and girls to Bear Mountain on Sundays. He is still alive but quite old and is now a Communist. I could never figure him out, but now when I think of him, all that I can remember is that he had a very abstract look on his face.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Adweek*]

Wyse's fourth novel is the story of bright, ambitious Alexandra Cassman, an ugly-duckling-turned-beauty ineluctably drawn into the web of her grandfather Sam, a New York real-estate power broker. Before "Cassie," as she is called, can flower into true womanhood, she first has to fend off her grandfather, the devourer; her mother, the suicide case in Gucci shoes; her husband, the closet homosexual; her sister, the battered wife; her brother-in-law, the Las Vegas ne'er-do-well; and her father, the dumb philanderer. That done, she can get down to the business of pulling off a "Zeckendorf" deal (a high-risk, high-powered real-estate classic) and inheriting the family empire, proving by the final stretch of 300-plus pages, that "no man can lie, cheat, or steal better than a woman."

"I wanted to do a book that embodies the spirit of young women today," Wyse explained from her Park Avenue office.

•

"Test" your dog's protective instinct . . . will your dog stop an intruder or flea . . . find out Saturday.—*Adv. in the Santa Barbara News-Press.*

We don't need to wait till Saturday. It's all too clear.

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber

☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.

Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ______

Signature ______

4232

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.

☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46

To ______

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Gift card to read "From ______"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your new address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

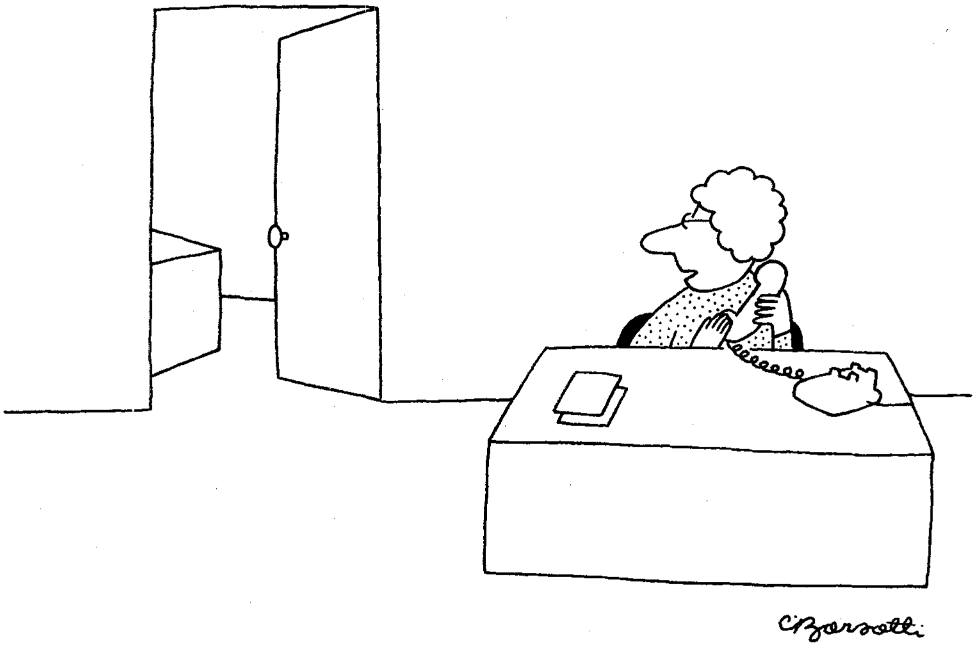
Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

MUSICAL EVENTS

Apollonian Pursuit

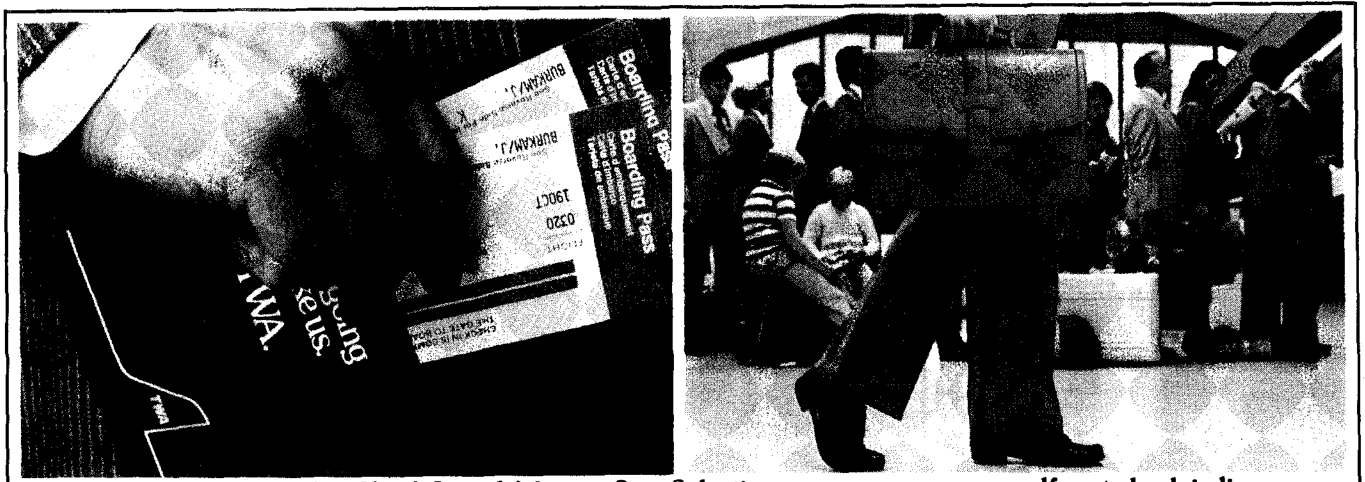
THE long preface to Marco da Gagliano's "Dafne," one of the earliest operas, performed in Mantua in 1608 and published in Florence that year, is a veritable production book, containing detailed instructions for the "blocking" and gestures, specification of the choral forces, hints for the prop man (how to prepare a laurel bough that can be twined without awkwardness into a wreath), notes on how to seat the orchestra, and much else. Although opera was still young—the first opera, Jacopo Peri's "Dafne," had appeared only in 1598—singers already needed warning against misplaced or excessive vocal display. The composer indicates those numbers in which virtuoso adornment can fitly serve expression—"but where the tale does not require it, leave all ornamentation aside, so as not to be like the painter who, being a master of painting cypresses, painted cypresses everywhere." The singers' chief aim must be to make the words intelligible, for "true delight is born from an understanding of the words." (The words of "Dafne," by the excellent poet Ottavio Rinuccini, are worth understanding.) Nevertheless, the spectacle is also important. Ovid provided the subject matter for the first two decades of opera, and the "Dafne" libretto is drawn from the first book of the "Metamorphoses"—from the pages telling of Apollo's slaying of the Python, his taunting of Cupid, Cupid's revenge, Apollo's pursuit of Daphne, and her transformation into a laurel. The vegetable metamorphosis is not scenically represented but happens offstage; the shepherd Thyrsis describes it in music hardly less eloquent than Richard Strauss's for the same event. But the Python does appear. "The serpent should be large, and if its designer knows how (as I have seen) to make it flap its wings and spit fire, it will be a finer sight still if it snakes along—the man inside it putting his hands to the ground—on all fours." The Python had already made a spectacular appearance in a 1589 Medici entertainment, designed by Bernardo Buontalenti—in its third intermezzo, which had words by Rinuccini and music by Luca Marenzio. (Buontalenti designs and an Agostino Caracci engraving of the scene survive; so do descriptions of the monster's mirror-spangled wings, its gaping jaws set with three rows of gnashable teeth, its glowing tongue and fiery breath, the inky blood gushing from the wounds Apollo inflicted.) A few years later, Rinuccini, "merely to make a simple test of what the song of our age could do," recast his piece for dramatic singing—retaining just a line or two of the original, and adding the Daphne sequel. And from this initiative opera was born. Peri's "Dafne" was first given with small forces in a small room. For Gagliano's "Dafne," a decade later, Rinuccini amplified his libretto, enlarging the chorus's role (perhaps on the model of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," which had meanwhile appeared, in 1607) and adding not only the piece that describes and accompanies Apollo's fight but, later, a narrative replay of the contest, recounted for Daphne's benefit. (Since Apollo would be out of breath after his exertions and unable to sing his victory song, Gagliano, ever practical, prescribed two identically dressed performers, one to fight and one to sing, and indicated when the substitution should take place.) Exactly where in Mantua this "Dafne" was first performed we are not sure. Presumably not in the large wooden theatre (its capacity variously estimated as four thousand and six thousand) used later that year for Monteverdi's "Arianna." But the nature of Rinuccini's additions and of Gagliano's stage directions suggest that their "Dafne" may have been the first attempt to inject a spectacular element into the new genre. The earlier operas—Peri's "Dafne," his "Euridice" and Giulio Caccini's, and (although its music is far more graphic) Monteverdi's "Orfeo"—contain nothing as scenically exciting as the Python, while Caccini's elaborate "Il Rapimento di Cefalo," to judge by the libretto and contemporary descriptions, was closer to a vast theatrical pageant than to the Rinuccinian idea of opera.



"He wants to talk to Conan the Barbarian. I presume he means you."

Gagliano's "Dafne" is no "Orfeo." The music does not have that work's richness, invention, or affecting power, and the plot is less shapely. But it is a fascinating piece: the first opera remodelled and, by an able composer, reset under the influence of the Monteverdi masterpiece that its earlier version had influenced; one of the early, still eloquent essays in harnessing poetry, drama, singing, playing, acting, dancing, scenery, and lighting effects to a single end. All the "problems" that have always beset and still give life to opera—the tensions between words and music, spectacle and music, star singers and composer, singers and orchestra, acting and singing, solos and ensembles, straight-line narrative and formal pattern—were from the start identified and explored. Since Monteverdi and his contemporaries, opera has increased its arsenal of affective weapons, but its essential ways of working upon audiences are hardly altered. In "Dafne," the solo-and-chorus exchanges in the opening

Express yourself past check-in lines on TWA.



With TWA's Round-Trip Check-In and Advance Seat Selection you can express yourself past check-in lines.

Express yourself straight to the gate and...

express yourself straight to your seat.

It's easy with TWA's Airport Express.

Nothing gets you past check-in lines and through the airport faster than TWA's Airport Express.® And that's because with TWA's Round-Trip Check-In,® Connection Check-In℠ and Advance Seat Selection you can get boarding passes and seat assignments for your outbound, connecting and return flights before you depart.

So on your trip home you can go straight to your seat on the plane. Instead of straight to the back of a check-in line.

Ask for TWA's Airport Express.
And express yourself past check-in lines.

Get 2 free First Class tickets to Europe

At TWA we believe in rewarding our frequent business flyers for making us their number one choice. In addition to our current Frequent Flight Bonuses℠ which begin at 10,000 miles, we've just added 2 new Frequent Flight Bonus levels. So now if you fly 75,000 miles in the U.S. on TWA during the course of our program, we'll give you 2 free First Class tickets to anywhere we fly in the U.S. And if you fly 95,000 miles anywhere we fly in the U.S., we'll give you 2 free First Class tickets to Europe. You can take advantage of both tickets yourself, or use them to treat a friend or colleague to a free trip. Airport Express and Frequent Flight Bonus. Two ways TWA is helping to make business travel a pleasure.

For complete details, and reservations, call your travel agent, corporate travel department or TWA.

You're going to like us TWA

IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50°F.
AND BOTTLED IN HOLLAN
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
HORS CONCOURS MEMBRE DU JURY
TRADE MARK
GRAND PRIX PARIS
Heineken
EST
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
AMSTERDAM
BRE
AND
Heineken
"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken."

scene, bewailing the devastation the Python has spread, and those in the closing scenes, where Daphne's companions lament their loss of her, have a Gluck-like quality. Thyrsis, like Sylvia, the comparable messenger in "Orfeo," is a forerunner of Waltraute in "Götterdämmerung."

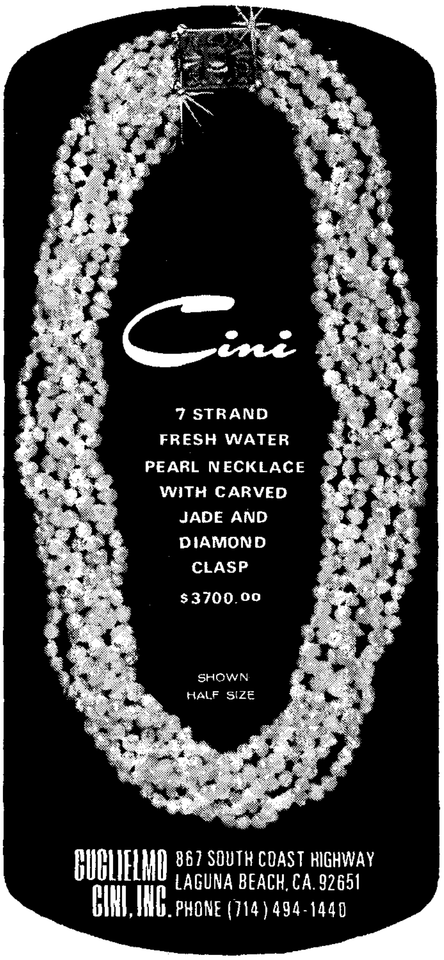
In our day, this "Dafne" has not been neglected. The 1608 score has been published in facsimile. The New York Pro Musica Antiqua staged "Dafne" at Hunter College in 1974, and there have been at least three recordings (the best of them, a Musica Pacifica performance on ABC Command, no longer in print). Last month, the Mannes Camerata presented "Dafne," its inaugural production, in Christ Church, on Park Avenue at Sixtieth Street. The church, an expensively columned, marbled, and mosaicked neo-Byzantine late work (1932) by Ralph Adams Cram, which is described in the A.I.A. Guide as a "stage set for well-to-do parishioners," lends itself to drama. The Camerata is the performing group of the early-music program at Mannes College. Its production was ambitious in aim while modest in scale, and very pleasing—intelligently and stylishly conceived, carefully rehearsed, sung and acted by a young cast who had striven to master both the text and ways of singing and moving apt to the music. The band was ten strong (twice as many as the Pro Musica used, a third as many as in the rather heavy Hamburg performance recorded on Archiv). The ritornelli were played by a recorder consort, because the Camerata is still short of strings. Besides Daphne, Apollo, Cupid, and Venus, there was a chorus of five and a dance group of six—the Minstrel Tapestry Dancers, directed by Dorothy Rubin, a re-creator of High Renaissance dance. But since the dancers could sing and the singers could move, pastoral life and high adventure on Parnassus' slope were neither underpopulated nor undervoiced. The design was simple: a dapple of light, the Castalian spring pouring out over the altar on a painted frontal, a sprightly Python represented Kabuki-style. The notable singers were the young baritone Toshiaki Kunii—the only professional in the cast—as the Second Shepherd, and the light tenor Gregory Purnhagen, a Thyrsis who, like il Brandino, the creator of the role, not only made his words understood by clear diction and graceful singing but enhanced them with well-judged gesture and action. Elsewhere, there were a few patches of errant pitch, but in general the singing was light, clear, and steady. Paul Echols, the sapient, gifted, and dedicated director of the Camerata, himself played Ovid, the Prologue—with majesty gradually tempered by friendliness, as Gagliano required—and then sat in a front pew to supervise the progress of his show. In an attempt to "strengthen the individuality of some roles," Mr. Echols added three extra pieces, from elsewhere in Gagliano—wrongly, I think, to so carefully planned a work. A bilingual libretto was provided, but the light in the church was rather dim for following both text and action with ease. The Mannes Camerata plans a production of Peri's "Euridice" next spring.

IN Merkin Hall last month, the Florilegium Chamber Choir, accompanied by a Baroque string quintet and a harpsichord, gave a concert performance of Purcell's masterpiece "Dido and Aeneas." The Belinda, Marjorie Patterson, was charming. The Dido, Bernadette Fiorella, and, even more, the Aeneas, Joseph Penrod, tended to sacrifice lightness, accuracy, and telling verbal inflection to volume of tone. The conductor, JoAnn Rice, beat time through continuo-accompanied airs (which is rather like conducting singer and pianist in a lieder recital). It was a presentation not fully worked out and, even in concert terms, insufficiently dramatic. The chorus's contributions, however, were well prepared, and on the whole it was an enjoyable enough show. An interesting effect—one I'd not heard tried before—was obtained in the echo chorus by sustaining, very softly, the main body's final chords through the echo phrases. It evoked the acoustics of a witches' cave. A libretto, a (revised) facsimile of the sole surviving seventeenth-century copy, was provided—but, again, the light in the hall was feeble. If singers don't know how to pronounce names like "Aeneas" and "Actaeon," they should look them up in Webster instead of guessing and getting them wrong. Before "Dido," Florilegium sang Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (which I heard only through closed doors, having arrived late) and, very well, his late choral work, the suite "Sacred and Profane." A more polished "Dido" accompanied by seventeenth-century strings—Emma Kirkby its heroine, Judith Nelson its Belinda—has appeared on a Chan-

From mid'May until well into August, the nights hardly get dark in Denmark. The better to admire the lovely sights. And year round, among the loveliest sights are the great furs at our salon.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



Cini

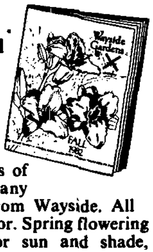
7 STRAND
FRESH WATER
PEARL NECKLACE
WITH CARVED
JADE AND
DIAMOND
CLASP
$3700.00

SHOWN
HALF SIZE

GUGLIELMO CINI, INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CA. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440

Wayside Gardens

NEW FALL CATALOG!



Accurate information . . . Meticulous selection and quality

This big, book-style 76 page catalog is your single most reliable source for superior garden plants . . . hundreds of treasures for your garden, many of them obtainable only from Wayside. All illustrated in faithful full color. Spring flowering bulbs, hardy perennials for sun and shade, shrubs, climbers . . . from all over the world . . . all professionally evaluated and tested nationwide . . . expertly propagated and sent at the optimum planting time for you.

WAYSIDE GARDENS
517 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

For your personal copy; plus a complimentary copy of our big Spring Catalog, send $1.00 (credited on your first order):

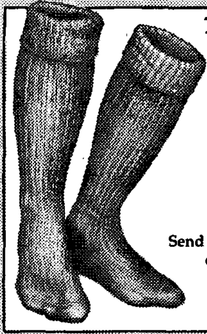
Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________

State ________ Zip ________

WAYSIDE GARDENS
517 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695



100% Cotton
Authentic
SAFARI
SOCKS
2 for $10 postpaid
(CA res. add .60 tx)
One size fits: 9-13
Color: British Khaki
Send Check or AmEx, M/C, or VISA # w/exp. date
Send $1 for catalog
(415) 777-5200

BANANA REPUBLIC
Safari & Expedition Clothing
2253 Polk St., Dept. N, San Francisco, CA 94109

ENJOY
A GREAT PLACE
IN HISTORY

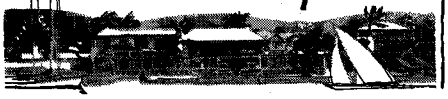
Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.

The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family

On the spur of the Moment,

Write or call:
DAVID B. MITCHELL & CO.
777 THIRD AVE., NY, NY 10017
TEL. (212) 371-1323

Glencoe
PAGET, BERMUDA



dos record (distributed here by Sine Qua Non). Andrew Parrott conducts the Taverner Choir and Taverner Players.

MERKIN HALL is unresonant for choral music, but the Heinrich Isaac concert given there last month by Pomerium Musices, directed by Alexander Blachly, was memorable. The big work was Isaac's "Argentum et Aurum" Mass. The title may recall Franz Lehár's famous "Gold and Silver" waltz, but this fifteenth-century Mass is a large, brilliant, and beautiful composition—it suggests a composer rejoicing in his strength—based on the chant for the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul: Peter's "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee" set to a very striking melody. Between its movements, Pomerium sang choral songs, mostly secular, by Isaac and his contemporaries, which formed a pendant to the revelation of Isaac in all his grandeur provided by the Mass and by Cappella Nova's Isaac concert in St. Joseph's Church two years ago. The Pomerium's singing is as clearly defined, as well tuned, and as rhythmical as the Cappella's, yet quite different in effect. One might describe it, perhaps, as more "instrumental"—less concerned with varying the tone and with coloring and expressing the words, and less flexible in tempo. The sound is very strong, exciting in timbre; the phrasing is crisp and firm. The choir was accompanied—where accompaniment was apt—by a trio of cornett and two sackbuts, with Ray Mase a cornett player to end doubts about the instrument's ability to stay in tune, and to justify that seventeenth-century likening of it to "a ray of sunlight."

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Resonances

LINCOLN CENTER, Merkin Hall, Symphony Space, Christ and St. Stephen's Church, Corpus Christi Church, and a host of less regularly used concert venues make the upper West Side the present center of New York's musical life. A group of downtown establishments continues to provide welcome alternative fare, but on the East Side there has been little to challenge the cultural hegemony of the area across Central Park. In the course of several recent seasons, however, the 92nd Street Y—a few decades ago a home for famous recitalists—has revived its provision of con-

Cordial elegance
Gleneagles
HOTEL
Perthshire, Scotland

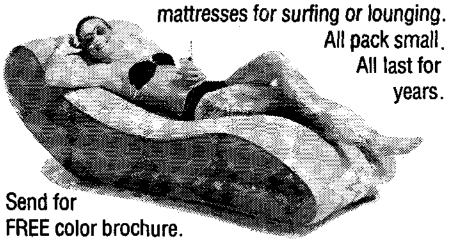
Palatial splendour surrounds you, warm Scottish hospitality welcomes you . . . Gleneagles Hotel is the complete resort—one of the world's greatest, set in its own 610-acre estate on the threshold of the spectacularly beautiful Highlands. A whole world to enjoy: tennis, swimming, sauna, fishing, croquet, squash, cinema, shops. And of course golf on four world famous challenging courses. Meals are renowned—Scottish beef, Tay salmon, Fife lobster—prepared with classic French artistry.

Now open the year 'round
— at affordable prices!

Gleneagles Hotels PLC, owners/operators of Caledonian & North British Hotels, Edinburgh, and Gleneagles Hotel, are represented in USA by BTH Hotels, 185 Madison Ave., NY 10016. Call toll free: 800-221-1074. NY State & Canada: 212-684-1820.

FUN FLOATS™

New kinds of inflatables for new kinds of water fun! Floating Island, couches and chairs. And unique air mattresses for surfing or lounging. All pack small. All last for years.



Send for FREE color brochure.
Leisure Imports, Inc, Dept. NYX8, St. James, NY 11780
or phone: 516-724-8900 Mon-Fri, 8:30-4:30 est

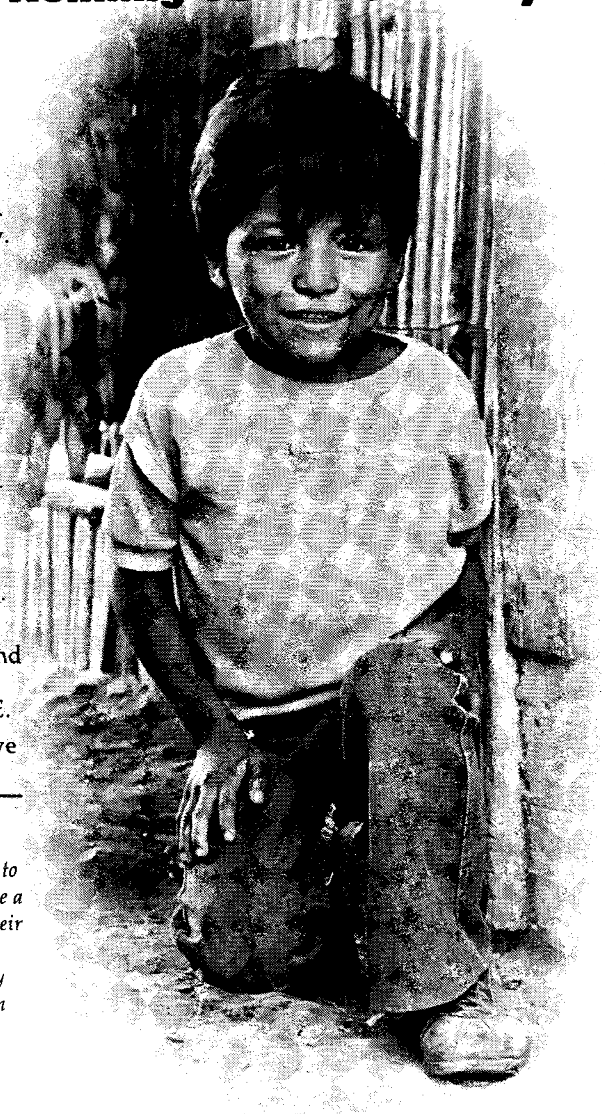
Fabulous Lake, Family Style
Swim, sail, canoe or ski from our dock on Sunapee's sparkling waters. Play tennis, splash in our pool, square dance, go hiking—do it all or nothing. We'll take the kids mornings and dinnertime. Write or call now for brochure with room and cabin rates:

INDIAN CAVE LODGE
Box Y, Lake Sunapee, NH 03782
603-763-2762
AAA

Keens
72 WEST 36 STREET NEW YORK
RESERVATIONS 947-3636

How Long Can A Needy Child Wait?

Time Is Running Out For So Many Children...



When you are very poor and needy, you can't wait forever. Every day makes a difference!

A little child needs food - today. He needs adequate shelter - today. Medical care - today. But for thousands of desperately poor children overseas, these basic needs may not be met. Their families are too poor to provide them.

And in poor families, it's the children who suffer most. Mere survival is often a struggle. Without help, most of these children will be trapped by disease and illiteracy. Those are the facts of life. Cruel facts. But not hopeless.

NOW THERE IS HOPE!

With your help a needy child and his family *can* have a better life. ALL THEY NEED IS A CHANCE.

Become a Foster Parent and give them that chance!

JOHNNY is a little boy who lives with his mother and sisters. His mother works hard, but she cannot earn enough to support them. When Johnny first became a Foster Child, their need was critical. Their needs are still great, but now they have realistic hopes for a better future. Johnny has a chance. But so many other children are still waiting...

Join the oldest continuing child support charity. You'll begin by helping a needy child and his family with their most immediate needs. Your sponsorship funds will help provide nutritious food... better housing... medical care... education. It's an important beginning!

But just sustaining life is not enough. Through Foster Parents Plan you can give a needy child and his family the skills and encouragement they need to help themselves, to make a start on a better future.

CARE ENOUGH TO HELP

Over the years you'll see the progress your Foster Child makes - because you care enough to help. You'll receive new pictures and progress reports each year. And your Foster Child will write to you regularly.

He won't ask you to change your life, just his. He won't ask you to take him into your home, only into your heart. Right now, he's waiting for your help.

Become a Foster Parent now. It's simple, easy and costs only 73¢ a day to send and receive love so deeply needed. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEND ANY MONEY NOW!

ONE CALL — ONE STAMP — ONE START

Call us TOLL FREE
1-800-556-7918

Anytime day or night. The sooner we hear from you, the sooner we can help your Foster Child.
(in Rhode Island call 738-5600)

Foster Parents Plan
Take a child into your heart.

A non-political, non-sectarian, independent child-sponsorship organization. All gifts are tax-deductible.

Foster Parents Plan
157 Plan Way, Warwick, R.I. 02887 B474

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl,
age ____ (3-14) in ____________ (Country).
Sponsors are needed for children in Africa, Asia, South America, Central America, Caribbean.

☐ Please send the picture and case history of a child who needs my help. I'll make my decision about becoming a Foster Parent to the child within 10 days, or return the kit to you.

☐ I want to become a Foster Parent NOW. Here's my first monthly check of $22 for my child. Please send me the child's photo, case history and my Foster Parents Information Kit.

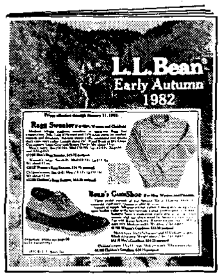
☐ Rather than become a Foster Parent now, I want to contribute $____________.

☐ Please send more information about Foster Parents Plan.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Early Autumn Catalog
Features many Bean favorites. Outdoor sport equipment, quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children. For 70 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Our clothing and footwear is rugged enough to withstand active outdoor use, yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Many items are of our own manufacture. All are guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory or your money back. Postage paid on most orders shipped within the U.S. and its possessions.
☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
Name
Address
City
State Zip
L. L. Bean, Inc.
831 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Letters for little people from
Uncle Toby
THE PERFECT GIFT FOR CHILDREN AGED 3 TO 8 YEARS

12 letters from a lovable old codger. Cost ten dollars. Give name and age of child, address, parent's name.
Payable To:
UNCLE TOBY
Mail To:
BOX 163Y LAKE BLUFF, IL 60044

NUMBER SIXTEEN
An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.
16 SUMNER PLACE LONDON SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

MEET ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Spectacular views of Lake Champlain from our deluxe 200-room hotel create a special meeting place for groups small and large. Excellent dining, complimentary airport transportation. Write or call (802) 658-6500.
RADISSON BURLINGTON HOTEL
Burlington Square, Burlington, VT 05401

certs, and has become an indispensable part of the city's cultural life. Its often conservative programs seem to cater to the needs of the local community, and some of its events—the concerts by the Group for Contemporary Music and the Y Chamber Symphony—have a far wider interest.

In an effort to improve the acoustics of its Kaufmann Concert Hall (which is essentially a theatre, with the stage behind a proscenium arch), the Y recently installed an acoustical shell, at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The movable structure looks like three walls and the ceiling of a room; it sits on the stage, and its aim is to reflect sound out into the body of the hall instead of letting it escape into the wings and roof area of the stage. I heard two performances last month which used the new shell—a concert by the Y Chamber Symphony and a program in the series "Chamber Music at the Y." On the old stage, the Chamber Symphony, which is conducted by Gerard Schwarz, made a fresh, bright, but somewhat diffuse sound. Confined by the shell, its playing seemed tauter and clearer but had lost some of its bloom. Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks," in a rather underpowered performance, sounded almost gloomy. But in Shostakovich's First Cello Concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma as the soloist, the winds were precise and biting, and the strings were incisive. Mr. Ma threw the music at us with finely controlled intensity. In this magnificent account of an exhausting piece, his passion did not preclude a carefully thought-out balance between the virtuosity of the opening and closing movements and the eerie stillness of the second movement's close, in which the cellist's harmonics mingled with the sounds of the celesta.

After an intermission, Mr. Schwarz presented a student work for string quartet by Webern, the "Langsamer Satz," played by the full string section of the orchestra—a piece of such brief, intoxicating lushness that it will surely become the ideal token work for any orchestra wishing to appear to be interested in the Second Viennese School. And then Mozart's Symphony No. 40: a puzzling account—spacious, serene, full of superficial expressiveness. Like everything Mr. Schwarz does, it was fluent and sophisticated, but there were three ugly *allargandos* (into the first-movement recapitulation, in the second part of the minuet's repeat, and after the tumultuous uni-

Aruba's Champagne Free Spree from $157* per person, double occupancy
8 days/7 nights
Offer valid 4/16 - 12/17, 1982
This package price buys your clients a fun-filled vacation in Aruba with a host of exciting extras.
• Welcome bottle of champagne • Basket of Dutch cheese and tropical fruit • Free entrance to Watapana Summer Street Festival • $20 in casino chips • Free T-Shirt • Bonus discount booklet for watersports, diving and shopping • 3 Free cocktail parties every week • Up to 2 children (under 12 years) free when sharing a room with parents • Plus a weekly treasure hunt with an opportunity to win a free hotel stay in Aruba the following year!
For reservations, see your travel agent or consult the Yellow Pages for a listing of our 24-hour toll-free numbers.
Best Western WORLDWIDE LODGING
Talk of the Town Manchebo Beach
RESORT HOTELS IN ARUBA
*For more information on the Free Spree Package at the Best Western Talk of the Town & Manchebo Beach Resort Hotels in Aruba, call or write Ralph Locke (NY), 315 E. 72nd St., New York, New York 10021, 800-223-1108.
NAME ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Next Time You Are in San Francisco Visit The Most Unusual China Store In America
~
RONALD JAMES
3415 Sacramento Street . San Francisco 94118
Fine Contemporary and Antique
China . Glass . Silver . Interiors

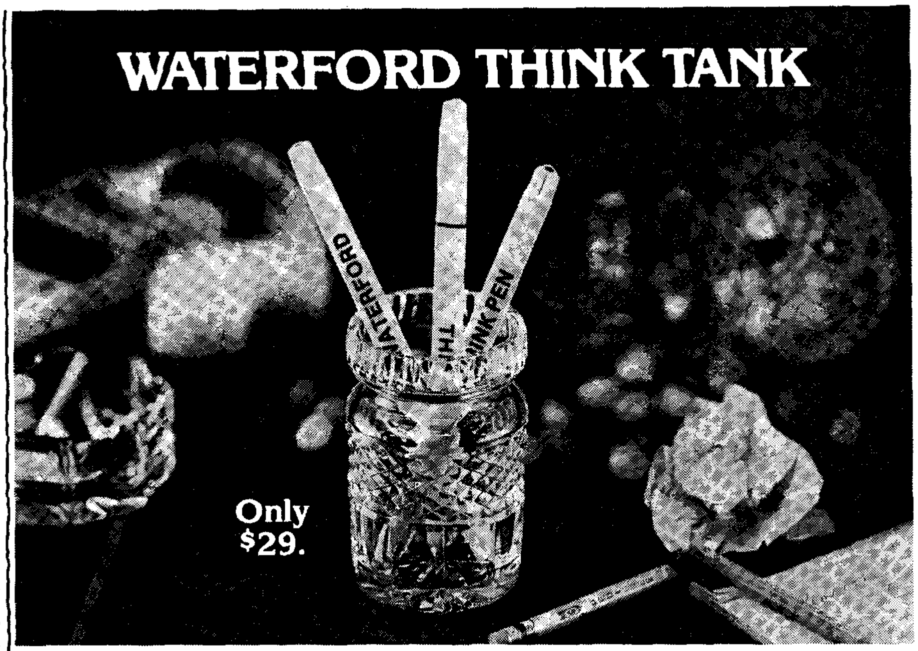
To help you plan your visit,
Berkshires Week
Since 1954, a thorough guide to summer life in the Berkshires
Sixteen weekly issues (July-October): $5
33 Eagle Street, Pittsfield, MA. 01202

BLUE STRAWBERY
Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.

son of the finale's development). It was good to hear both repeats taken in the last movement. Although the orchestra played excellently, the performance gave few hints of the music's deep emotional content.

"Chamber Music at the Y" is a series directed by the violinist Jaime Laredo on the model of those increasingly popular "and Friends" series, in which small-scale music is presented in varying states of preparation and rehearsal. The most recent program was an unchallenging one of Mozart and Beethoven, but it included a rarely heard piece, Mozart's Sonata for Bassoon and Cello: a duet in which the cello accompanies, and occasionally sings on equal terms with, the bassoon. Milan Turković, a visitor to the series (he is perhaps best known here for his recordings as the Baroque bassoonist of Concentus Musicus of Vienna), played with lyrical grace and unfailing musicianship; Sharon Robinson was an insistent cellist, with heavy articulation and vibrato. She could have learned something from Julius Levine, whose gentle, deft double-bass playing underpinned the ensemble's account of Beethoven's Septet. I hadn't expected to enjoy my second hearing this season of that work (the lively Bronx Arts Ensemble contributed it to Wall-to-Wall Beethoven, at Symphony Space, in November), which even the composer came to loathe because it was so popular, but the Y performance was delightful. David Jolley's French horn contributed a couple of glorious solos. Mr. Turković's bassoon was very fine. Although David Singer's clarinet, at the front edge of the shell, sounded rather strained and brittle, and Mr. Laredo's violin sometimes slipped out of tune, articulation was well matched, the balance was good, and the easy, flowing inventiveness of the work was well captured.

PIERRE DE LA RUE, one of the finest of the Flemish composers who flourished at the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, is a little-known figure today. Overshadowed by his contemporaries Josquin, Ockeghem, and Obrecht, he has received comparatively little scholarly attention; his entry in Grove warns us that "there is no complete discussion of the composer's style . . . it is difficult to make more than guarded remarks about [it]." In the fifteen-twenties, Martin Luther lamented the recent deaths of some great composers and included La Rue alongside Jos-



WATERFORD THINK TANK

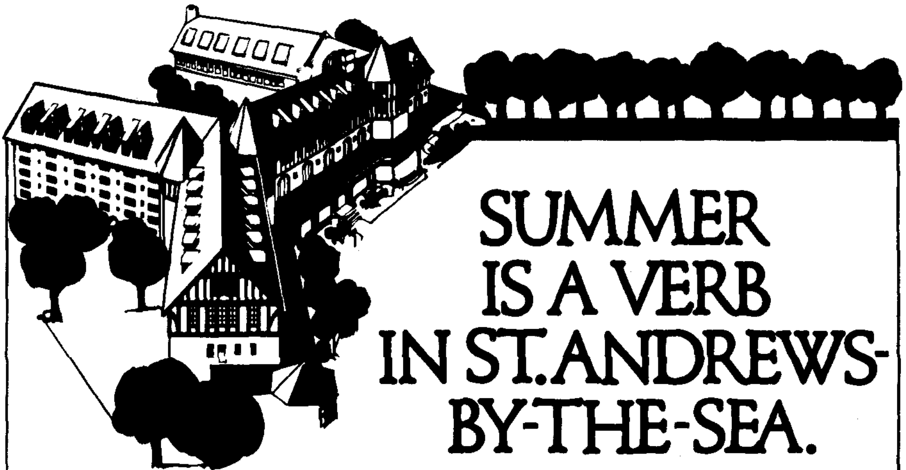
Our hand-cut Waterford **Think Tank™** has supernatural powers. One look into this Irish lead crystal restores the most worn-out executive brain. Included is a Waterford THINK PEN with shamrock green ink for luck. (Red ink may be substituted by real losers!) Our exclusive. $29.

P.S. For uncontrollable power, add our matching Waterford Jelly Bean Jar for $75.

Limited supply, so call today TOLL FREE: 1-800/633-4616
(In Alabama call collect 252-0221.)

Visa, Master Charge, American Express or 30-60-90 day credit terms available.

Bromberg's 123 North 20th Street • Birmingham, Alabama 35203
Fine Jewelers Since 1836 • Alabama's Oldest Business Firm



SUMMER IS A VERB IN ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA.

Sun, swim, cycle, swing a golf club, or just stroll serene seaside New Brunswick.

From a gracious seaside manor overlooking an unspoiled village, steeped in the past.

This year, make The Algonquin your first resort. And make your U.S. dollar go farther.

For full information and the warmest welcome under the sun call or write: 1-800-828-7447 (1-800-462-7472 from New York State), or your Travel Agent.

CP Hotels

The Algonquin

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick E0G 2X0 (506) 529-8823
Managed by Canadian Pacific Hotels Limited for Algonquin Properties Limited, a company wholly-owned by the Province of New Brunswick.
CP and are registered trade marks of Canadian Pacific Limited.

a catalogue of the best

More than 1,000 presents—Museum silver, crystal, porcelain, sculpture, jewelry, scarves, prints, books, cards.

For the Museum's 116-page Christmas catalogue* send this coupon with your name, address, and zip code together with $1.00 to cover mailing cost.

* Mailing date September 1.

N232

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028

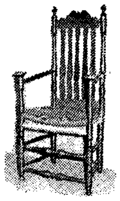
PALM SPRINGS
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS
Daily • Weekly • Season

Maid Service—Dining Room

LA MANCHA private club and villas

Call for Reservations (714) 323-1773
Outside California - (800) 854-1298

Antiques, Folk Art—The Real Thing in



MAINE ANTIQUE DIGEST
150 pages monthly—$23 yr.
To subscribe, call toll-free 1-800-525-9391, Ext. 604
Visa/Mastercard
or write Box 358N
Waldoboro, ME 04572
The Marketplace for Americana

NIGHT SHIRTS

I'm Huggable®

Soft yellow V-necked night shirts with side slits. Adult sizes S, M, L, XL, $10. Shipping $1.50. **The Hug Factory** Dept. NYJ, Box 4353, Louisville, Kentucky 40204

quin; some music historians, such as August Wilhelm Ambros, have valued his work very highly. In a concert at Grace Church last month, the New York Motet Choir revived La Rue's Missa pro Defunctis, along with other pieces by him and music by Josquin and Lassus. La Rue's style is so diverse, his expressive language so varied, that it would be unwise to generalize on the basis of a few works. But in these serene, uncomplicated performances, directed by Stephen Sturk, the prevailing impression was one of euphony and consonance, without the intense dissonances heard in the music of later generations. The contrast between La Rue's "Requiem aeternam" and the setting of the same text by Lassus made the point well: La Rue's lines unfolded gently; Lassus's music, composed late in the sixteenth century, derived its power from the ebb and flow of tension and relaxation among the voices. Yet La Rue's Requiem Mass does not sound reconciled to death—as, for instance, Fauré's does. The predominantly low registers and dark colors (especially in the Kyrie and the Agnus Dei movements) give an unearthly feeling of pessimism; in other, secular works, La Rue wove the sacred chants of the "Dies irae" and the "Requiem aeternam" through the music, as if the thought of death were always with him.

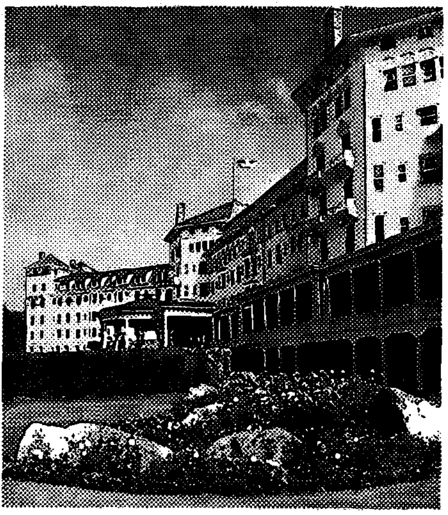
It seemed almost unfair to La Rue's extraordinarily characterful music to juxtapose it with that of Josquin and Lassus, whose emotional appeal is more direct, and whose techniques are more familiar to us. Some of the New York Motet Choir's singing was a bit bland for this repertory, with too little attention paid to long phrasing and careful balance. But the essential spirit of the music came across; it was difficult to believe the British music historians Sir Charles Stanford and Cecil Forsyth, who, in their "History of Music," dismissed the "frightful mechanical ingenuities" of Josquin and his contemporaries as "choking masses of blindweed that lay on the foothills leading upwards to the heights of Palestrina." —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

NATURALISTS' JOURNALS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

[*From "A Naturalist's Journal," by Bruce Fellman, in the Narragansett Times*]

In the gauzy dawn, I could tell without looking at any calendar beyond the one that roots me to the earth as deeply as any oak, that today would be the first spring day.



THE CLASSIC ESCAPE

This, the White Mountain Grand Resort, offers a classic and complete vacation in a setting of unsurpassed beauty.

Here you will find an 18 hole PGA course, 11 clay courts, indoor and outdoor pools, saddle horses, fly fishing, jogging, hiking and children's programs plus daily special activities. Music with dinner and varied entertainment each evening.

With nearly a century of congenial service to a discerning public, rest assured, this will be a classic escape.

The MOUNT WASHINGTON
BRETTON WOODS, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Box 20, Bretton Woods, N.H. 03575.
In N.E. 1-800-258-0330 or in N.H. 603-278-1000.

"AIR POLLUTION ATTACKS US ALL"
AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION®
The "Christmas Seal" People
GPO Box 596, NY, NY 10001

ANTIQUE BEDS

We have specialized in Antique Rope Beds since 1933. Extensive inventory. Our craftsmen will rebuild to any modern size. Handcrafted replicas also available. Send $1.00 for brochure.

LEONARD'S ANTIQUES, INC.
600 Taunton Ave., Seekonk, MA 02771
Telephone 617-336-8585.

The BUCCANEER
Your elegant oasis of privacy in the Caribbean.
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
Reservations:
RALPH LOCKE, 315 E. 72nd St. N.Y.C. 10021
(212) 586-3070 · Toll Free (800) 223-1108
Telex 423282

SNAPSHOT

(Crow Hill Road,
Early April, 1937)

From the third floor looking north:
Catkinned branches ride gray air
over sodden fields. Flattened grasses
sprawl; thickets of willow, alder, birch
recede to blurs like inked brushstrokes.

Lower left: A gleam of wet
road. A shepherd dog trots
ahead just out of sight,
whining. He draws me on
into a wood of dim rooms
where the dead stand listening
to the black talk of crows.

The dog makes straight for my mother,
lies down. Small, erect,
in gardening dress, clutching weeds,
she looks up, listening, past
crows to a faint music—Schumann?—
fiery West Australian winds,
sleet in Êpernay, perhaps
a fall of money.
Above:
Straw hat and briefcase hung
on twigs, crows cawing
don't, *don't*, my father
slowly appears, shrouded,
gray as newsprint, paper
folded to the want ads,
floating in mid-fall,
and disappears,
leaving a blood-rust stain.

I am nine.
My mother
bends again to earth as
for forty years more
she will bend, straighten,
bend, reach, rising
to proclaim, *Ça passe*,
ça passe.
Mother, how
did you sink, too, dumb
as a plummet, who swam
so many oceans, me
on your back, admonishing all
the ships at sea? How
slip down, numb
as a pebble? *Ça*
has passed indeed.

At fifty-four I near
my father's last age:

I'm in the picture.
The music
stops. I whistle up the dog,
scatter crows, and start back.
Children,
I'm home.

—Sheldon Flory

Not all our guests wear pin-stripe suits.

Not only do we have the best location in Tokyo for businessmen, and provide them with a fully staffed "office away from home" (our Executive Service Lounge), and with jogging gear so they can wind up for or unwind after business meetings, but we are also "the hotel" for patrons of the arts, shoppers who like the elegant stores along the Ginza, as well as vacationers who like to be at the center of things in Tokyo... They, too, are *our* guests.

Serving the needs of international businessmen and the community for 90 years.

At the heart of things in Tokyo.
IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
The New Imperial Hotel Tower Opens March, 1983.
1-1, Uchisaiwaicho 1-chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan. For reservations, contact your travel agent or Japan Air Lines.

CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.
35 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

A family estate with pool, tennis court, par 3 golf hole, horse barn and paddock. Gracious & elegant with center hall, spacious sun-filled living room, den, library & "Williamsburg" dining room opening to heated outdoor dining terrace. Country kitchen w/views and large playroom/gym. 5 master bedrooms, 3 baths, maids wing & 3rd floor with studio. 7 spectacular acres with possible subdivision.

Truly a country home for the discriminating buyer in one of the country's finest school districts. $1,200,000

RANDOLPH **PROPERTIES**

31 South Greeley Avenue, Chappaqua, N.Y.
(914) 238-9001

WEST COAST OF IRELAND
FINE STONE HOUSE FOR SALE

10 acres in a spectacular setting overlooking a 13th century abbey on a lovely Atlantic bay. 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, living room, dining room, library, kitchen, pantry, servants' quarters, garage, boathouse, dock w/deep anchorage, artist's studio, stables, sheltered garden. Fishing, sailing, swimming, shooting, riding, golf, trekking, climbing. Electricity, telephone, central heating, wood burning fireplaces.

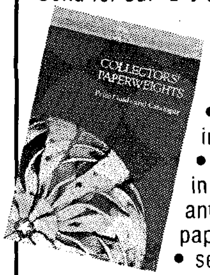
EXCELLENT CONDITION $600,000

For information: G. Ronald Furse Esq., c/o Fiduciary Trust Co., 25/28 Old Burlington St., London W1X2BD (Principals only)

For Bermuda Lovers Only

The Bermuda Book—336-page guide. Personalized sightseeing; all-island moped tours and maps; 9 special itineraries (golf, history, nature, etc.); little-known lore. Insider's history, transportation, accommodations, food & drink, nite life, shops. Two-foot, keyed color map. At bookstores or by mail: $6.95 (& $1 handling) from **"Bermuda Book," Box 800H, Briarcliff, N.Y. 10510.** NY Res. add tax. Delighted or money back. Unique reader rewards.

Send for our **PAPERWEIGHT CATALOG** and



- discover the beauty of glass paperweights
- collect art with great investment potential
- examine 128 pages in full-color of the finest antique and contemporary paperweight masterpieces
- send for it today $6.00

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City/State/Zip ______________________

L.H. SELMAN LTD.
761 Chestnut St., Suite 31, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

BOOKS

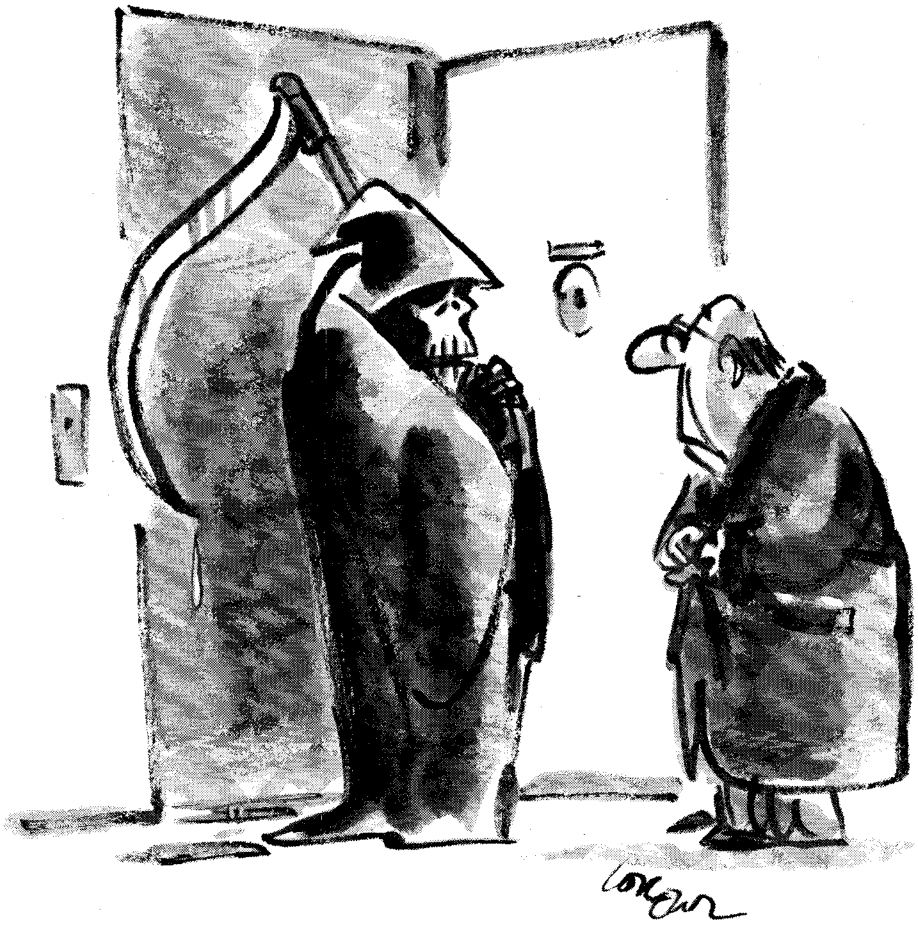
Chomolungma

EVER since I was a child, I have been reading books about Mt. Everest. I began when I was vacationing with my parents in the Adirondacks in the summer of 1942. James Ramsey Ullman's book "High Conquest: The Story of Mountaineering" had recently been published. In it, there is a chapter entitled "Summit of the World." I remember reading that chapter many times—even by flashlight, when my parents had ordered lights out—and by the end of the summer I had all but memorized it. (I just reread it and was astonished to find all sorts of mistakes of detail, not the least of which is one that it is not really Ullman's fault—a wrong altitude for the mountain. He gives it as 29,141 feet, whereas the generally accepted figure is now 29,028 feet.) That started a positive orgy of reading about Everest, and culminated in a trek to its base in 1967, which I reported on in this magazine. Needless to say, this was a subject that I thought I knew something about, but after reading a truly remarkable new book on the subject, "Everest: A Mountaineering History," by the British climber Walt Unsworth (Houghton Mifflin; $30), I realize that I knew next to nothing about it.

Mr. Unsworth not only has read, it would seem, every published account of climbing the mountain but has also had access to the private papers of the British Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, the sponsors of the British Everest expeditions from 1921 onward. In addition, he has interviewed or corresponded with most of the living veterans of the pioneering climbs, including the famous expedition of 1924, in which George Leigh Mallory and Andrew Irvine may have reached the summit. They disappeared somewhere near the summit, and what seems to have been either Mallory's or Irvine's ice axe was recovered by the British Expedition of 1933. Mr. Unsworth examined the axe in 1977. (It is in the Alpine Club in London.) He pronounces it "light and beautifully balanced." That is not a bad description of his writing in this book. There is plenty of alpine drama, but this is really not what the book is about. It is about the men and the few women who climbed—or didn't succeed in climbing—the mountain, and it shows them to be fully human and often flawed characters. Mr. Unsworth writes in his preface:

> What I have tried to do is fill in some of the background, often explaining why success or failure came about. I have in fact tried to take the Everest story out of the realms of the *Boy's Own Paper*, to which it has sometimes seemed to belong, by showing the other side of the coin as well. This does no disservice to those who have risked their lives on Everest—quite the opposite in fact, for it shows how they overcame not only the natural hazards of the mountain, but obstacles like bumbling officialdom, international rivalry, and plain double dealing as well.

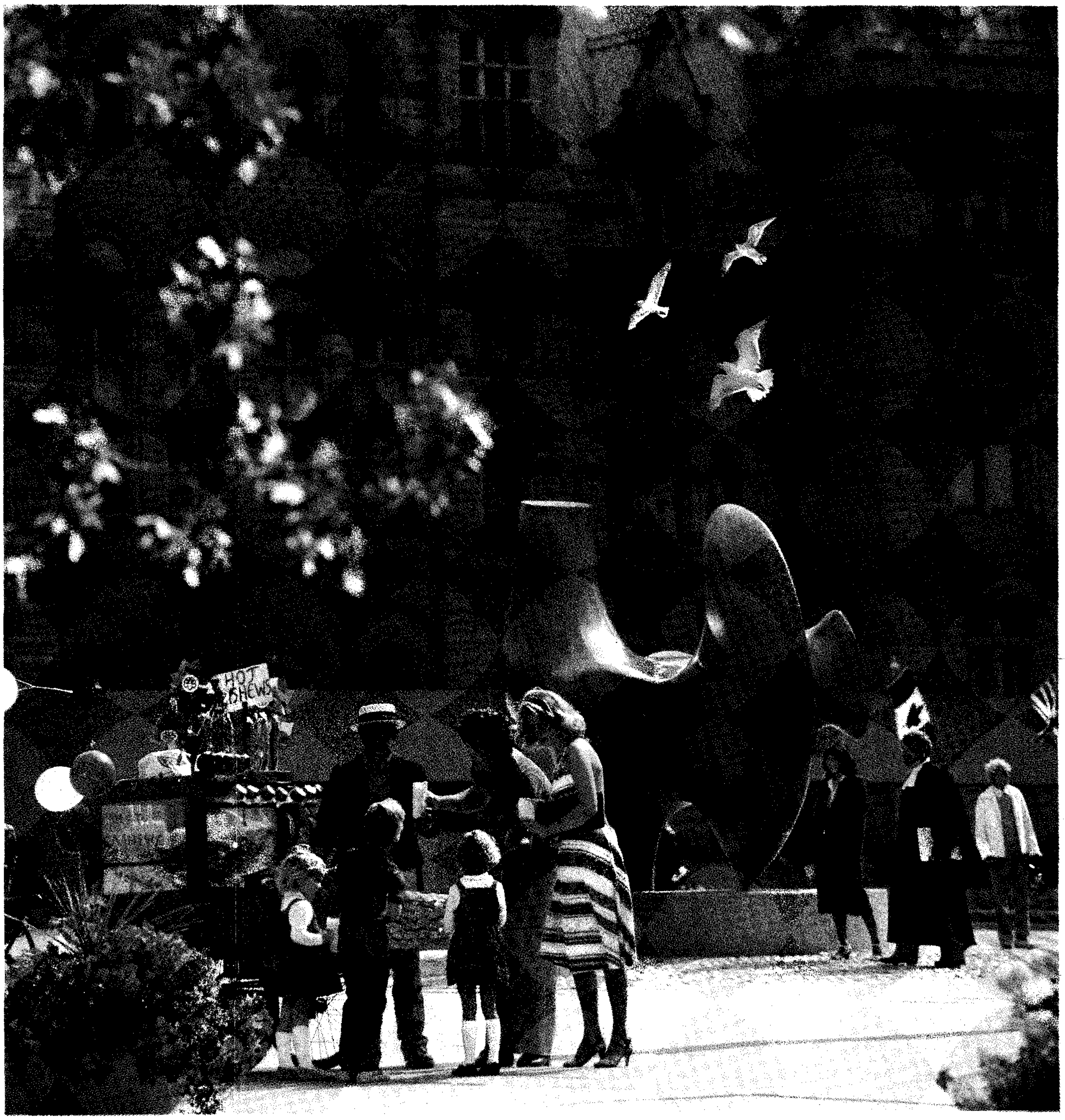
The first climbing expedition to Mt. Everest took place in the spring of 1921, but the intricate negotiations that led to it had begun almost two decades earlier. Not only the British authorities in India had to be persuaded to sanction the expedition but also the Dalai Lama, since the approach route lay through Tibet. One member of this first expedition was George Leigh Mallory. It was, of course, Mallory who, after a lecture in Philadelphia in 1923, replied "Because it is there" when asked why he had climbed the mountain. ("There," Mr. Unsworth points out, had come to mean for Mallory "anything which had a mystical quality.") Mallory was a childhood hero of mine—a real figure out of the pages of the *Boy's Own Paper*. After reading Mr. Unsworth's account, I see Mallory as much more like M. F., the strange and unfulfilled central figure of W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood's play "The Ascent of F.6." Mallory was thirty-five when he was selected for the expedition. A parson's son, he had gone to school at Winchester, where his interest in climbing had been aroused by a young teacher, Graham Irving. He went on to Cambridge, where he took up rowing. "He read history, but not too well," Mr. Unsworth reports, "and, undecided on a career, more or less drifted into teaching, a job for which he was tem-



"Do you mind bringing an umbrella? It's raining cats and dogs out there."

[illegible] with [illegible] dry and [illegible] business.
Play to win.
859342
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86 Proof 750ml
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN

© Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y.
86 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.



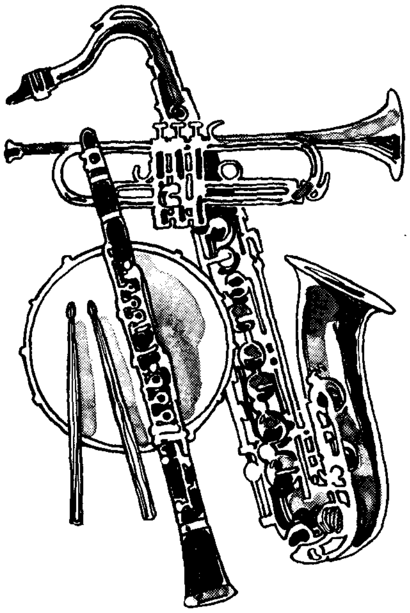
Nathan Phillips Square, Toronto, Ontario/Canada

Toronto à la carte!

Savour the old world flavours, the green and gracious public spaces, and the gleaming new world sights of our capital city. Take a clip-clop calèche or a trolley ride or a water slide on our island playgrounds. Come for the concerts and cabarets, the creature comforts, the urban delights and cosmopolitan pleasures. The options are endless, and yours to discover! Call TOLL FREE 1-800-828-8585 or from New York State 1-800-462-8404 or write: Ontario Travel, Queen's Park, Toronto M7A 2E5, Ontario/Canada.

ONTARIO
yours
to discover!

All that jazz!



Oscar Peterson, Doc Severinsen, Cleo Laine, Salome Bey and more. Three days of jazz in the park. A panoply of musical peripatetics and a galaxy of the brightest jazz talents in the world.

Live at the Ontario Place Forum;* three days of some of the finest jazz heard anywhere and a setting that's out of this world. Seating for 3,000 under the roof and sprawling room for 8,000 more in the surrounding grassy amphitheatre. Soak up the sun and the music. The good sounds roll right into the night.

Friday, July 2
5:00 p.m. Doc Severinsen & Xebron
7:00 p.m. Buddy Rich and his Band
9:00 p.m. Oscar Peterson

Saturday, July 3
12:00 p.m. Lorne Lofsky Trio
2:00 p.m. Ornette Coleman
4:00 p.m. Cleo Laine and John Dankworth
6:00 p.m. Sonny Rollins
8:30 p.m. Cleo Laine and John Dankworth

Sunday, July 4
1:00 p.m. Manteca
3:00 p.m. Salome Bey 6:00 p.m. Boss Brass
8:30 p.m. Weather Report

*Free with your $4.00 admission to Ontario Place.

For more information call
1-800-828-8585 or **1-800-462-8404**
in New York State.

ONTARIO
yours to discover!®

peramentally unsuited." At Cambridge, he became friends with Rupert Brooke and with Lytton Strachey, who fell in love with him. Strachey wrote to Virginia Woolf:

> Mon dieu!—George Mallory!—When that's been written, what more need be said? My hand trembles, my heart palpitates, my whole being swoons away at the words—oh heavens! heavens! I found of course that he'd been absurdly maligned—he's six foot high, with the body of an athlete by Praxiteles, and a face—oh incredible—the mystery of Botticelli, the refinement and delicacy of a Chinese print, the youth and piquancy of an unimaginable English boy. I rave, but when you see him, as you must, you will admit all—all! . . . Yes! Virginia alone will sympathize with me now—I'm a convert to the divinity of virginity and spend hours every day lost in a trance of adoration, innocence, and bliss. It was a complete revelation, as you may conceive. By God! The sheer beauty of it all is what transports me . . . For the rest, he's going to be a schoolmaster, and his intelligence is not remarkable. What's the need?

In fact, Mallory's climbing was also not remarkable. He had great natural gifts, but, Mr. Unsworth notes, "as with so many other aspects of his life, Mallory failed to make the significant contributions to climbing which were expected of him, and far from being the greatest mountaineer of his day, he was not really in the leading cadre." After reading Mr. Unsworth's account, it is still not clear to me why Mallory was selected for the expedition at all. He was not especially eager to go but was finally persuaded by his friend the great British climber Geoffrey Winthrop Young, on the ground that it might provide useful material for the writing career that he was then thinking of pursuing. In the event, Mallory described Tibet as "a hateful country inhabited by hateful people." The other members of this expedition and its successor, in 1922, were not especially pleased by his performance, and one of them, Dr. Tom Longstaff, described him as "a very good stout-hearted baby, but quite unfit to be placed in charge of anything, including himself." Nonetheless, once Mallory had come to grips with the mountain it possessed him—to such an extent that he began to fear its power. He wrote to Young, "Geoffrey, at what point am I going to stop? . . . I almost hope I shall be the first to give out!"

The 1921 expedition, led by Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury, made a thorough reconnaissance of the mountain—no mean accomplishment, considering the difficulties of the ter-

PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS
presents

the dining room

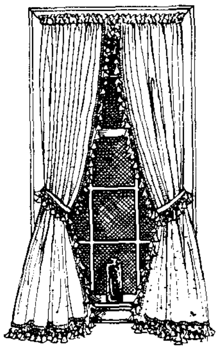
a play by A.R. GURNEY, JR.
directed by DAVID TRAINER

DRAMA DESK NOMINATION FOR OUTSTANDING NEW PLAY

TUES-FRI AT 8, SAT AT 7 & 10, SUN AT 3 & 7

ASTOR PLACE THEATRE
434 LAFAYETTE ST. • 254-4370
CHARGIT 944-9300

COUNTRY CURTAINS®



Country Curtains are a tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service from Nantucket to Nob Hill.
CITY CURTAIN . . . inspired by the stately houses on Boston's Beacon Hill. The pearly white or ecru fabric, a silky blend by Waverly, is edged with an exquisite 2¼" tassel fringe. 90" wide per pair. 54" long, $35 pr; 63" or 72" long, $40 pr; 81" or 90" long, $46 pr; 102" or 108" long, $55 pr. Valance, $18.50 each. Tiebacks, $8.00 per pair. Matching bedspread. Please specify color.

Send For Free Catalog

COUNTRY CURTAINS
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept. NY6, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Check, money order, Mastercard or Visa. Mass. res. add 5% sales tax. Postage/handling: under $25 add $2.00, over $25 add $3.00. Phone: 413-298-5565 or 413-298-3921. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG
☐ My order totaling $ ________ is enclosed.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

An "irresistibly readable"* royal love story for everyone enthralled by *Nicholas and Alexandra*

ROYAL WEB

The Story of Princess Victoria and Frederick of Prussia

By LADISLAS FARAGO & ANDREW SINCLAIR

At age 18, Victoria, the eldest child of Queen Victoria, left her doting family and homeland to marry Frederick, handsome Crown Prince of Prussia. In Germany, the young couple soon became tragic pawns in "the game of nations" that preceded World War I. This is their poignant story—based on fresh sources and recently published in England to royal praise from the critics.

"Told with great verve and sparkle. From private letters... the authors reconstruct events with a rare grace."
—*The Economist*

"This lively new book retells a tale of courage and aspirations pitifully dashed, and does it well."—*The Times*

Illustrated

$12.95 at your bookstore

**Daily Mail*

McGRAW-HILL 82

A TALE THAT BEGINS AT THE END OF THE WORLD.

Meet Riddley Walker.

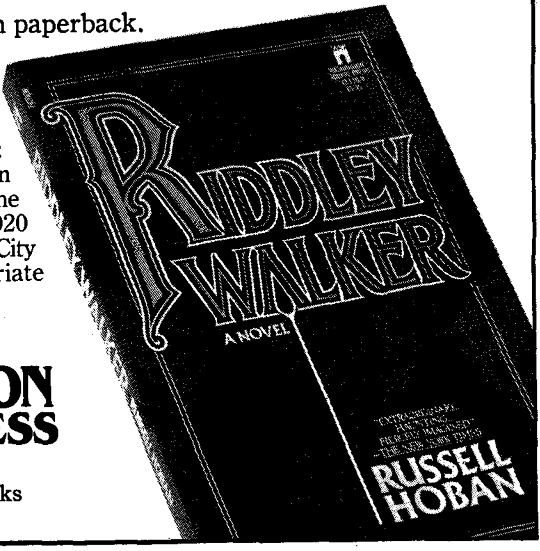
Two thousand years after mankind has been destroyed by the atom, 12 year-old Riddley Walker leads a tribe of survivors on a quest for his planet's past.

"Set in a remote future...composed in an English no one ever spoke or wrote...lighting by El Greco...jokes by Punch and Judy...and a hero with Huck Finn's heart and charm."—The New York Times.

Anthony Burgess, author of A Clockwork Orange calls Riddley Walker, *"A remarkable book...which imprisoned me in its atmosphere and wouldn't let me get out."*

Riddley Walker. Now in paperback.

At your bookstore now.



Order directly from the publisher by sending $5.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling to: Riddley Walker Washington Square Press, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020 (New York State and New York City residents please add appropriate sales tax).

WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS

Published by Pocket Books

rain. The 1922 expedition was led by General Charles Granville Bruce, who was known as Bruiser to his friends. Bruce had been climbing in the Himalaya since the eighteen-nineties, and was one of the first men to conceive of climbing Everest. The book includes a photograph of the General seated with several members of the 1922 expedition at breakfast somewhere in what must be Tibet; he is wearing a raincoat, and looks a great deal like Teddy Roosevelt. This expedition was the first to carry oxygen on Everest, setting off a controversy about its use which still rages. The majority opinion at the time was that oxygen would be used only by "rotters." Rotters or not, two members of the expedition using oxygen got to 27,300 feet on the mountain—higher than anyone had ever before climbed. It was after this expedition that Mallory, who had a wife and three children to support and was without a job, went on the lecture tour during which he made the remark that immortalized him.

In 1924, the British were back again, with both General Bruce and Mallory. On the morning of June 8th, Mallory set out for the summit of Everest with his climbing partner, Andrew Irvine. They never returned. Mr. Unsworth deals microscopically with the mysterious aspects of this matter. In the first place, why Irvine? At twenty-one, he was the youngest and least experienced climber in the group. Noel Odell (who had recommended Irvine for the expedition) was much more experienced and fit, and was available. All logic seems to indicate that he should have made the summit push with Mallory. But Mallory insisted that it had to be Irvine. It has been suggested that Mallory had a homosexual attachment to Irvine—something that Mallory's closest friends have denied. He certainly had, in Mr. Unsworth's words, a strong "aesthetic" feeling about Irvine. A handsome Oxford athlete, and an oarsman in the bargain, Irvine may have represented to Mallory all that he himself had once been. Odell was the last man to see them alive. It has been claimed that what Odell really saw was two rocks, but he is adamant that he saw two men, some seven hundred yards away and climbing carefully toward the summit. Did they make it? No one, of course, knows.

Although Mallory's death made Everest even more of a cause célèbre, the next expedition did not take place until 1933. Mr. Unsworth explains that the delay was in part due to intransigence on the side of the Tibetans, but says that this might have been dealt with if it had not been for one Major Frederick Marshman Bailey, a noted Himalayan explorer himself, who was a political officer in Sikkim and was directly responsible for carrying out negotiations with Lhasa. Unknown to the people in London, instead of advancing the negotiations, Bailey did everything in his power to impede them. One's suspicions as to the reason may be confirmed by some papers discovered after Bailey's death, in 1967. In one note, Bailey wrote of Everest, "It must be climbed one day, and I hope I will be one of the men to do it." He was never selected for an expedition. In any case, by 1933 the British were back in force, and this time three climbers, without using oxygen, managed to get to 28,200 feet.

The 1933 Everest expedition was the first in which the great British climber and mountain explorer Eric Shipton participated. In 1951, it was Shipton who, with a small party that included Edmund Hillary, discovered what turned out to be the ultimate climbing route—from the south, via Nepal—which was used by the triumphant British expedition of 1953, led by Colonel John Hunt. Until I read Mr. Unsworth's book, I did not know the details of the ironic and extremely sad story of Shipton's failure to lead the 1953 expedition. By that time, he had been on five Everest expeditions, leading two of them. He was a great climber, with a tremendous sense of responsibility toward the people who went with him—above all, toward the Sherpas and porters, who were, in the main, climbing for a living. The approach to the mountain from the south involves a particular risk—a sort of Russian roulette—for the Sherpas and porters. This is the climb of the two-thousand-foot-high Khumbu Icefall, a chaos of crevasses and unstable ice blocks, some of which are the size of large houses. There is no safe season of the year to climb the Icefall, and no safe time of day. The matter was summed up by one recent Everest veteran who said he was willing to climb it twice: once up, and once down. But the Sherpas and porters, laden with supplies, would have to climb it day after day. The people who had the responsibility for choosing a leader for the 1953 expedition were not sure that Shipton was prepared to force a route

Thomas Chippendale had two dreams. To create the most beautiful furniture, and to love the most beautiful women, of his turbulent, tempestuous century.

Gilded Splendour

A ROMANTIC NOVEL BASED ON THE LIFE OF THOMAS CHIPPENDALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BANNERS OF SILK.'

ROSALIND LAKER

DOUBLEDAY

"A novel beyond the ordinary."
—*Washington Post Book World*

Set at a frontier outpost of a crumbling empire, this prize-winning novel is the story of a man who discovers that kindness can be a form of treason, and that imprisonment can bring its own liberation.

"I can think of no other novel written since World War II that approaches the problems of power, position, and conscience as well.... It is powerful, artful, compelling."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

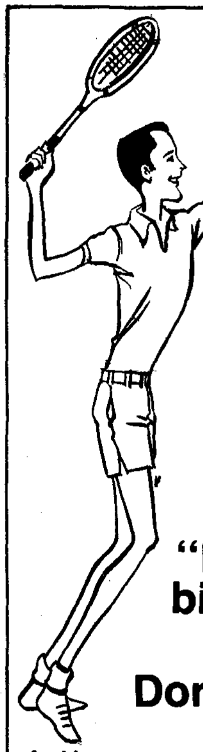
"A distinguished piece of fiction."
—Irving Howe, front page, *New York Times Book Review*

J.M. Coetzee

WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS

A Penguin Original, $3.95

Penguin Books
625 Madison Ave., New York 10022



More and more people like the service at "New York's biggest little hotel," the Doral Tuscany.

And here are some of the reasons.

Every room comes with a butler's pantry, Barca-Lounger chair, Telefunken radio, electric shoe polisher, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV, pulsating, triple-spray Super-shower and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people.

Dine in relaxed elegance in the new Jimmy LaGrange Room. Lunch, dinner. Piano moods nightly. Our congenial bar is a popular rendezvous for cocktails before and after the theatre.

Near Grand Central, air terminal, shops, theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL

39th St., east of Park Ave., New York 10016

See your travel agent or call direct:

800-847-4078 toll-free

(In New York State, (212) 686-1600)

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Schopenhauer, T.S. Eliot, Sartre, F.S. Fitzgerald, Trollope, Machiavelli, Charlotte Bronte, Faulkner, Nietzsche, Kerouac, Agatha Christie, Samuel Johnson, Hemingway, Tolkien, Camus, Adam Smith, Wittgenstein, Hegel, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Plato, Kafka, Bertrand Russell, Jung, Bach, Jane Austen, Dickens, Homer, Orwell, Steinbeck, Proust, Nabokov, Darwin, Whitman, Cheshire Cat, Dostoevsky, Dante, Chaucer, many others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10, 4/$36. **Sweatshirt:** (grey) $17, 2/$30. **Shipping 75¢** per piece. Illus. brochure: 75¢.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS

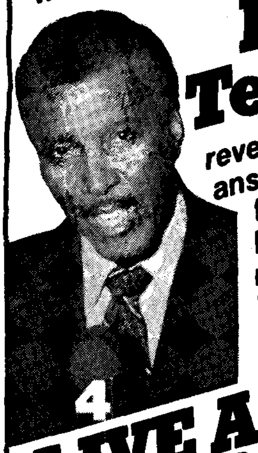
Box 220 XM Cambridge, MA 02238

up the Icefall that would have to be used time and time again—at no matter what cost. For by 1953, the British position on Everest had become desperate. They had had the mountain to themselves for three decades and had not climbed it. The previous year, it had nearly been climbed by the Swiss, and attempts were scheduled by the French in 1954 and by the Swiss in 1955. It was clear that if the British were to climb "their" mountain they would have to do it in 1953. And, besides, 1953 was the year in which Queen Elizabeth was to be crowned. By a series of maneuvers, Shipton was offered the leadership but under conditions of shared responsibility which everyone must have known he could not and would not accept. In the end, Colonel Hunt became the leader, and, as everyone knows, Hillary and the Sherpa Tenzing Norgay finished the job.

Even on well-worn terrain, Mr. Unsworth has new insights and revelations. I was once told in Katmandu what Hillary had actually said when he came down from the summit and was first greeted by his fellow New Zealander George Lowe, but I have never before seen it in print. What he said was "Well, George, we knocked the bastard off." I had also seen the British film on Everest and remembered the wonderful moment when Hunt and the other members of the expedition first learned the good news. Mr. Unsworth tells us that the filmmaker, Tom Stobart, had gone ahead to meet Hillary and Tenzing and had persuaded them not to reveal their success to the rest of the team until the last moment, so that he could film the team's reactions. He also tells us that at that very time Hunt's expedition had some competition in the form of two Scottish climbers, Hamish MacInnes and John Cunningham, of the Creagh Dhu Club, in Clydeside. According to the club's unofficial historian, Chris Lyon, MacInnes and Cunningham intended "to land at Colonel Hunt's own attack on Everest, knock on the tent door, touch the skip o' the bunnet and say 'Hillo Mr. Hunt, son—are ye startin' any good climbs the day?' " They were not entirely kidding, and, in fact, did show up in the area just after Everest had been climbed, and made a serious attempt on a neighboring peak. This was the first appearance in the Himalaya of the British "hard men"—the working-class men who have come to dominate British climbing.

Mr. Unsworth goes beyond the

Has "infotainment" and the race for top ratings turned local TV news reporting into fluff—and how can hard news compete with glitz and glamour?



Bob Teague reveals the answers in his fascinating look at the news behind the camera.

LIVE AND OFF-COLOR: NEWS BIZ

$14.95 at all bookstores

A&W PUBLISHERS, INC.

95 Madison Avenue

NY 10016

UNDER THE CANOPY

The story of a friendship with Isaac Bashevis Singer that chronicles a reawakening of Jewish identity.

By **Dorothea Straus**

George Braziller

One Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016

photo © 1981 Thomas Victor.

The Whistling Oyster®

Restaurant Gift Shop

Established 1907 • Perkins Cove • Ogunquit, Maine 03907

Reservations Desirable • (207) 646-9521

How to Open a COUNTRY INN 7.95 ppd.

K. Etsall & E. Brennan of the Bramble Inn, Cape Cod

THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER PRESS

Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

Publishers of *Country Inns & Back Roads*

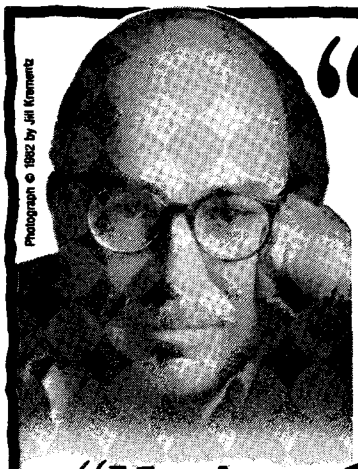
1953 climb. He writes in great detail—as much detail as can be ferreted out—about the Chinese-Tibetan expeditions to what the Chinese refer to as Chomolungma, the Tibetan name for Everest. (As far as I know, Everest is the only European name in current use for a Himalayan peak. Sir George Everest was a nineteenth-century British surveyor who did as much as anyone to record the geography of Asia. The name stuck, although Sir George himself was not enthusiastic about it.) The Chinese claimed to have climbed Chomolungma on May 25, 1960, with an expedition of two hundred and fourteen men and women. They stated that they reached the summit at night and, for that reason, took no photographs from it. One photograph made near the summit set off a dispute among Western climbers, because to some it did not seem that it could have been taken at the spot where the Chinese said they took it. Reëxamination of the photograph has now convinced most people that it was indeed taken very high on the mountain, as the Chinese said. Mr. Unsworth, for one, is ready to believe that if they got that high there is little reason to doubt that they went to the summit. In 1975, they made another expedition, with four hundred and ten people, and there is no doubt that this time they climbed the mountain, since they left a survey pole on the summit, which was later found by a British expedition. (The deputy leader of the 1975 expedition, a Tibetan woman named Phantog, whom I once met in Chamonix, was, as it happened, the second woman to reach the summit of Everest, the first being a Japanese woman named Junko Tabei, who climbed it the same year.) Mr. Unsworth also gives a full account of the so-called International Expedition, of 1971, which proposed, among other things, to climb the sheer southwest face of Everest. This expedition had many of the aspects of a comic opera, and I will not spoil the reader's pleasure by recounting the bizarre details. If it proved anything, it was that international expeditions of this kind on high mountains, involving strangers who don't speak the same language, are a sure route to disaster.

Mr. Unsworth stops his account with the first successful climb of Mt. Everest without oxygen, by the Tyrolian superclimbers Reinhold Messner and Peter Habeler, in 1978. Like so many other things involving the mountain, this led to controversy,

After 80 years in London,
CONNOISSEUR
moves to America with Thomas Hoving
as the magazine's new
Editor-in-Chief

Carved tripod
Northern Song Dynasty
Christie's New York

Today's Connoisseur Deserves a Great Magazine
Pick up CONNOISSEUR at better newsstands or call (800) 247-5470.
In Iowa call (800) 532-1272.
A publication of Hearst Magazines a division of The Hearst Corporation. © 1982 The Hearst Corporation



Photograph © 1982 by Jill Krementz

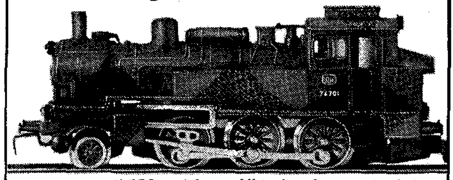
"He's better than ever.
Athletes have a throwaway line for star-quality performers that goes, 'Ted Williams can *hit*,' or 'Bob Gibson can *throw*.' Well, for my money, Roger Angell can *write*."
—*Jean Strouse, Newsweek*

"Mr. Angell, the fan's fan...
It is as if F. Scott Fitzgerald has assigned himself to cover, from every March to every October, the golden boys playing instead of war or sex."
—*John Leonard, New York Times*

LATE INNINGS
A Baseball Companion by
ROGER ANGELL
Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate Selection
Simon and Schuster

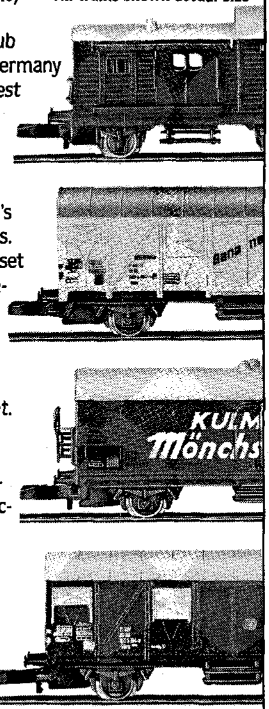
Nearly all the text appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

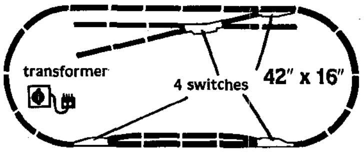
The Smallest Model Railway In The World.



(1:220 scale) All trains shown actual size

- Märklin Mini-Club is made in West Germany by the world's oldest and largest model railroad manufacturer. Every train is precision crafted to Märklin's exacting standards.
- Each Mini-Club set is a fully operational model railroad system, designed to provide a lifetime of relaxation and entertainment.
- This $350 set is just a starter. The Märklin system includes a wide selection of locomotives, cars, and accessories for an almost unlimited opportunity to expand your railroad empire.





Each set includes: locomotive and cars, 31 sections of track, 3 turnouts, a double slip switch, 3 bumpers, a position control box, a powerpack, and a 24 page color brochure depicting the full Mini-Club system.

Order now!
Just call toll free **1-800-426-4747 ext. 1011**; or complete and mail the coupon below.

© 1982 EGC Inc.

märklin mini-club™

EG Communications, Inc.
60 East 42nd St., NY, NY 10165

Please **RUSH** ___ Märklin Mini-Club Starter Sets (via UPS prepaid)

Name___

Address___

___ **Zip**___

Enclosed check payable to EG Communications
___ set(s) @ $350.00 ea. = $___

NY State Residents Add Sales Tax ___

or charge my account: **Total $**___

VISA #___

MASTERCARD #___

exp. date___

Signed___

—Sorry no COD's or Foreign Orders
—**Guarantee:** If not completely satisfied, return in 15 days for full refund.

for several Sherpas filed depositions to the effect that it had never happened. In some way, Messner had angered them. The charge was dismissed—especially after one of the Sherpas who had brought it made an oxygenless ascent a few months later. But this book is more than just a collection of anecdotes. It is a serious historical study, done in high style, of a world that most of us will never know but that many of us dream about.

—Jeremy Bernstein

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sabbatical: A Romance, by John Barth (Putnam; $14.95). The first page of this self-infatuated novel, which features two giddily happy literature lovers—a middle-aged writer named F. Scott Key Turner, who sometimes serves as narrator, and his young wife, Susan, a scholar specializing in American literature—begins with a dippy set of couplets ("There was a story that began,/ Said Fenwick Turner: *Susie and Fenn*—" is the first one) and ends with a coy footnote ("This *we*, those verses, Susan's tears, these notes at the feet of certain pages—all shall be made clear, in time") appended to a too-long sentence. The second page repeats some of the sins of the first (show-off sentences, another footnote) and adds new ones (Mr. Barth indulges his weakness for cute nicknames). By the end of the third page (two more footnotes, below a sample of dialogue in the form of a script, with "S." and "F." identifying the speakers), Mr. Barth has played most of the cards in his deck, but he goes on dealing out baffling subplots and flashbacks about everything from rape and incest to the C.I.A. and a sea monster, making up the rules as he goes, for three hundred and fifty more pages, and failing, by a long shot, to make all clear, in time.

The Patriot Game, by George V. Higgins (Knopf; $12.95). When Mr. Higgins is at (or even near) his best, he stands alone in his chosen genre of moral, cultural, and linguistic squalor. His new novel, happily, recalls the good old days of "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1972) and "The Digger's Game" (1973). The scene, of course, is Boston—South Boston—and the story involves the efforts of one Peter Riordan, an agent of the U.S. Inspector General's Office, to staunch a flow of guns to the Provo terrorists in Ireland. The terrible Irish-American slurvian dialogue is as sickeningly mesmerizing as ever, there is (as there hasn't been lately) much firsthand action, and Riordan has an awesome competency.

GENERAL

The Book Known as Q, by Robert Giroux (Atheneum; $17.95). There exist in the world only thirteen copies of "Q," the 1609 quarto of Shakespeare's sonnets, but it would be hard to think of another book, apart from the Bible, that has occasioned more rancorous dispute. The first hundred and twenty-six sonnets are addressed (with exceptions) to a young man of uncommon beauty; the remaining twenty-eight (again, with exceptions) to a "raven-haired" woman by whom the poet has become sexually enthralled. The young man and the poet's mistress have an affair; the woman and the poet are separately married to begin with. If Shakespeare ever set his imprimatur on the galleys, he was extraordinarily brave to let the sonnets see the light of day in his lifetime. He was also the worst proofreader imaginable. Some of the sonnets were privately circulated, and two appeared in an anthology in 1599, yet "Q" met with almost total silence ten years later and "went underground for a century." Why? Mr. Giroux (of Farrar, Straus & Giroux), an amateur Elizabethan scholar who could put many a professional to shame, answers that question and the many others it brings up. Conclusions: Southampton is the young man (not Dover Wilson's third Earl of Pembroke, William Herbert); the "Dark Lady" was probably named Rosaline (not, as A. L. Rowse would have it, Emelia); the work was written from 1592 through 1594-1595; the "Rival Poet" was Marlowe (not Chapman); the quarto was, in all probability, suppressed; the order of the poems is correct with one exception—the "Mortal Moon" sonnet, which refers to the death of Elizabeth I, couldn't have been written before 1603. Mr. Giroux's reassuring voice (that of a civilized lawyer), the internal logic of his evidence, and the fresh connections he finds in old sources, taken together, manage finally to generate the suspense of a good detective

NOW SAVE $129.80 on a famous TROY-BILT Tiller!

Just ONE HAND!

"Off-Season" Savings now in effect! **Right now** is the best time ever to learn about the amazing TROY-BILT Roto Tiller-Power Composter...the "breakthrough" machine that's allowing **anyone**—of **any** age—with **any** soil—to easily have a fabulously fertile, productive garden! For free complete details, prices, write today to:

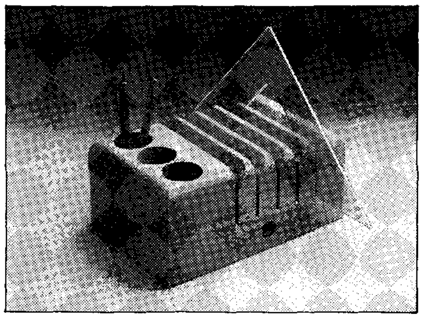
TROY-BILT 102nd St. & 9th Ave., Troy, NY 12180.

© 1982 Garden Way, Inc.

TROY-BILT® Roto Tiller-Power Composters
Dept. A1331
102nd St. & 9th Ave., Troy, N.Y. 12180

Please send the whole wonderful story of TROY-BILT® Roto Tillers including prices and OFF-SEASON-SAVINGS now in effect for a limited time.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______



SMALL BED $30.00

Beautiful Reasons To Get Organized

Send $1.00 for catalog of *rare* wooden products.
TOOLDECKS • 1911 WABANSIA • CHICAGO, IL 60622

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Studies

A small program stressing intensive work in the sciences designed for men and women with bachelors' degrees who are changing career goals.

- Rigorous premedical curriculum
- Summer and winter programs
- Joint Post-baccalaureate/M.D. program

Special Academic Programs
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010
(215) 645-6197

story. Illustrations, including a facsimile of the 1609 quarto.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN AND OTHER LOST VOICES FROM NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND, edited by Janet Horowitz Murray (Pantheon; $22.50 cloth, $11.95 paper). An excellent anthology, vivid and various in its selections and adroit in its editorial aids and comments. The voices include personages who are well known today (Queen Victoria, John Stuart Mill, Charlotte Brontë) as well as doctors and magazine writers and such whose authority was respected in their time. Wherever the book takes us, we are likely to be pained, shocked, or enraged, for not only the partisans of women's rights but the proponents of female inferiority record a condition of submission and exploitation that closely resembles chattel slavery, and much advice to young women counsels deferential manipulation—the slyness of slave to master—in dealing with the males of the family. Middle- and upper-class women frequently suffered from intellectual starvation, and lower-class women from the real thing. Professor Murray prints contemporary arguments in favor of schooling and labor legislation, along with objections to these rash proposals. If it is amazing how many women acquiesced in their own subordination, it seems equally astonishing that a dauntless minority was able to begin to improve opportunities for all women before the century was out.

FLAWS IN THE GLASS: A SELF-PORTRAIT, by Patrick White (Viking; $14.95). Australia's Nobel Prize-winning novelist's account of himself is hugely entertaining, because it is unrelievedly crotchety and, one suspects, largely accurate. As with many well-off children, White's love came from servants. His parents, who were rich, Philistine ranchers, regarded their ailing, shy, arty son with dismay and packed him off to England, where he was treated as a not wholly civilized colonial. His life's companion, a Greek, found much to deplore in *his* homeland, and for most of the book both men bubble now with nostalgia, now with ambivalence, now with loathing for their native cultures while admiring the glorious scenery of their native countries. Recognition has not significantly mellowed White. He found lunch

Our World Is Your Garden

Horticulture is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture, The Magazine of American Gardening,* costs $18 for 12 monthly issues, $30 for 24 issues. That's a modest enough sum to purchase the best in garden writing. Please use this coupon for your convenience, and ours.

Horticulture
The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

☐ Start my subscription
☐ Gift Attach friend's address.

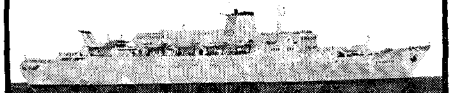
☐ 1 year — $18 ☐ 2 years — $30
Add $6 per year for each non-U.S. subscription.

Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed Charge my:
☐ Please bill me ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AmEx

Account # Exp. Date
Signature 5NY14

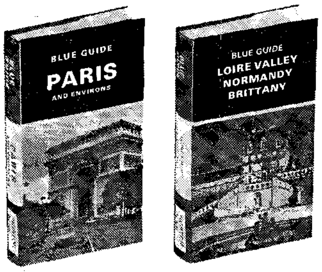
S/S VERACRUZ
THIS SUMMER.
CANADA'S ST. LAWRENCE
NOVA SCOTIA & NEW ENGLAND
STARTING JUNE 11, 1982. EVERY FRIDAY
FROM EITHER NEW YORK OR MONTREAL
7 DAY ONE WAY CRUISES
FROM $795 PER PERSON DOUBLE OCCUPANCY PLUS PORT TAX
RETURN VIA AMTRAK $35
NORTHBOUND ITINERARY:
NEW YORK • NEW BEDFORD • CAPE COD CANAL • SYDNEY N.S. • BONAVENTURE ISLAND • SAGUENAY FJORD • QUEBEC • MONTREAL
SOUTHBOUND ITINERARY
MONTREAL • QUEBEC • SAGUENAY FJORD • HALIFAX N.S. • FALL RIVER MASS. • NEW YORK.
Write for Brochure: BAHAMA CRUISE LINE
61 BROADWAY N.Y., N.Y. 10006
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
NY
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:
N.Y. CITY (212) 480-0177 NATIONAL (800) 221-2830
PANAMA REGISTRY



BAHAMA CRUISE LINE

1771 was a good year for our Lobster Pie.
This year it's even better.
1771
Publick House
On the Common – Sturbridge, MA (617) 347-3313
Exit 9 Mass. Tpke. or Exit 3 for I-86.

Bound for France?
Take a BLUE GUIDE
Books that Travel Best



These and other BLUE GUIDES
are available at all bookstores
Norton

aboard the royal yacht dispiriting, and discovered his enshrinement as a classic when a neighbor's little girl, chewing gum, reported, with no enthusiasm, "I've got to do a project on you."

THE ESCAPE FROM ELBA, by Norman MacKenzie (Oxford; $14.95). A fine, spirited account of the ten-month history of the kingdom of Elba, which was given to Napoleon Bonaparte as an ironic gesture by the allied powers who had defeated him. One day shortly after the new king arrived, he stood on a hill overlooking his entire domain and wryly remarked, "Well, it certainly is a very small island." It was also a very poor one, boasting a few miserable hamlets, few roads, and few resources, aside from some modest iron mines. Nevertheless, Napoleon set to with his incredible energy, building royal residences, constructing roads and bridges, administering the mines, enriching the social and cultural life of the island with a miniature court and even a season of opera, and plotting his return to the mainland. It is widely thought that Bonaparte's final exit from the island was a sudden, secret dash to France with a handful of followers; Mr. MacKenzie shows us that, with flags flying and bands playing, he embarked at the head of an army of over a thousand men, fully provisioned. This book leaves Napoleon after the triumphant progress across France and the wildly enthusiastic reception at his former palace in Paris, with the Hundred Days and Waterloo and another, meaner island prison still before him.

NOTE: "A Family Affair: India Under Three Prime Ministers," by Ved Mehta, has been published by Oxford ($14.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

A particularly unique feature of the grotto bar is the aquarium which serves as the bar itself, which was created to give guests the treat of seeing fish swimming under their cocktails.—*Press release for the Seacoast Towers Hotel, in Miami Beach.*

Better than finding one at the bottom of the glass, anyway.

•

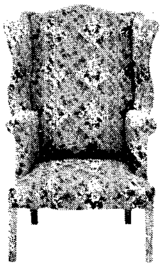
It is now generally accepted, and supported by observations, that the Universe began from a hot big bang.—*Nature.*

We missed it, but some people in New Jersey saw it.

Make your rugs safe and keep them in place even on top of wall-to-wall carpet.
Protect your family — and your rugs — by using Floor Rug-Hold under rugs on smooth floors and Carpet Rug-Hold under rugs on wall-to-wall carpet.
These Rug-Hold products keep rugs flat and in place and eliminate the slipping or buckling that can cause serious falls as well as premature wear.
Rug-Hold is not a thick padding so it will not make a heel-catching bulge at the edge of your rug. And we use no rubber so you won't stain either your floor or your rug.
Floor Rug-Hold and Carpet Rug-Hold are available to fit any size rug. At fine department, furniture and rug stores.
RUG-HOLD
964 Third Avenue
N.Y., N.Y. 10155

Discover America's Heyday
The warm and gracious traditions of early 19th century New England await your family at historic Old Sturbridge Village. Meet householders and artisans who will share with you a quieter, simpler way of life. Chat with the blacksmith, shoemaker, cooper and potter as they produce dependable wares. Watch the farmer work the rich soil with his oxen. Stroll the Common, explore its homes and a new gallery of antique clocks, and stop by the Tavern for goodly portions of substantial New England fare. Select a reminder of your visit to an earlier America from handmade products in the museum's gift shops. A scenic daytrip, a visit to Old Sturbridge Village is a pleasant family outing. For free color brochures, lodging rates and map, write **Public Information, Dept. NY, Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass. 01566 or call (617) 347-3362.**
OSV Old Sturbridge Village
Exit 9, Massachusetts Turnpike
★★★Michelin Guide—"Worth a Journey"

The Seraph
Unusual Upholstered Furniture
New Catalog & Fabric Samples $3
P.O. Box 500N
Main Street
Sturbridge, MA 01566
617-347-2241
Shop Open Daily



FREE CATALOG
TENTS, GARMENTS, and GEAR
Unique, premium quality outdoor equipment.
Send today to EARLY WINTERS, Ltd.
110-NQ Prefontaine Pl. S., Seattle WA 98104
or call (206) 622-5203

Les Hotels Meridien

More of the Good Life from France In Boston, Houston, Montreal and New York

We're the treasured landmark on Post Office Square in Boston. Surrounded by the gardens and plazas of Allen Center in Houston. Moments from the new Convention and Exhibition Center in Montreal. The elegant hotel down the street from New York's Carnegie Hall. We have scores of luxuriously furnished suites and rooms. Fine French cuisine to please the most pampered palate. A French concierge committed to your every pleasure. Whether you'll be with us in Boston, Houston, Montreal, New York, or our soon-to-open San Francisco hotel, we can indulge your personal or corporate needs. For information or reservations contact your travel agent or call toll-free 800-223-9918. In New York State, 800-442-5917. Or in New York City, 265-4494. And get the Good Life from France in America.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.

MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Platinum White
PUERTO RICAN RUM
WORLD FAMOUS · IMPORTED ·
MYERS'S RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Golden Rich
PUERTO RICAN RUM

MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE. Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK. The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH. A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.